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THUS SPOKE THE KAISER

The Lost Interview Which Solves an International Mystery

BY WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

IN the summer of 1908, the Emperor William II of Germany granted an interview to my father, William Bayard Hale, the American journalist and biographer. Political observers became interested in it right at the start; for this was the first interview the Emperor had ever given to a newspaper man, and it was rumored that he had been very free in his comments on international affairs and foreign leaders. A few months later the intense interest of the whole world was suddenly aroused when the *Century Magazine*, which had procured the interview and widely announced it, — and, indeed, had already had it printed, — suppressed it on the eve of publication. This turn of the event immediately gave rise to the suspicion that the Emperor had committed another of his characteristic indiscretions. The wildest surmises were made as to what the text might contain; spurious versions were broadcast; attacks and denials flew across the Atlantic.

For twenty-five years, now, the *Century* interview has been an international mystery. Its substance was known only to Hale, to the editors of the magazine, and to Theodore Roosevelt — and they kept silent. On but one point did the world guess the truth: the German Government, fearful of the Emperor's unguarded speech, had, at the last moment, demanded that the interview be suppressed. And not without cause. Just a few days before, on October 28, 1908, the London *Daily Telegraph* had published an authorized interview with the German Emperor which had created a sensation in all the capitals of Europe. In his conversation with Hale he had been even more outspoken — more so, in fact, than his ministers knew. In any event, they were taking no chances, and the *Century* interview never appeared. It is now presented for the first time.

In order to realize the full import of the Emperor's words, one must remember that they were uttered only six

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years before the outbreak of the World War. With the Russo-Japanese War only three years in the background and the Algeiras Conference already standing as a proof of Germany's isolation, the stage was set for the new and incomparably greater conflict. The whole history of the period was a rapid succession of international crises, any one of which, it was feared, might set the nations of the Triple Alliance and those of the Triple Entente at each other's throats. After 1906, when Great Britain launched the Dreadnought class of capital ships, Germany's naval rivalry with England was matched only by her army rivalry with France. And when, in 1907, the Hague disarmament conference broke down, there was no longer any hope of holding the race within reasonable bounds. Such was the tense state of affairs when, the following year, the German Emperor voiced to Hale, expressly for publication, the most amazingly indiscreet statements ever uttered by the head of a great nation.

It happened one evening in July 1908, as the imperial yacht, the *Hohenzollern*, lay at anchor in the fjord of Bergen. The sun was just setting as William Bayard Hale came aboard for the interview; he was graciously received by the Emperor, who stalked the quarter-deck in the gold braid of an Admiral. What had given Hale the opening for this meeting was the appearance, a short while before, of his *A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt*, a well-received portrait of the dynamic President in action. He had behind him, also, a varied career as an Episcopal minister, a newspaper editor, and a writer on politics and diplomacy. The Emperor, in accordance with his rule never to receive representatives of the press, was pleased to regard Hale as a private citizen. But he had agreed to let Hale make public whatever he said,

and had stipulated only that the interview should appear in a magazine rather than in a newspaper, and that the text must first be submitted to the German Foreign Office.

It was long after darkness had closed in on the fjord and on the white yacht there at anchor when Hale finally made his adieus and was borne in the steam pinnace back to the deserted waterfront of the town of Bergen. All night he sat up in his hotel making exact notes of the Emperor's remarks (he had spoken in English) just as they had tumbled from his lips during two hours of uninterrupted conversation. From these Hale was able at leisure to prepare the text of his article. In the restrained and formal magazine style of the period, he transcribed from his notes what the Emperor had said, in several instances being careful — in order not to shock the Foreign Office too severely — to present his political pronouncements in indirect discourse. In due time the manuscript was sent to Wilhelmstrasse, where it was checked minutely by the Chief of the Bureau for English-Speaking Nations, Baron von dem Bussche.

When the manuscript came back, the author's chagrin was extreme: for with it came a note from the Baron, saying that all the really important and emphatic points must be cut out! Criticisms had been changed in substance; diatribes had been edited into ambiguous phrases of faint praise. Nothing more specific must be published.

There were, then, three versions of the interview. The first was the bundle of notes that Hale made of the Emperor's words — the almost verbatim account of a trained reporter. The second was the article in its original form as it was submitted to the Foreign Office. The third consisted of what was left after the Foreign Office got through with it. It was this last that was

acquired for publication in the *Century Magazine*. The first and second versions were locked away by Hale and were seen by no other living soul until after his death. Thus, while the real interview remained hidden and unknown, the harmless dilution of it came near creating an international crisis.

Before me as I write lie all three versions of this suppressed interview. In preparing it for publication, I have thought it advisable for the sake of historical accuracy not to limit it to the expurgated form which the *Century* printed and then destroyed, but rather to draw upon the complete text. I shall preserve all the Emperor's extraordinary pronouncements on politics and foreign affairs, omitting only his rambling comments on art and science. With this exception, and one other of a different kind to be noted hereafter, I shall follow the original manuscript in Hale's handwriting, the one which was sent to the German Foreign Office and returned with the most important passages crossed through by the censor's pencil — but with their words still plainly legible. For identification, these canceled passages are printed in italics.

Here, then, is the vital substance of what Emperor William II said to Hale that July evening in 1908.

I

One of the Emperor's first inquiries was: 'And how is the President? Well and hard at work, I hope and am sure. What a man he is! I don't know that we ever shall meet. You see, he can drop his job and go off to Africa or somewhere, shooting, or doing what he likes. I don't see any prospect of getting a holiday of four years — or four weeks. One can never tell,' His Majesty laughed parenthetically, 'what may happen, but it looks as if I should not soon be allowed the freedom from

duty which my colleague, your President, is about to enjoy.

'Mr. Roosevelt,' said the Emperor, — speaking not in a casual way, but as if giving voice to conclusions which he was glad of a chance to express, — 'Mr. Roosevelt is an inspiring example of the force of personality. It is n't genius the world needs, nor brilliancy, nor profound learning, half so much as personality. The man with convictions of righteousness, who is ready to fight for them and never give them up, indifferent to abuse and careless of lying and howling adversaries — he is the man to whom all will come and before whom all things will yield.

'Yes, the big things in the world are always done by just a man — one man — one strong personality. History in its times of crisis cries out for a man. Everything waits until a great personality appears; nothing happens until there rises up a man of absolute fearlessness, who knows what he wants and goes straight after it. Look what Mr. Roosevelt has done. He has done it alone, single-handed. Consider the great changes that have come over your country, the great moral revival that has swept the face of it. Who brought it about? Mr. Roosevelt brought it about. He is one of the greatest leaders of men the world has seen. You might say that he is only the incarnation of the finest spirit of your land. But he expressed that spirit before it was conscious of itself.

'Parliaments may criticize; Parliaments may hold back; Parliaments may be very wise — but Parliaments don't *do* things. You may gather all the wisdom in the world in a Parliament chamber, but you will never get action out of a Parliament chamber. One man has got to lead.

'There must always be one man willing to assume responsibilities, to do things. Parliaments consider; they do

not act. Where is your Congress, your Senate? Following the President, of course, consenting to policies and acts which no legislative body could ever have devised or been willing to take the responsibility for. It makes no difference whether it is in a republic or an empire. The strong, upright personality rules. It is a law of society; it is a principle of progress.

'How they did abuse him!' His Majesty continued. 'The language of vituperation had no resources unexhausted. You must n't give me away,' — that was the Emperor's phrase, as he spoke in my ear in a stage whisper, — 'but some of my aristocratic friends in England (you know they were badly hit there) . . .' And I listened to the story, told with palpable delight, of the rage of certain British lords and ladies of high degree over the performances of the personage whom one of them amiably described as 'the uncouth monster in the White House.'

'But,' continued the Emperor, 'if it were outrageous that Englishmen or other foreigners should abuse Mr. Roosevelt, how much more deplorable is it that his own countrymen should have hurled anathemas at him because he was fighting the battle of honesty. I can understand why men like Mr. Rockefeller, with his peculiar methods of gathering money, should not have relished the President's attack on iniquitous trust methods.'

'Mr. Rockefeller,' I ventured to observe, 'is — according to his own profession, at all events — one of those whom Your Majesty applauds for putting their money at work for good. Last autumn, one glorious October day, on his golf links, he stopped at stance to assure me solemnly that he was really a socialist: that all he had he considered he held as a trustee for humanity.'

His Majesty pulled up in his walk. 'So Mr. Rockefeller said that to you!

Did you ask him where in heaven's name and from whom he got the appointment? I am sorry you did n't, for I for one should like to know.'

The Emperor appeared amused at a reference to the indignant rejoinder of Mr. Dick Turpin, highwayman, who, having made reference to his respectable fortune, had been asked, 'And where did you get it?' 'The question,' said Mr. Turpin, 'is impertinent and irrelevant.'

The Emperor dwelt upon his admiration for Mr. Roosevelt, and sent him a message of congratulation and good wishes. 'You may tell him, if you like,' His Majesty concluded, 'you may tell all your friends in America of what I said to Mr. Carnegie one day not long ago. Mr. Carnegie was in a merry mood, and he said to me: "There are just two fellows I wish I could be given the management of." They were your President and myself. "I would show the world things, I tell you, if I could just get you two fellows in harness and have the reins for one day." Now, I replied to Mr. Carnegie's little joke: "I should esteem it a real honor to be harnessed up with Mr. Roosevelt; but I should insist that we go tandem, and that Mr. Roosevelt lead!" That is really the way I feel about it, so highly do I admire his indomitable courage, his high convictions, and his success in putting them into execution.'

'But,' I suggested, 'if Mr. Carnegie had the management of such an illustrious pair, the first thing he would do would be to direct Your Majesty to blow up the *Stettin* yonder, and the second to instruct the President to call the American fleet back from the Pacific and probably put the ships at work dredging harbors. Has n't Mr. Carnegie told Your Majesty his pretty story of the little white yacht which is sufficient to police the international frontier of the American Great Lakes

and keep the peace between the United States and Great Britain?’

‘All wrong!’ exclaimed the Emperor. ‘In the world of practical facts we have to fight, even for righteousness’ sake. The Bible is full of fighting — jolly good fights some of them were. It is a mistaken idea that Christianity has no countenance for war. Why, the early Christians had no scruple about propagating the faith by the sword. We are ourselves Christians by reason of forcible conversion. Mind, I don’t advocate that method now, but how can our missionaries reach the barbarians unless we win and keep open a road for our missionaries, by force, if necessary?’

‘I am told that a few years ago, when it occurred to Japan that it might be a good thing if, along with other features of Western life, the nation were to adopt a religion, a sort of committee was formed to investigate the claims of various faiths. When they came to Christianity, the committee rejected it at once, because, as they declared, Christianity was no religion for a soldier.

‘Little those Japanese knew about it! The greatest soldiers in history have been Christians. The greatest degree of fortitude and of courage is inculcated by Christianity. *The trouble with the Japanese is, they don’t want any religion. They are constitutionally incapable of religion.* They are utterly without sentiment. They are entirely practical, cold, *unsympathetic.*’¹

II

The Asiatic question was, I cannot overstate to what degree, the Emperor’s chief theme. The particular

¹ The italicized words in this paragraph were crossed out by the Foreign Office, ‘because we do not wish to offend the Japanese without need.’ — WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

phases of the situation now obtaining and developing to which His Majesty mainly adverted were the attitudes with regard to the East taken respectively by England and the United States — the contrasted attitudes. *And the particular practical conclusion which His Majesty drew from the exigencies of the case was the necessity for united action in the East on the part of Germany and the United States.*²

² The Foreign Office deleted this sentence, and along with it all the rest of this section bearing upon the Far-Eastern question. This, of course, was the heart of Hale’s interview. As a matter of fact, Hale had foreseen trouble here, and had sought to get around it by various circumlocutions which avoided the direct quotation of the Emperor on this critical and delicate subject. His pains, however, went for nothing. Not only did the Foreign Office censor draw his pencil through some fifteen pages of the handwritten manuscript, but, in the letter which accompanied its return to the author, Baron von dem Bussche explained in detail the reasons why they must come out.

‘Every element of possible friction should be eliminated,’ he wrote. ‘No doubt every American would be interested to read the whole of it, and it would be gratifying to many to hear what the Emperor thinks about the Asiatic question; but the utterances of His Majesty would, no doubt, hurt the oversensitive Japanese nation and cause endless trouble to us. . . . You must bear in mind that an Emperor’s words will be more scrutinized than those of other mortals. What a ruler says will always have a political meaning; he cannot talk only as a private individual. I think that now, when the American fleet on her round-the-globe trip is paying a friendly visit to the Japanese shores, it is a moment in which all other countries are particularly bound to observe strict neutrality in feelings and utterances. On what side His Majesty’s sympathies are there is no doubt, and you are at perfect liberty to lay what the Emperor said before Roosevelt and Root or Taft. . . . We would certainly have the greatest political difficulties if you print anything of these imperial utterances.’

In restoring this section to its proper place in the text, I could see no point in reproducing the labored circumlocutions of the version sent to the Foreign Office; instead, I have quoted from Hale’s original notes made on the evening of the interview, since these set forth the exact words the Emperor used. — W. H. H.

'How long ago was it,' exclaimed the Emperor, 'that I painted my picture, "The Yellow Peril"? I did n't speak in oracular verse. There was nothing sibylline or enigmatical or ambiguous in my prophecy. There could only be one interpretation. I painted it on canvas, not merely in black and white, but in unmistakable colors. That was fifteen years ago. I dare say the world smiled. The world does n't smile now. The time for smiling is past.

'Everybody knows what must come to pass between Asia and the West, the Yellow Race and the White. It is imbecile folly for us to close our eyes to the inevitable, for us to neglect to prepare to meet the inevitable. We are unworthy of our fathers if we are negligent of the sacred duty of preserving the civilization which they have achieved for us, and the religion which God has given us.

'All the world understands that the gravest crisis in the destiny of the earth's population is at hand. The first battle has been fought. Unfortunately, it was not won. Russia was fighting the White Man's battle. Many did not see it then. All do now. What a pity it was not fought better! What a misfortune! Those Russians were not fit to fight this fight. What a pity it should have fallen to them to do it!'

The Emperor's face flushed, and he lifted his arm, his fist clinched in air. Between set teeth, with his face close to mine, he exclaimed, 'My God, I wish my battalions could have had a chance at 'em! We'd have made short work of it!'

I asked the Emperor if he thought the Japanese had been overestimated as soldiers. He replied:—

'Decidedly I do think so. If the whole truth about the Russo-Japanese War were known to the world, a good deal of Japanese prestige would vanish. Why, we had some gymkhana exercises

at Tientsin in which, in a test march, the Japanese were nowhere. I believe they never did get in at all. You see, they could n't fulfill the conditions of the march—could not carry their impedimenta, having always left this to coolies. Now the time has not come when a diminutive stature and an inability to carry burdens on a march is an advantage in war. Then their engineering and mechanical skill has been overrated. It is true they are great imitators on the surface, but they don't get the spirit, the heart of the thing.'

I said: 'We don't seem able to get at the Japanese. With all we can learn about him he remains a mystery.'

To this the Emperor rejoined instantly: 'We know this much about him: he hates the White Man worse than the White Man hates the Devil.'

The Emperor discussed the Japanese character at great length, and concluded by saying: 'The Japanese are devils, that's the simple fact. They are devils.'

'The danger to us,' continued the Emperor, 'is not Japan, but Japan at the head of a consolidated Asia. The control of China by Japan—that would be the worst calamity that could threaten the world.

'We shall be wise if we divide the East against itself. That means, at this stage of the game, that we must not allow China and Japan to get together, either fraternally or—one inside the other. The particular duty which the White Man owes himself at this moment is to prevent Japan's swallowing China.'

'But,' I said, 'is n't the integrity of China and the "open door" principle guaranteed by half a dozen treaties, to every one of which Japan is a party?'

'That's the trouble!' rejoined the Emperor. 'Japan is a party to every one of the treaties. Not worth the

paper they are written on. What we have got to have is an agreement among white nations. But consider what positions the white nations are in. You know where I stand. Look at the others:—

‘It’s no good talking about Great Britain. England is a traitor to the White Man’s cause. The ninnies there have gotten that government in an absolutely impossible position. I tell you, that empire is going to pieces on this rock. If that alliance of theirs with Japan is persisted in, I don’t see how the British Empire can be saved from dismemberment. When self-interest comes in at the door, sentimental patriotism flies out of the window.

‘Do you know why Australia and New Zealand invited the President to send the American fleet to their shores? If the President never told you, I will tell you why. That invitation was for the express purpose of serving notice on the government of my good uncle over there that those colonies understand that they have in the United States a friend who understands the White Man’s duty better than the mother country seems to understand it. That was the reason the invitation was issued; and the President accepted, and the fleet was sent, on that understanding.

‘I know that British Columbia has made it plain that it must be handled very tenderly indeed, or it will be lost to the Empire. In South Africa — well, everybody knows how critical the race problem is there.

‘In India, conditions at this hour, even as they are publicly known, are worrying Englishmen. If they knew the whole truth they would be more than worried. Now, I am not talking idly. I have information from my consuls that conditions in India are very much more serious than England knows. The peculiar danger there

springs directly from the fact that the British Government has made an alliance with Japan. It has done this, it has exchanged honors and pledges of friendship on the basis of equality with one Asiatic people while it holds another Asiatic people in bondage.

‘Don’t you see how that fact must rankle in the breasts of Indians? The long-slumbering disaffection in India has been fanned to a blazing spirit of rebellion through the use of this humiliating argument. It makes those people wild to realize that they can’t be British citizens, that not one of them can earn a V.C., while another Asiatic people are considered equal to Englishmen. And I can tell you that the people who are spreading this rebellion, who are urging this argument, are disguised Japanese agents in India.

‘Now mind you, I don’t believe public opinion is behind this treaty in England. But the ninnies who run the government are determined to stick to it. So long as they do, England is in the position of a traitor to the White Man’s cause, and England is outside any programme which other Western nations may devise to meet the conditions which the awakening of the East has produced.

‘Then go on to consider what other Powers are bound to England by treaty of alliance or diplomatic understanding. Such Powers must be considered as excluded from any programme against England’s Eastern ally. This counts out France and Russia.

‘What Power remains, then, interested and unfettered? The United States.

‘The United States,’ the Emperor went on, ‘must be realizing the gravity of the Asiatic problem. Placed on one shore of an ocean the opposite shore of which teems with hundreds of millions

of Yellow Men, what you begin to see now you will soon — sooner than Europe — appreciate as the only serious apprehension of the future, the apprehension beside which all others fade into inconsequence.'

The Emperor spoke at some length of the grounds of friendship between Germany and the United States. Among other things he said: 'The vast number of Germans and men and women of German descent who are, you tell me, among the most substantial citizens of your great country, constitute already a necessary bond between us. Our instincts are one, our religion the same, our race the same. Germany has no ambitions that traverse or even approach the spheres of American activity.'

And then the Emperor continued: 'This is what I am coming to. If China needs a Big Brother — suppose we, and not Japan, be Big Brother. It would be easily possible for the United States in agreement with me to guarantee the territorial integrity of China, to guarantee the "open door" in China, and to fill, as a faithful and cherished guide and friend of China, the part which her voracious relative cannot be trusted in.'

'To do that, I say, would be easily possible. And to do that would be the highest wisdom. Japan's ambitions have *got* to be restricted. The White Man's interests in China have *got* to be protected. The consolidation of Eastern Asia has *got* to be prevented.'

I asked the Emperor whether the President agreed with his views on these subjects. He said: —

'Yes. We've been over them pretty well together, and I believe he does agree. Oh, this has gone much further than anybody dreams. It's been on my mind for four or five years in this form, and it's working out.'

'Some fine day the world will wake

up and read a quiet little agreement between Germany and the United States declaring that we guarantee Chinese sovereignty over Chinese territory, and the "open door" in all parts of the Chinese Empire. O — ho! ho! I wonder what my friends across the Channel will say to that!'

Here the Emperor laughed loudly, and made a dance step on the deck.

III

The conversation, following the impulsive course of the Emperor's mind, soon turned to the subject of religion. The Emperor spoke with fervor, with evident simplicity of heart and pious anxiety for the progress of the cause of Christ. Clearly he esteems himself a lord with spiritual as well as temporal responsibility, *Summus Episcopus* of the church within his dominions, as, beyond doubt, his anointment as a Christian sovereign has made him.

'With us in Germany,' the Emperor said, 'religion is in a flourishing condition. The old Gospel is as true to-day as ever, though there are some who think the people should be coaxed to eat the cakes of sugared theology, instead of being invited to partake of the plain bread of the faith of Jesus Christ. I am glad to say, however, that the dominant note in German preaching is a call to devotion to the personality of Jesus. There is the heart and power of our faith. *Roman Catholicism is without it. The Catholics have small place for Jesus. They have relegated Him to a place inferior to Mary and the Saints. But we Protestants draw our strength from the strength of the Saviour's Holy Person.*'

There can be no denying the warmth of the Emperor's antipathy to Roman Catholicism. Indeed, to a native of a land where the religious quarrel is so far happily unknown, the Emperor's abomi-

*nation and horror of all things pertaining to it become difficult to understand.*³

I inquired about the Old Catholics. We used to hear much of the promise of the movement headed by Dr. Döllinger.

The Emperor indulged an expressive shrug. 'What would you expect? There can be no compromise within the Catholic Church. It is ultramontane or nothing. Any movement within it to reform it is doomed to fail. Erasmus was an amiable theorist, but Luther knew the only way to succeed.

'You see, the Catholic Church has a perfectly simple proposition, and it has just one. Catholicism says: "Give me yourself, your whole personality, body and mind, in this life, and we will guarantee your happiness hereafter." That proposition is incapable of modification. Some people find it attractive. How a man with a reason can do so, *is an eternal mystery to me.* [The Foreign Office changed this phrase to read, 'I do not understand.']

'The day of Catholicism, of course, is past. The dawn of universal intelligence is its doom. I say that to my clergy. I tell them: "Let it alone. In due time it will perish of itself. Education is fatal to it. Educate, and pro-

³ These sentences are italicized to show that they were stricken out by the Foreign Office. Baron von dem Bussche wrote to Hale: 'I ask you to be very careful about Roman Catholics. As His Majesty rules many millions of them, it would not be proper to say that he has "antipathy to Roman Catholicism." I would put it the other way and say: "has little real sympathy for R. C." ' Indeed, in this whole section one is amazed at the indiscretion of a ruler who would make statements for publication which could not fail to alienate a large and influential group among his people. But if the Emperor himself was blind to the political consequences, so, too, in some degree, was the Foreign Office. One would suppose that some of the passages which were allowed to stand — those which are printed here in Roman type — would offend German Catholics almost as much as those which were deleted. — W. H. H.

claim the Gospel. Don't waste time denouncing Catholicism."

Of the talents of Pope Leo XIII, with whom he spoke with pleasure of having conversed, the Emperor expressed admiration. *The reigning Pontiff he regarded as a pious man, indeed a zealot, without theological or scientific training, ruled by extreme reactionaries.*⁴

The Emperor told several incidents of Catholic difficulties he had known deftly evaded by dispensations or canonical subtleties. Good-naturedly he admitted that this kind of logical training produced minds of peculiar ethical resourcefulness.

'One of my bishops [His Majesty referred to a Roman Catholic bishop] told me of the difficulties he had with the educated Chinese. You know the Oriental mind is thoroughly logical in its processes. Sentiment does not touch it. It wants to be shown. Accordingly, the questions which Chinese auditors gravely put to the missionaries are much like those with which our little children sometimes puzzle us — amusing, perhaps, but hard to answer.

'One day, before a distinguished audience of Chinese which he was addressing on the beauties of Christianity, my friend was interrupted by the question: "You say that your God is all-wise, all-good, and all-powerful. He must therefore have desired to save the greatest number of people. Why, then, did He allow Christ to appear in the scantily populated, insignificant province of Judæa, instead of being born in the mighty and populous Empire of China?"

'Now,' said the Emperor, 'what would you or I have answered to such a question? I fear I should n't have made

⁴ 'The remarks about the actual reigning Pope ought to be very *carefully framed*,' commented the Foreign Office. 'The word "zealot" must disappear.' — W. H. H.

any converts that day. But my Jesuit bishop was ready.

"The answer," he said, "is easy. It is just because God desired to save the greatest of people that He caused Christ to appear outside the mighty Empire of China. For you cannot fail to remember that in the glorious reign of — [His Majesty named the ruler of the Celestial Empire in the year of the Nativity; I cannot do so] it was the law that no Chinaman should pass the boundaries of the Empire. Undoubtedly God preferred that Christ should be a Chinaman, but He had to consider this fact. Great as was His admiration for your race, He could not shut off salvation from the rest of mankind. It was ordered that Christ should appear outside the Empire so that He or His apostles might come to you, while still free to visit also the heathen lands."

'What,' exclaimed His Majesty, 'could a Chinese philosopher say to an argument like that! Manifestly it is unanswerable, sufficient, convincing.'

The Emperor was anxious to learn of the prospects of Roman Catholicism in America. One Roman prelate he named to me three times during the evening as an archenemy of the Republic, a Jesuit in disguise. 'Look out for *Archbishop Ireland*; he is the worst foe of your country,' was almost His Majesty's parting injunction. [The Foreign Office deleted the name in this quotation, but allowed the rest to stand.]

IV

Turning once more to international affairs, the Emperor spoke to me of the Boer War, spoke truthfully and impressively of the irony of history; of the mills of the gods that, though grinding slowly, grind exceeding fine. It would have been most ungracious to remind His Majesty, philosopher though he be, and just historian, of another of his-

tory's ironies. For must not a German see a certain whimsical and malicious irony in the fact that the great victory of 1870 left the vanquished a dream, — just a dream of *revanche*, — which to this day compels in no little measure the politics internal and foreign of the conqueror, restricts her ambitions, makes it necessary for her to maintain an immense army — and to keep it close home?

But France, the Emperor explained, would constitute no threat for Germany were she free of other enemies. In greater part, the isolation of Germany to-day is the deliberate work of England.

'What,' asked the Emperor, 'is England's grievance against Germany? In part the grievance of a people which sees another outstripping her in every one of her cherished activities. Germany is supplanting England in England's old markets. Germany is getting the carrying-trade of the world. Look at the great Hamburg and Bremen lines, and consider the case of Liverpool. The German is showing himself the more clever manufacturer; his chemists are at work saving the by-products; in the latest feat of mechanical skill, the making of automobiles, he has gone to the head. His education is better; his health is better; his stature is not diminishing. His army is unequaled; his navy is becoming dangerous; he is first in the field (or in the air) with a practical aerial ship of war.

'But it is not so much the direct rivalry that begets for Germany the hostility of England, as it is an historical principle of British diplomacy. Ever since the day of Wolsey, consistently, without ever departing from it, England has founded her foreign policy on the leading principle that she must single out and oppose the Power at the moment paramount on the Con-

continent. It would be easy to demonstrate this. Examine British policy, and you will find that always England is at work trying to unite the remaining nations of Europe in concert against the dominant Power.

'This principle has become so firmly a part of British policy that it is nowadays scarcely deliberate. It is instinctive. To-day Germany is the great Continental Power. To-day, therefore, England makes alliances, or seeks them, with every capital of Europe except Berlin.'⁵

⁵ The Foreign Office evidently had misgivings about allowing these paragraphs to stand, and well it might. Though they were not censored, Baron von dem Bussche betrayed his uneasiness in his letter to Hale. 'Many Germans,' he wrote, 'will severely criticize the Emperor to have said so much, and the Foreign Office and Baron Sternburg to have introduced you to him. America is not situated on an island out of contact with the rest of the world. Everything published there is soon known over here, especially if our friends in France and England think they can use it in order to cause us troubles and harm in the eyes of the world.' — W. H. H.

Once more the Emperor surveyed the broad international scene, denying that he had any ambitions either in the Orient or in the Caribbean; asserting that England's alliance with Japan would be fatal to her; and concluding by emphasizing the problem of the conflict of races.

'The future,' — the voice rang out, — 'the future belongs to the White Race, never fear!' His shoulders squared, his eye flashed, I could see the eagle above his head. 'It belongs to the Anglo-Teuton, the man who came from Northern Europe — where you to whom America belongs came from — the home of the German. It does not belong, the future, to the Yellow, nor to the Black, nor to the Olive-colored. It belongs to the Fair-skinned Man, and it belongs to Christianity and to Protestantism. We are the only people who can save it. There is no power in any other civilization or any other religion that can save humanity; and the future — belongs — to — us!'

(The story of what happened to this extraordinary interview will appear in the June number)

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

BY OWEN WISTER

I

ALAS, that one should have to look back on him! Alas, that a creature so vivid with thoughts, originality, life, and delightfulness, should be gone from the world! Surely nobody else could rain such violent, inexcusable affront upon his friends, and be so constantly forgiven. He had once with Theodore Roosevelt what you would call a mortal quarrel. In after years they came suddenly face to face upon a train, and fell, so to speak, into each other's arms. This is but a single instance. There were people by the dozen who endured abuse from him that they would have taken from no one else, yet, when the first shock was past, got over it. And when he died, letters were published in London and Paris, and editorials in New York, all in the same tone of admiration and regret, and clergymen spoke of him in their sermons.

He wrote seventeen short books. You will have to look for them in secondhand shops. The first (so he told his Harvard classmates on their forty-fifth anniversary) sold 1800 copies, the second 1342, the third 811, the fourth 103; after which he stopped counting. His work was very uneven. He was impatient. Had he taken pains more often, had he buckled down to it always, as he did sometimes, — as, for instance, he did when he wrote his essays on Emerson and the Greek Genius, — he would have left a shelf sur-

passed in our literature by none of its kind. And one may feel certain that, had his gift for public speaking been equal to his mastery of style, and had he gone about like Emerson, lecturing instead of writing on Religion, Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, the Drama, William Lloyd Garrison, and Tammany politics, no one, when death brought him a day's publicity, would have needed (as some did need) to ask, 'Who was John Jay Chapman?'

II

Jack Chapman: he comes more readily to the mind so than as John Jay Chapman. Throughout his days he was not John Jay but Jack, even to many who had never seen him. Was it because he could laugh enchantingly? That has to do with it. Undoubtedly an imp lived in him, almost inextricable from the rest of him; peeping out with a wink or a mischievous chuckle in his talk, his conduct, his writing, even upon his deathbed — and sometimes prancing at large. His thoughts were sudden; they took him by surprise just as if someone else had spoken them, and they delighted him just as much. But the laughter was merely one sign of the man, like his style; and who shall explain personality? This something, whatever it be, passed beyond the circle of his acquaintance, as the fragrance of flowers floats over the garden

wall, as the light of a lamp shines from the room where it burns into the trees round the house.

Yes, the imp was inextricable from the poet, critic, crusader, rebel. Victor, his eldest son, an aviator of the Escadrille Lafayette, was killed near Verdun, June 23, 1916. Victor was the child of his first wife, Minna Timmins, and the second son he was to lose by sudden death. Victor had joined the *Légion Étrangère* in August 1914, and in the year following had transferred to aviation. His father published the boy's letters, preceded by a short memoir of him and his mother; a few pages, strange, wonderful, containing one paragraph where appears an imp frisking not at all, a very earnest imp. Here is part of what precedes this:—

Victor's mother was so remarkable a woman and so like him in many ways — she was so much the author of the heroic atmosphere, a sort of poetic aloofness that hung about him and suggested early death in some heroic form — that to leave her out in any account of him would be to leave out part of himself. . . . A swarthy, fiery, large-eyed girl, who looked like the younger sibyl of Michael Angelo. . . . She would have been like an eagle in a barnyard anywhere . . . a classic figure, athletic, sweeping, and impulsive. . . . I think there must be twenty notebooks of every size and shape among her papers, crammed with musings, rhapsodies, and dates. Her reading was miscellaneous, voracious, and disordered; and her memoranda were like the leaves blown about the Cumæan cavern by the winds of inspiration.

Yet for all this whirlwind which seemed to move in her steps, there was a central calm in her, a smiling majesty; and when I think of her it is as a tall young matron full of life, entering a room with gayety, bearing an armful of flowers for the pots and vases — crowned with inner dignity. . . . She had the man-minded seriousness of women in classic myths, the regular brow, heavy dark hair, free gait of the temperament that lives in heroic thought. . . . There have

been few women like her; and most of them have existed only in the imagination of Æschylus and the poets.

But Minna's seriousness was not the whole of her. Within the priestess there lived a joyous nymph . . . when she ran riot, it was the riot of the grapevine. . . . She acted upon impulses which were loving and headlong, tender and fierce . . . but always large. . . . Her unconventionality and habit of spontaneous expression did not please all people. There are those who cannot enjoy nature in this geyser form.

And now for the freakish gleam, of which a friend had reminded him:—

Minna and I were walking on Fifth Avenue, apparently engaged in moral discussion, when someone met us. It seems that she had taken the tortoise-shell pins out of her hair, and her braids fell to her waist. Her plea was that she had a headache. My sense of propriety was shocked, and I was vainly supplying her with sound reasons for a more seemly behavior. At length I gave way to her point of view, took off my coat and carried it on my arm. This policy of non-resistance worked like a charm, and she put up her hair. I resumed my coat.

Chapman took his ideas, causes, opinions, as some take measles, violently. He had a way of dashing an idea in your face. One day he announced with a shout:—

'I've boiled Walt Whitman down to his essence: he was a tramp!'

Out of this germ came a penetrating essay, to be seen in that first volume, which found the 1800 purchasers. But William James was one of them; and he said of the essay on Emerson, which gives the book its title, that when he had been preparing an oration to be delivered on the one-hundredth anniversary of Emerson's birth, nothing in America had thrown so much light on the subject as what Chapman had written.

Sometimes the theory he flung at you would be perfectly wrong and bear

suspicious resemblance to improvisation. Shakespeare, he announced one day, was a spirit whom nothing had ever troubled, a creature whose sun shone imperturbably, no matter what. He was asked if *Hamlet* was the work of a man who had known no worry over the scheme of things, and advised to read the sonnets with attention. This struck him; he said he would have to think about it. In his 'Glance towards Shakespeare' good things abound: 'The use of great men is to bind the world together. Everybody knows of them, thinks and writes about them, till they become portions of the common mind. . . . I once saw Hamlet played in German, by a Pole . . . five feet high . . . and more determinedly out of his mind than is possible outside Poland. Certainly these plays overstimulate humanity . . . we ought not to be surprised if they excite the actors. The judicious may grieve as they sit in the best seats . . . for grieving is the chief joy of the judicious. . . .'

Judicious he seldom was, and counted on others to supply this useful commodity for him. He would read aloud some paper in first draft, and listen to comments with a watchful eye, accepting correction well aimed with instant agreement and complete humility, scrawling rapid notes on the margin.

So was he accustomed — but more in youth than later — to thump some doctrine down till the china danced — and then to ponder and respect adequate dissent from it. Arrogance and modesty, ruthlessness and sweetness — such contradiction lay in him deep; but the sweetness was the deeper, and, long before the end of his life, prevailed. And at no time, not even when his assertions were pouring out most truculently, was he a talker who listened only to himself. Clever people there are who while you take your turn in conversation sit watching you with

an eye of forbearance, and resume with an air as if you had taken a liberty which they would pass over. Jack Chapman played fair, generous to your thoughts, generous with his. Agree with him or disagree — and both might easily happen in the same five minutes — either was a luxury. Whichever way, your very best wits were set tingling. Any of your shortcomings were likely to bring out the imp, who could tease skillfully. The solemnity of pedants was a favorite mark. There was a pedant at Harvard working up a thesis on the Newfoundland fisheries for a Ph. D., who came into the room one day with an armful of pamphlets, as usual, and, as usual, a ponderous expression. One look at him, and the imp pranced immediately: —

'Hullo, Charley, get many footnotes to-day?'

III

He did not come as a bolt from the blue. The contending elements in him, the contradictions — passion, reason; fierceness, sweetness; arrogance, modesty; defiance of conventions, orthodox propriety — all these that inhabited him and chased each other in and out without ever affecting the depths of his spiritual essence are direct inheritance, easily to be traced. Only the perpetual mystery of genius remains. Others have had more; but, by the turn of his, he was an apparition in American Letters, in his own way as much out of the established picture as Poe, or as Byron in England. He clashed with Conformity, shocked the respectable, jolted the timid, ripped the standardized pattern to rags. Repentance came to him in later days for some of his excesses in attacking such persons as President Eliot or Professor Norton. Some of his shafts were truly aimed and struck home, but were cruel; and he fitted his own words about the aboli-

tionists: 'The antislavery people were not always refined. . . . Garrison's rampant and impersonal egotism was good politics, but bad taste.' You may call Chapman a belated abolitionist, and not be far out of the way. But when the imp vanished and became crusader, then this soldier of God against Mammon could so tower as to make one think of Lincoln. He is speaking at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, in August 1912.

'I will tell you why I am here; I will tell you what happened to me. When I read in the newspapers of August 14, a year ago, about the burning alive of a human being, and of how a few desperate, fiend-minded men had been permitted to torture a man chained to an iron bedstead, burning alive, thrust back by pitchforks when he struggled out of it, while around about stood hundreds of well-dressed American citizens, both from the vicinity and from afar, coming on foot and in wagons, assembling on telephone call, as if by magic, silent, whether from terror or indifference, fascinated and impotent, hundreds of persons watching this awful sight and making no attempt to stay the wickedness, and no one man among them all who was inspired to risk his life and stop it, no one man to name the name of Christ, of humanity, of government! — as I read the newspaper accounts of the scene enacted here in Coatesville a year ago, I seemed to get a glimpse into the unconscious soul of this country. I saw a seldom-revealed picture of the American heart and the American nature. I seemed to be looking into the heart of the criminal — a cold thing, an awful thing. . . . I said to myself . . . what I have seen is not an illusion. It is the truth. I have seen death in the heart of this people. For to look at the agony of a fellow being and remain aloof means death in the heart of the onlooker. . . .

I say that our need is a new life, and that books and resolutions will not save us, but only such disposition in our hearts and souls as will enable the new life, love, force, virtue, which surround us always, to enter into us. . . .'

On the anniversary of the crime, he journeyed to the place in the teeth of some threats, and delivered his address to an audience of two, while from a church across the street the citizens of Coatesville discreetly emerged after worship with countenances carefully averted.

But listen to a brief tale of his forbears, and you will understand all of John Jay Chapman, save his genius.

He bore his great-great-grandfather's name; a man active in our Revolution, member of the Continental Congress, emissary under Washington to France and England, negotiator of a famous treaty, and first Chief Justice of the United States. The Jays were Huguenots; driven from home in 1685, they brought here some of the ablest and worthiest blood of France. Chapman's grandfather was also John Jay, our minister to Vienna in the late sixties and early seventies; active in the antislavery movement, writer of pamphlets, and a very urbane, handsome personage. The sight of this old gentleman reading family prayers each day in Bedford House, his country place, belongs, with Washington, with Lincoln, with Cleveland, to yesterday's seven thousand years. Mark this: he cut dead in the street a lifelong friend, a leader of the New York bar; this lawyer had dedicated all his skill, force, and prestige to saving from the law the felons Fisk and Gould, who had bled the Erie Railroad white and bribed judges with the dollars they had looted from the stockholders. To cut a friend on a principle of public morality has been uncommon in any day.

On the other side of the family was a

notable grandmother, Maria Weston Chapman, an abolitionist, friend of Harriet Martineau; also extremely handsome, and also a personage. Her force and heart were inherited by her son, Henry Grafton Chapman, a broker, president of the stock exchange, who, upon a day of historic chaos in Wall Street, proved his quality by a bold prompt stroke, and closed the stock exchange on his own responsibility amid the howls of bedlam. Beside his courage, he was genial, whimsical, and at times quite outrageous. Coming downstairs one morning, he saw the cook with her bonnet on, going out of the house into Washington Square.

'Where are you going?'

'I'm leaving.'

'What for?'

'I can't get on with Mrs. Chapman.'

'Neither can I. But I've done it for seventeen years. Now you take that bonnet off and go back to the kitchen.'

The cook stayed.

He was among the founders of the Knickerbocker Club, which at first was but little frequented. Coming in there one afternoon, he found one member sitting solitary by the fire.

'You can go home now,' he said. 'I'll stay.'

His son might just as well have said this.

He was a warm, winning, delightful man. The lady he could n't get on with, daughter of the John Jay who cut his lawyer friend, was that rare flower of our civilization, a great lady, as were all her sisters: rare then, rarer to-day. She had wit, style, spirited appearance, the look of race; and her letters were full of cleverness. Her company was vivacious and stimulating. With no pretense to special cultivation, she had enough for ten women you habitually meet at dinner. The power of affection was in her, and the power of scorn; perfect gallantry under misfortune; and

when it came to launching her two daughters in the stream of New York society, which even then was growing muddy, she could be as hard as nails.

As a little girl in the nursery, Thackeray's *Rose and the Ring* had been read to her; and when she looked at the picture of Baron Sleibootz standing behind Prince Bulbo with his thumb to his nose, that gesture made an impression. She registered a secret resolve that if ever she saw the person who wrote that story and drew that picture she would make that gesture at him. Not long after, she was in the drawing-room with her mother when a visitor was announced. As he entered, her mother said:—

'Ella, say how-d'ye-do to Mr. Thackeray, who wrote that nice story about the *Rose and the Ring*.'

Ella did not say how-d'ye-do; she retired under a table, where she kept behind its overhanging cover throughout the author's visit, heedless of any commands from Mrs. Jay. His visit ended, the visitor had reached the door when out came Ella from under the table, and was ordered by her mother to say good-bye and thank him for his story.

The child stood silent, put her thumb to her nose, and spread her fingers out.

After a moment of stupefaction, Thackeray put his thumb to his nose, added the other hand, wiggled his fingers, and so quitted the house.

The table at Bedford House in summer would be long, with Mr. and Mrs. Jay at its ends, and between them their married daughters, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Schieffelin, and Mrs. Robinson, with such grandchildren as were old enough to dine and sup with their elders, and school friends of the grandsons. The way in which Mr. Jay's married daughters would behave at meals must at times have made him vainly wish not to laugh.

'Goodness!' exclaimed Mrs. Chapman once. 'It's Thursday, Augusta's night for coming to supper!' Augusta was a half sister of Mr. Jay's, and lived in another country place, half a mile across lawns and fields.

'We must get through somehow,' said Mrs. Schieffelin.

'Can't somebody stop her?' said Mrs. Chapman. 'Wister, go over and stop her.' The boy was fifteen then.

'Wister,' said Mrs. Robinson, 'we'll give you twenty-five cents if you'll stop Augusta.'

The famous Beecher trial had been going on, that year or another, and Beecher was not yet acquitted of the grave charge brought against him. His counsel, William M. Evarts, came up to Mr. Jay's for the week-end, and those reckless daughters dared some of us to ask Mr. Evarts if his client was guilty. And we did! We were gravely told that Beecher was innocent.

A novel was undertaken by four or five of the young people, each writing a chapter, and reading it aloud in turn after supper.

Jack Chapman's began: 'Lounging in his luxurious chamber, the Marquis was seated in his purple dressing-gown with his feet in iced claret.'

The epoch at which we are born into the world has nearly as much to do with what we are as the sires and grandsires of whose stuff we are made. Chapman was born in 1862, while the North under Lincoln was fighting for the Union, the South for separate independence and the perpetuation of slavery. Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Appomattox, the assassination of Lincoln — these events lay then beyond his understanding; but the country was living on the highest peak of its history since Washington, and the baby grew into childhood with the contending tempests of strife raging round the peak. The after-winds were long in dying

down. Any child of four, five, six, during that time, saw uncles and cousins in uniform, heard women talk of their work in the Sanitary Fair, watched the flags and processions from the nursery window, heard brass music in the street — and, without knowing what it was all about, added these to the tale of Little Red Riding-Hood and the song of the Queen in the parlor eating bread and honey. All were equally figures in the pageant of his inner existence, where he watched and played with them. As he grew into boyhood, the figures took their real places; but the impression had been made, the trick had been done; never again would he think of those names, those controversies, that tragic drama, without something of that pageant of the nursery swimming into his ken and setting his emotions vibrating to the depths of his being. This, too, is mingled with the ancestral elements in Chapman.

IV

His schooling at Saint Paul's, where he went in 1874, was cut short by the first of those nervous disturbances which recurred at intervals all his life whenever he was too long and too much strained by one of his crusades. Into these he always poured the whole of himself, and upon each occasion became of a single-track mind. For this he was too delicately organized, too highly wrought, and lived too often near the edge of being overwrought; twice he fell over the edge, and once it cost him a year of absolute repose to climb out.

The usual Saint Paul's boy could withstand the pressure of Creed and Litany, services, sermons, hymns, sacred studies. To sing 'Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,' or 'My sins, my sins, my Saviour,' or 'Soon shall you and I be lying each within our

narrow bed,' rolled lightly off most young backs. Less than two years of it cast Jack Chapman into a state so morbid that when he went to his innings at cricket — it was the school game then — he would be seen to shut his eyes, lean over his bat, and so stand silent before the wicket, while the bowler waited at the other end. He was praying. They took him away in mid-term, and he had pneumonia. At Harvard, four years later, beneath the cold douche of Evolution, he reacted. The props of dogma being knocked from beneath his faith, it wholly collapsed. For a while he took unbelief as hard as he had taken belief. With a nature so sensitive, so earnest, so headlong, nothing else could be. Many a schoolboy remains robustly pagan; many another suffers somewhat while his school faith wrestles with science in college and is doomed; but the wholesome old Adam in him saves him from extremes. Jack Chapman declined to attend Chapel during his senior year, in spite of warnings from the Dean; and for this his degree was withheld at Commencement; he did not graduate with his class. But his class had long found his delightfulness out, for he had shaken free from all morbidness, was a joyous companion, chosen into the Dickey, the Hasty Pudding, the Porcellian Club, and as Ivy Orator on Class Day, June 20, 1884. He was cross at being orator, wishing to be class poet as his brother Henry had been the year before.

This oration heralds much of what he was to become, and partly chronicles him at the age of twenty-two.

'I thank you, my classmates, for being able to thank you for this platform. And yet I hardly understand why you have conferred upon me this great honor. . . . I am conscious of possessing none of those qualifications for which our former Ivy orators have

been so distinguished. . . . I do not entirely dislike all college officials. The Bursar does not seem to me utterly intolerable. . . . Then the business in U. 5 and the method of conducting it. They have not struck me as being so absurd that the mere mention of the locality would raise a smile. . . . If some of the officials are hardly polite, there are others who make up for them. I cannot feel bitterly amused by these things. . . .

'Then the Faculty — I don't think them a complete set of imbeciles. . . . Truly I am sorry you have so wretchedly equipped an orator . . . one who has no enemy. Why, if I should meet the Dean in the street, I should simply touch my hat to him. . . .

'And now, my classmates, let's bid ourselves good-bye. . . . I can see . . . any one of you thirty years hence returning . . . on Commencement and meeting with another '84 man. I can see you, having inquired his name, and pretending to recollect it, visibly affected. . . .'

Twenty-five years after, forty-five years after, his classmates listened to him with laughing and cheers, still the same Jack Chapman, still the comic mask; but the earnest eyes that looked through it grew more and more visible. He has indicated his recovery of faith in one of the half-dozen most remarkable of his essays, 'The Influence of Schools.'

Saint Paul's had left its mark within him deeper than he knew. During one of his long illnesses he writes: —

My mind used to dwell in strange places. It would pause over some spot in the world, — some room or field that I had seen . . . in previous years, — and would refuse to move on. . . . Sometimes for days at a time it would remain as carefully placed as a camera. . . . The places were always empty — never a person in them. . . . It was natural enough that I should some-

times have found myself back at Saint Paul's School . . . always alone with the place, suffering it to move through me. . . . Immense sadness everywhere; immense power. . . . Dr. Coit was a tall man in a long black coat . . . always within an invisible tower of isolation. . . . He lived within that solitude which a great purpose and constant prayer cast about a man. . . . He was so charged with moral passion that many people could not receive the delivery of it. . . . His hand laid gently upon one's shoulder caused such a strong physical, moral, and galvanic appeal to my sensibilities that I invariably burst into tears. . . . Twenty years after . . . at the age of forty odd, and through the medium of another and very severe illness . . . my nature began to take up again the threads of Saint Paul's School influence, and to receive the ideas which Dr. Coit had been striving to convey, though in forms that would have been incomprehensible to himself. The School had somehow been carrying on this work within me through all these years. . . .

V

Within six weeks after his Ivy Oration, he is at Bayreuth, hearing *Parsifal*. Music was one of the several languages that he understood without speaking it. He used to say that he must have been a musician in a previous incarnation. Writing of *Parsifal*, he doubts its music being really religious, but is certain it ranks Wagner among the greatest artists. Presently in Vienna, what he has to say of many operas bores to the heart of the question with an insight very unusual for a youth of twenty-two.

He writes next from Dresden, where he has made friends with Harry Cust, a young Englishman:—

I don't wish to put myself on a par with him. He is cleverer than I, knows more, and is a great deal nicer. . . . Went with him the other night at 12.30 to a beer room and treated a tableful of boors to beer, got them singing songs. . . . The boors were

pretty full. I told them a story about Australia and a female barbarian which went on and on and on and was the same thing over and over again, only each time as if I had almost forgotten an important point, and got them laughing like swine. Then we all stood up and sang *Die Wacht am Rhein*, and then we bolted. We likened ourselves to Faust and Mephistopheles in Auerbach's cellar. I smoked so many cigars that I did not go to bed, but wrote you this letter.

In St. Petersburg he and Cust stayed with the German ambassador, General von Schweinitz, who had married Chapman's youngest aunt, Anna Jay, when her father was our minister to Vienna. The General was delighted with both his guests, and, in presenting them to the Emperor of Russia, said of Cust, 'He is a beautiful youth; but [pointing admiringly to Chapman] this young fellow understands Goethe!'

Alexander the Tsar bowed in grave approval, Cust felt belittled, Chapman was merry over it for many years.

From the German Embassy he writes:

You take me up a little too short on the logic of my letters. . . . When I write I sit down at a table and say whatever comes into my head without trying to resolve contradictions. There are two methods of composition. The dramatic and the philosophical. The second says what it means, the first says something and you see what it means. For instance, if you want to express indecision, you may say 'I am undecided,' or you may express two contradictory intentions one after the other, and let the other man see. I don't recommend this method for the forum, but it has its advantages with people you know, being more homely, forcible, and with regard to the exact shade of meaning expressed—accurate.

Following this:—

I have come to the conclusion there is no such thing as letter writing—only perhaps you don't know this, and might find it out

by experiment — and you know I am a very sympathetic person of good judgment and will give you good advice in case you get into trouble. Above all, no facetiousness. Appropos (now don't write and tell me there is only one *p* in that) I know my letters rile you, or usually do; if so, don't write. Apropos of the ms. you showed me . . . do you remember Herbert Spencer and the 'economy of the attention'? Well, all art is nothing but the economy of the attention. Poetry, painting, &c., and all bad art is the neglect of it. You know all this sort of thing, only don't be irritated by my writing it. Now your novel squanders the attention by being written in several keys at once. It is like a picture out of perspective or with mixed lights in it. . . . All the things you choose to say about the Christian religion — communion — the atmosphere of it — the incongruity — you choose to *say*. . . . The question is only how people feel. Describe this so that everyone who has been through it will feel it again and will say, 'Yes, that is what we felt and this was what it was. . . .' I got both your delightful letters together this morning. If you call me Bulbul I shall be put to the inconvenience of thinking up some worse name for you. . . .

Saint Paul's School reënters. 'How about your religious correspondence? . . . If I had the power to do what I pleased with the school I should find it hard to take away their superstitions and not rub off the edge of their virtue. . . . This is a dull letter. Reads somehow more or less as one talks to a girl . . . it's only because one talks freely to girls and about things connected with feelings, &c.'

More or less as one talks to a girl. One cannot feel sure that Solomon was the first to find the way of a man with a maid too wonderful for him; but we may be certain that Jack Chapman's way was extremely unlike Solomon's. As far as could be discerned, it was a girl's intelligence that brought, not him to her feet, but her to his. At this stage of his life, he could be heard to say

quite frequently that Mary So-and-so or Lucy So-and-so was an exceptionally intelligent girl. But soon it seemed as if Mary and Lucy fell into the background, and it was Emily whose intellect was far out of the common. Now an exceedingly vivid, handsome youth of twenty-three, with brown eyes that, whether they flash or brood or sparkle, are burning with vitality, whose figure is alert, and whose soft slight moustache becomes him, may talk to a maid about his religious doubts, or his literary beliefs, or Wagner, or Herbert Spencer, as passionately as he pleases: it all comes to the same thing. Emily, Lucy, and Mary should have been warned by the fact that he spoke freely to other people of each in her turn: silence would have been more promising. And so the unusual brains of several young ladies did not protect their perfectly female hearts. An older woman who had observed some of these episodes remarked that Jack Chapman was inconstant; and men must accept woman's word for this.

Chapman at twenty-three was undoubtedly an intellectual philanderer, who came to the end of Emily's, Lucy's, and Mary's brains, and forgot all about them in the discovery of the next one. Had any Victorian father demanded what his 'intentions' were, he would have been astonished. His intention was merely to find a sympathetic listener, and this gave him no trouble whatsoever. On his return from Europe to enter the Harvard Law School, he found such listeners in both Boston and New York. They were spellbound by his fiery assertions and denials. Denials and assertions imply each other, and out of his mouth they rushed together daily. His highly wrought temperament had not wholly settled from the turbulence into which it had been cast by his religious reaction. He was inclined to run a tilt

against any current opinion or established reputation. Goethe was now a mere dilettante; Plato a clever littérateur; Shakespeare would bear watching; and many other extravagances of the sort, covering quite a period. So that one day it brought upon him the rebuke of another older woman: —

‘Jack, you take nothing seriously but yourself.’

And yet, through it all, something in him of entrancing sweetness (quite aside from his brilliance) made him the centre of concern and affection — this, too, notwithstanding his wholly inexcusable habit of telling people exactly what he thought of them with the suddenness of an ambush, the violence of an explosion, and (sometimes) the accuracy of a sharpshooter. This temptation to give you a piece of his mind beset him all his life. One afternoon within a few weeks of his death, he was resting, and conversation touched upon a neighbor, for whose character he had the highest value.

‘I’ve a good mind, though,’ he declared, sitting up, ‘to go over there and tell her some home truths.’ Then his expression softened, and the imp twinkled in his eye. ‘But I ain’ goin’ to do it.’

After his holiday in Europe, in September 1885 he entered the Harvard Law School. When a problem came up in the discussion of a case, the professors often called upon him to explain it. He joined a household of fellow students, full of enterprising hospitality. They asked to dinner not only many undergraduates from the Porcellian and A.D. clubs; Charles Norton came from his house at Shady Hill; and William James; Judge Holmes, and the historian John C. Ropes from Boston; and many another elder, sage and civilized like these. A more familiar and delightful mingling of young and old over good food, good talk, and

good wine can seldom have flourished in the bleak, prim, and desiccated climate of Cambridge. This company of young men in their mid-twenties was both a house of study and a house of laughter, where Trusts, Wills, Contracts, and Equity Pleading, argument about the Civil War, toasts to the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, and games of poker were all equally at home, and certain of the members would rise early to attend cockfights.

There was plenty of hard study, and Chapman read his law as attentively as any. Parenthetically, amid his concentration upon this, his wits would go what is called woolgathering. Whatever he actually gathered, — whether a worse opinion of Goethe, or a better one of Plato, or a growing absorption in Minna Timmins, — he grew absent-minded. He had a way of talking aloud while dressing. One morning he gave a dismayed shout which brought a neighbor student inquiringly into his room. He pointed to an engraved invitation to dinner stuck in his looking-glass.

‘That was for last night, and I forgot it. What’s to be done?’

‘Put on all your best clothes, cut the Law School, go straight into Boston, and apologize to Mrs. Sears.’

This advice was taken. At noon the two met again.

‘Well, did you make peace?’

‘She was at home. I began at once. I crawled, I groveled, and when I was through, I found I’d apologized to the wrong Mrs. Sears!’ And he fell into his enchanting laughter.

After the Law School, he went to New York, entered the bar in due course, setting up an office. A second illness of the same kind as the one at Saint Paul’s School, but more severe, overtook him at this time; and for a year he walked about New York and paid visits, all in a sort of tragic inner

exile, surrounded by affection to which he reached out for comfort and sustenance. Two forces played a chief part in lifting him out of this state: great happiness, and great indignation. The latter was roused by his coming face to face with the misrule and the despotism of Tammany. It was the epoch of Croker, a political thief whose memory is now obscured by the political thieves that have followed him. The great happiness was his marriage to Minna Timmins in 1889. She reconstructed his life. She filled their house in West Eighty-second Street with beautiful things from Italy, with interesting guests from both shores of the Atlantic, with the many old friends who came to dine or to stay, but best of all with herself and the atmosphere of perpetual interest that she created. There she bore him three sons; and after the birth of the third in 1897, suddenly, all in a moment, she died. He did not often speak of those years. He spoke readily about many things near to him, more readily than is the general custom; but his silence upon what was nearest was well-nigh absolute. Upon being urged to carry out his plan for an essay on Plato, his eyes grew sombre, and he murmured, 'It's not much fun writing what nobody reads.' When in 1916 the news came that Victor, his son, had been killed in the air near Verdun, he was told, by way of offering something to tide him through this, that he must publish the boy's letters from the front, and that to these must be joined some account of Minna, Victor's mother. He turned away, and looked out of the window.

'Hm,' he said, almost inaudibly, 'that won't be so easy.'

To read the vivid pages he wrote, charged with poetry and suppressed emotion, is to see that this husband had known all the joy that a wife can be.

VI

To read in these days the pages he wrote about our politics during those happy domestic years is to be surprised that they were ridiculed as fantastic.

Misgovernment in the United States is an incident in the history of commerce. It is a part of the triumph of industrial progress. . . . The long and the short of the matter is that the sudden creation of wealth in the United States has been too much for our people. . . . We are personally dishonest. . . . The people of the United States are notably and peculiarly dishonest in financial matters. The effect of this on government is but one of the forms in which the ruling passion is manifest. 'What is there in it for me?' is the state of mind in which our people have been existing.

Does that seem so fantastic to-day?

This book, *Causes and Consequences*, was a pioneer diagnosis of our trouble; he put his finger on the spot — the alliance between Government and Big Business. The book is dedicated 'to the members of Club C.' It gives a picture of this battle for reform in New York politics during the nineties; campaigns for the mayoralty; and the story in more detail appears in *Practical Agitation*, the third book, which sold 811 copies. Any student of that period will find much to help him in both volumes, as well as many passages of permanently valuable analysis: —

The notable lack in our literature is this: the prickles and irregularities of personal feeling have been pumice-stoned away. It is too smooth. There is an absence of individuality, of private opinion. This is the same lack that curses our politics — the absence of private opinion. The sacrifice in political life is honesty, in literary life is intellect; but the closer you examine honesty and intellect the more clearly they appear to be the same thing.

Now this is not the sort of stuff that the best sellers are made of, but it is

twin with the doctrine preached by Van Wyck Brooks in his admirable study, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*; it lurks in Ernest Hemingway's remark that 'Americans are not interesting.' In short, it is the lash laid by the individualist on the back of a community where mass production of boot polish, character, and thinking ensures mediocrity in all of them.

During those nineties, the energy of his existence was various and, one might well say, ceaseless. He edited a sparkling, mocking paper called the *Nursery*, devoted to reform; he was active in organizing 'Good Government' Clubs; he wrote, he spoke, he was continually exhorting a multitude of citizens to show their public spirit. Yet amid all this, published in the same year with *Causes and Consequences*, 1898, is *Emerson and Other Essays*, seven in all — the first of more than a hundred pages, the one which William James placed so high, followed by 'Walt Whitman,' 'A Study of Romeo,' 'Michael Angelo's Sonnets,' 'The Fourth Canto of the *Inferno*,' 'Robert Browning,' 'Robert Louis Stevenson.'

Could one possibly predict from this that his next volume would be *Four Plays for Children*?

'A talent for acting is quite common in children,' he writes in the Preface; 'indeed, they act with a charm seldom found in grown people.'

In 1898, his battles for reform politics had come to an end. The Good Government party, known as the 'Goo Goos,' having planned a campaign against Platt's Republican machine, had asked Theodore Roosevelt, just returned from the Spanish War, to run for Governor on their Independent ticket. But Platt, knowing that Roosevelt would carry any ticket he headed, also nominated him. Roosevelt withdrew his acceptance of the Independent

nomination and the movement collapsed.

By 1908, when the plays for children appeared, Jack Chapman had passed through stormy controversy, the tragedy of a supreme loss, the helplessness of a father with three motherless young children, the cruel death of one of these while swimming near Gratz in Austria, and a long grave illness — through all this he had passed, and from this into a healing calm. What he wrote of a classmate applies to him: 'His mind and character appeared to rise under stroke after stroke of the divine lightning.' Nevertheless, the lightning would have killed him but for Elizabeth Chanler, whom he married in April 1898, and who, as far as it lay in human power to do so, sheltered him with her wisdom and her serenity for the rest of his days. These, one may be sure, would have been fewer but for her. They lived in New York less and less, more and more on the Hudson, opposite the Catskills, where they built a house on a piece of her family land. She bore him a son, and the children grew out of the nursery into the drawing-room. As they grew, their father wrote these plays. They were acted by the little Chapmans, their friends in the neighborhood, and the children of the village. To these he began the habit of reading poetry. They would come on set days to listen to him. The custom became an institution. As the years went on, the small villagers grew to young men, their reader into an elderly one whose early influence upon their minds and natures they treasured with affectionate remembrance. Throughout these charming, innocent little dramas you may read traces of their author's personal mood. In 'The Hermits,' Francesco, a hermit, speaks: —

At fifty, a retired buccaneer
With the rich breath of life inflates his lungs,
And blows out golden spheres of poesy.

The healing calm went on. Husband and wife looked at the Hudson and the Catskills, stayed with friends; traveled; and the retired buccaneer blew

The following is from 'Neptune's Isle,' the most iridescent of all his soap bubbles; played upon a real island off the Maine coast. It obviously drips with Shakespeare; but such dripping is not within the compass of everybody.

This isle is Aphrodite's toilet box
From which she chooses jewels for her hair.
Begirt it is with wet enamel stones
That gem the edge like lamps, yes, light the
 deeps, —

Amid the soap bubbles appeared *Learning and Other Essays*. Merely to read the table of contents is to be sure that, if ever Science comes to photograph our thinking, such a brain as Chapman's would be like a drop of water under the microscope, charged with jostling life; only, instead of dots, sparks and stars would be rushing about. In any country but our own, this volume would be enough to place its author among critics of the first rank. As one turns the pages, astonishment grows that such a succession of profound or delightful observations

should have wasted their sweetness upon our desert air. One might quote almost at hazard and be sure of lighting upon something to arrest the attention at once. Page 59: 'Now let us remember the Greeks, since we cannot escape them. The cultivated, conventional, logical, and overcivilized Greek wished his tragedy to be elegant and in a just measure solemn, not to say awe-inspiring. He expected this, much as we expect coffee after dinner when we dine out.' On page 155 he shows the mystic that lived in him. 'In the caverns of our nature lie hid various emotions like beasts in a lair. They are shy to the voice of question or of curiosity, and they slink and crouch all the more if we try to lure them out for inspection. But they come gamboling and roaring forth at the call of ingenuous human utterance. Any utterance that has in it no afterthought, but is mere speech that has grown out of a need to speak, lays a spell upon the wild things within us. Before the echo of it has died away they are rampant in the open, ignorant of how they came forth. Let no one then wonder at the difficulties that surround all study of the human emotions — blushing giants, vanishing genii that they are.' This begins an essay on 'The Comic.'

In speaking at Hobart College to the graduating class of 1900, he says, page 185: 'I wondered what I had to say to you boys. . . . And I think I have one thing to say. If you wish to be useful, *never take a course that will silence you.*' True to his own doctrine many years later, when he had learned that his friends planned to ask Harvard to give him an honorary degree, he opposed this: 'I could n't accept it. I should n't be free to say what I think about Harvard.' There spoke the grandson of John Jay, who cut his friend David Dudley Field in the street. Hobart and Yale gave him honorary degrees.

What terrible books we do read! [This in 1912.] Jane Addams all about prostitution and more. Booker Washington, the man farthest down. Tuberculosis. Arbitration. I draw the line myself at arbitration, but Elizabeth subscribes to the societies and they send a cubic yard per week of conference talk. . . . Last night I read a paper before our little local college about Harvard and Eliot and the dreary folly it all was. . . . By the way, and historically speaking, do you know there has never before been such wickedness on the globe as to-day in big American cities? It's a new record. Poor old darling little Antioch — and its fountain built by the prostitutes — and its domestic charm. Poor harmless Middle Ages with just a few sharp pinches of Inquisition or a murder or two — poison — an oubliette — chiefly the necessary discipline of church government. But in America we have constructed various machines — as big as the nation — 70 million soul-power machines — for destruction of humanity. The most heartless people in history — that's what we are. But I think we are changing for the better.

He is always thinking that. Whenever he savagely rips the present open, the future is coming, the future is all right. Hope lies invariably at the bottom of his Pandora box, hope rooted in an impregnable faith.

Ah truth! whatever truth may be,
 'T is neither yours nor mine,
 'T will shine through taciturnity,
 Through broken speech 't will shine.
 Then wherefore sweat to have one's say? —
 To save what cannot pass away,
 Or rescue the divine?

It was when his September had come, and with it a mellow resignation, supreme sorrow weathered, controversies ended, serenity gathering, that he wrote those lines.

In the summer of 1914, he had a chance in Germany to see the soul of the Teuton naked. Nothing since, either written or disclosed, corrects the analysis of that soul which he made in his brief book, *Deutschland über Alles*.

The war for a while had a quaint, quixotic effect upon him: he would go to no Symphony concert; if the greatest music in the world had come out of the Teutons, something must be all wrong with all music! From this he recovered; but with Wagner he was done. He declared that Wagner was the greatest plea for evil ever made. He even hemmed and hawed over *Die Meistersinger*.

Victor, his son, had enlisted in the Légion Étrangère, virtually at once, transferring a year later to aviation. He had opposed this enlisting vehemently, and the boy had submitted. 'But,' the father writes, 'there was something in his voice and manner . . . of a soul-tragedy.' And this Elizabeth saw more clearly; and when the boy was out of the room she said: 'He has submitted through his humility and his reverence for you. But I would rather see him lying on the battlefield than see that look in his face.'

One son had been lost already, long ago, and now, in time, Victor lay on the battlefield, the first of the heroic Escadrille Lafayette to go. But it needed no boy in the war to bring the horror and the haunting of it home to Chapman's heart and mind. He wrote fugitive pieces, satires upon what Roosevelt called Wilson's 'waging peace.' Both these fathers lost sons, and both showed the same bold, noble front to it. But in the slender book of verse which Chapman published when the war was over there are some revealing lines. 'Sorrow, that watches while the body sleeps' is the beginning of one poem, and another opens, —

The earth is damp: in everything
I taste the bitter breath of pallid spring,

and closes, —

Would that like them beneath the sod I lay,
Beneath the glistening grass,
Beneath the flood of things that come, and
pass,
Beckon, and shine and fade away.

Very seldom did he allow anything like this to escape from the secret chamber of his reticence; but it slowly told upon his aspect. Hard to imagine in 1920 that alert, unscarred, defiant youth of 1884, who might have gleamed from the portal of Sunium to watch from the cliff for ships on the Ægean Sea. In 1920 he had become a presence, gentle, august, gray-bearded, with quiet eyes, and a brow made beautiful by thought; of mark in the Century Club; beloved among the neighbors who had heard him read to them, in their childhood; valued by the companions of the Coffee House; hailed as a prophet by the New Republic; and with many Harvard shoulders shrugging, and discreet citizens pursing their lips and shaking their heads over his detonating diatribes.

For he could still boil over. Serenity never took whole possession of him. He boiled at hearing Harvard was to build a memorial to men who fought and died for Germany as well as for France. He wrote a letter called 'A Monument to Zero.' If the war meant anything, it was the grapple between two principles utterly opposed to each other; therefore a monument to both annulled its own meaning. Harvard replied that it had no such intention.

Presently a prelate of the Roman Church preached a sermon in Cambridge, in which he spoke of a great neighboring seat of learning as having once had the light, but as having now lost it. When no answer to this piece of impudence came from Harvard, Chapman boiled over again, and continued to boil as the same issue came up in other ways. It was not against the faith of Rome or against anyone's faith that Chapman made his too violent war. He placed faith, no matter how formulated, above every other good in the world, and loss of faith above every other evil. But he held

that the business of a church was to save souls, not to pull wires. As Edward S. Martin says in his wise and most discerning appreciation of him: 'Catholics might say their prayers and get to Heaven in their own way without criticism from Chapman, but control of American education was another matter.'

He bestirred himself with his whole might; letters, verse, manifestoes, flew broadcast from his pen. It brought him 'lots of hearty notes from private persons unknown to me,' he writes, 'and a few anonymous railings.' But, as usual, sustained controversy did not agree with him. 'I have consigned the Pope to God who made him — but why, and how could He do it?' And presently: 'Elizabeth and I are going to Spain. . . . The reason . . . is that I must make a break.' And next: 'I made this discovery: The sense of responsibility is pure fatigue. The instant you throw it off you have more mind. The illusion that one must do something about anything is a symptom of poison in the system.' In a subsequent letter one feels that the poison is eliminated and healing calm returned when he writes from Bordeaux, at the hostelry of deserved renown, the Chapon-Fin: —

The waiter had just produced a large thin chafing dish and had transferred to it some very diaphanous pancakes which he proceeded to powder with sugar while the dish was heating and then to baste with sublimated drawn butter and the odor of violets. I had all but finished a pint of Château de Beauséjour 1922. . . . After all, what do literature and family life amount to compared to a first-rate restaurant? . . .

Yet, healing calm and all, how could this child of Huguenot and abolitionist escape from his own blood? Crusading

underlies the last volume he published, on Lucian, Plato, and Greek morals; underlies an article upon Goethe, completed in London during the last summer he ever saw. And then the reverence that lived beneath all his rebelliousness appears when his wife offers to take down from his dictation a paragraph that will complete an unfinished paper about Shakespeare. He was weak and ill. He refused to dictate. 'It would be blasphemy,' he said, 'unless I could give my whole strength to talking about him.'

Not the surgical operation that revealed how brief a time was left him, nor drugs, nor fatal illness, made any change in the quality of that spirit and that mind. While he was coming out of the ether he said, with eyes still closed:

'It appears to me that this is a typical period of transition.'

Becoming a little stronger: —

'It seems to me that a little diversion is now in order. And [shaking his finger humorously at the nurse] if anything goes wrong, it will be your fault.'

He used to make fun at times over what he called the good deeds of Elizabeth, his wife, among the neighbors. Unable to eat some special chicken brought him to the hospital from home, he directed that it be taken to other patients, and learned that she had already given the same order.

'So we both done good!' he said, with his old spice of bad grammar.

Slightly delirious on the last of his five days after the operation, he began plucking at his wife's hand, saying: —

'I want to take it away.'

'What?' she asked. 'Is it the pillow?'

'No. I want to take away the mute, and play on the open strings.'

After those words, the end was not long delayed.

A SPINSTER I

I THINK they have almost all been heard from, with full analysis of their condition and exposition of circumstances and reactions — the happily married and the unhappily married, the divorced and the still undivorced, wives and widows; wives of professional men, business men, workingmen, wives with too much culture, wives with too many children, wives of Roman Catholics, wives with relations-in-law. They have all told their tales here and there, generally making complaint and asking for sympathy. I am not complaining or asking for sympathy, but just to make the rota complete I am adding one more account. The spinster is still to speak. I am not sure that curiosity about her is great, but social students should be furnished with information about all types. There are apparently many things about the unmarried which the married do not know, and many untruths which they think they know. Now that the new psychologists and sociologists and pathologists have taken a hand, there is the more reason that the spinster herself should make a statement.

I am a spinster and qualified to offer a case-study of the spinster. In many points I am typical, in circumstance and interest. In others I might be called untypical. In intelligence and personal equipment I am at least average — I speak anonymously. I am not a college woman, unfortunately. Were I ten years younger, I should have been in the group where college training is taken for granted. Perhaps there was a little selfishness on the part of my parents in keeping an only child agree-

ably at hand. But it gave me a good deal of travel, casual and disconnected instruction in different forms of art, and an amateurish and superficial familiarity with the general aspect of my father's business. My parents supposed that I should marry, naturally. Without training me especially for marriage, they trained me for nothing else. In that I differ from the large body of spinsters in business and professions, who are competently trained.

But I did not marry. From my point of view that fact does not need explanation any more than marriage does. In the past, unmarried meant unchosen, and it was supposed to be an embarrassing state. I can't recall any twinge of embarrassment, at any time. One of the real corrections which have been made with the passage of years is that at present spinsterhood needs no serious apology. The very terms of obloquy have almost faded out. Even the sociologists hardly speak of 'superfluous women' now, and the joke column has lost its worn jests. As for myself, I simply did not marry.

There are few women in the world who have not been 'sought in marriage' and there are few men who have not been refused at some time. I had no distinctly formed opposition in mind, but I was not so framed that propinquity — that most frequent cause of marriage — had much influence on me. I could not fall in love with a man merely because he was always there; and I did not cultivate the susceptibility to physical attraction, of which we hear so much nowadays. I should probably have been ashamed of it if

I had recognized it. Two or three times I was almost in love; but something in me would not give way, or attraction in the man grew slack. The result was painless each time.

It is customary to suppose that every unmarried woman bears the secret scar of an unfinished romance or disappointment, but that is all piffle. It sounds like the talk in a girls' school when the favorite teachers are discussed. There are disappointments and there are tragedies. But nearly all women who constitutionally want to be married are married — if not to one man, to another. I know very many spinsters, and wistfulness is not their quality. The common thing is what happened in my case. They pass casually through the period of susceptibility without reaching a decision or feeling an inescapable attraction. They suppose something better or more compelling is still to come, if they think about it seriously. And after that some solidifying of character, some development of indifference or resistance, makes them less and less willing to commit themselves and their futures to the hands of someone else. At least they can no longer do so spontaneously or impulsively. So I say I did not marry just as I say I did not study law or teach or go to live in Paris.

I think my mother was disappointed. Women like to see their lives duplicated in their daughters'. But there is more involved than that. They don't wish to have their daughters show a judgment superior to or different from their own; they really don't like to have their daughters seem to say that there is a better way than marriage. The more contented and successful old maids there are, the more doubt is cast on the state of marriage, and married women do not like that. Men don't care so much. My father was not disappointed, I know. He liked his

growing security in my companionship. Until I was past twenty his attitude to me was tentative, as if I were here today to be gone to-morrow; but after that, as the years passed, he grew more established in relation and more gratified. I had a feeling that he was proud of me for not marrying.

I lost both my parents when I was thirty. My patrimony was less than I might have expected. This was not due to any inefficiency of my dear father, but to the catastrophe in business in that year which his illness prevented him from meeting advantageously. My inheritance included the very comfortable old home, however, and a small income. I could have lived on it modestly and watched my scattered pieces of unproductive real estate consume themselves in taxes, but I had a taste for construction and some small artistic training and a liking for experiment. I risked enough capital to build one or two small houses on pieces of ground in which my father had speculatively invested. Purchasers found that the places had charm and adaptability, and I repeated the venture. In final result I disposed of all my white elephants and considerably increased my resources, and I found myself embarked as a sort of business woman.

I am at almost the place where I should have been had I gone through an employee's training in some business, except that I am more independent and have more capital. One of my friends calls me a sublimated realtor. Really I am still only an amateur; the real estate agent and the house decorator and the architect know a hundred things which I do not know. But I have an inconspicuous success, which brings me many contacts and relations to vary my life and make it interesting. It gives me also a connection with public things and sometimes a small

influence or authority. I am on a hospital board, on a committee of the art institute, at times a director of the women's city club, and in other things of the kind. This sounds as if I were an important person, but I am not. I am only one among women called in for such relations.

I am by no means singular. I know scores as comfortable as I and many far more distinguished, women in important business positions, women in higher ranks of teaching, women of achievement in other professions, women writers and artists. Many I know well. I have even been adviser to them. For information about investment or for the adventure of building a home they often come to me, and there is no time when a person divulges so much of himself as when he is considering or planning a home.

I am writing, of course, about the more fortunate class of unmarried women — not the dependent ones, living without choice in the homes of relatives; nor another group, women who are independent yet in work that is hard, unauthoritative, uncongenial; but women with an occupation in which they are successful and to a high degree contented. And in the most intimate talk of the most isolated hour they do not say that they wish to marry or wish that they had married. Only three times have I heard it — once from a woman of domestic tastes, in an occupation she could not learn to like; once from a woman who had allowed difference in religion to separate her from her lover; once from a woman who was lazy and hated to look forward to years of enforced work. Incidentally, I think laziness has been a potent reason in bringing women to marriage, when the alternative was work lasting through life.

I have no reason to think that my other unmarried friends are concealing

unsatisfied desires. You don't have to have a slumber party to find out what people are really longing for. For every woman who wishes she had married, there are several who wish they had not. The divorce list gives partial evidence of that, and we don't know how many wished-for divorces are not consummated. The very conveniences of living at present make the single life more agreeable than it once was. The comfort of small apartments, as they are now designed and equipped, — I have designed and built some, — makes the assistance of a strong masculine hand or the protection of masculine presence unnecessary. The domestic-minded spinster is no longer driven to the deprivations of the boarding house or the small hotel.

'Lapsed into hopeless spinsterhood,' I read the other day, and I was surprised to find the phrase in a modern book, even one written by a man, so out of date the attitude begins to seem. Perhaps men still like to please themselves with the implication. But in fact spinsters are not now pitied on the basis of circumstances alone. There is another supposition, very candidly expressed. They suffer from sex starvation! Or else — if they seem healthy and normal and content — they nourish a secret vice. Only it is no longer a vice — current literature approves of it. They have lovers, and the novelist is pleased. Nothing else can account for their contentment!

The world has gone mad on sex; it largely wants to go mad on sex. No other reason for anything has a chance until sex has been hypothesized. Nerve doctors and psychologists say 'sexual origin' before they even see their patients. There are doctors and psychiatrists who, if called in by a spinster, would diagnose a broken leg as sex starvation. In years to come they will be one of the jokes of the early twenti-

eth century. In fact, unmarried women are no more given to nervous troubles than matrons are. Speaking unstatistically, I should say far less so. The most of them are going healthily along, giving only casual thought to their deprivations, certainly not being ruined by ungratified longings. It is not they who hungrily crowd to the sex plays. One does not see much of these women in print because they do not make copy. They are unsensational and they do not justify or illustrate current theories of sex. The preference is all for the woman with a liaison.

And the pity that is expended on the 'thwarted maternal instinct' is also chiefly wasted. Why this pity goes to unmarried women instead of to the thousands of childless married women is a question characteristic of the times; or why not to the almost equally pitiable ones who have put all their eggs in one basket and have only one child, which is next to none. When he is cut down or becomes a racketeer, what price maternal instinct then? But it is the spinster who gets the condescending solicitude. If she happens to look gently upon any child in her path, someone on the horizon is sure to be shaking a head and saying, 'She ought to have some of her own!' The old saying about one child to every old maid, and no questions asked, was worn to tatters with long iteration. Well, every woman has sometime given a passing sentiment to the children she has forgone. That is when she sees particularly attractive ones, or has been reading Barrie or Dickens. But if she were really lying awake at night sobbing over her empty arms she would go out in the morning and adopt a child. Other people are busily providing infants for that purpose.

The only thing she does think of is the far future. When she is seventy, will she wish she had grown children,

or even grandchildren? Would it be less lonely then? Perhaps — and perhaps not. Her daughter would either be fussing at her because she was living alone, or writing an article to a magazine complaining because her mother lived with her. And probably at seventy she will prefer the companionship of others who are seventy. I notice that the seventies are not so well pleased with the conduct of the forties. And as for the twenties! I might not even like my own children if I had any — and grandchildren probably not at all. I hear complaints. There seem to be worse things than being alone at seventy.

Women are not merely biological machines, in spite of all the seeming biologists who are splashing into fiction and sociology in this decade. They worry a good deal about the spinster, especially the well-conducted spinster. The demimondaine is normal and nothing to be troubled about, but the respectable spinster is a pathological case. The sociologist does not know everything, however, nor yet the psychologist. And when they find just where the exact line of normality is, may we all be there to see!

No form of life is entirely perfect, though. Spinsterhood has drawbacks. Even though a woman does not wish to have a man occupy the house with her, she may enjoy a mixture of masculine society. And, whatever is the truth about marriage economically and biologically, society is organized in couples. At least, in the second-sized city where I live, husbands and wives appear together. A dinner table is perfectly balanced or it is a humiliation to the hostess, and it is not balanced by inviting either husband or wife alone. Two by two they go. But what havoc a spinster works! Such raking and scraping among bachelors and widowers to find a vis-à-vis for her!

Whether women marry or not, it is evident that all the personable men are married. I am fond of giving dinners myself, since I inherited a spacious and hospitable dining room and an abundance of now old-fashioned service, and my acquaintance is large; but sometimes when I see what my hostess has been put to in order to find a male to offset me, I am sorry I ever laid her under social obligations. Bachelors grow smug with dining out, not knowing why they are so often invited.

The same is true of card parties. I am a good player, better than most men, but if I just had any sort of little husband to bring with me I should be so much more welcome. And in less formal social affairs the same is true. A hostess hates to see only a sprinkling of men among her guests; the very look of the party is poor. I rather think so myself. I often encourage acquaintance among youngish men in order to have them available; I fear they think it is because I am interested in them. And I do miss having a host at my entertainments. The host does things which the hostess cannot do, and I confess that there is something missing to round out my hospitality.

The danger in spinsterhood is that one may decline into too feminine a level and custom. There are many attractive and intelligent women who know only the social rôle of tea guest or luncheon guest among ladies, and in general their association and conversation are all with women. I think some of them hardly realize how completely this is true, or think of it as a lack. No men belong to them, and it seems undignified to take any deliberate means to add a masculine element to their daily experience. In time they come to be less natural with men than with women, and they let it go at that; their range of subjects is feminine, or their comment is amateur. For many

of them this condition would be hard to alter. In a city twice as large as this one, or in a less orthodox and important social grade, I should probably go about with my friends' husbands or other married men, and I should enjoy it and no harm done. I think that should be a normal custom; but it does not come naturally into my habit of living. Anyway I, personally, see men enough. With my business and my small public duties I am in friendly or semi-friendly relations with many men and I often have lunch or tea with them over some practical matter. They are really more interesting in such contacts than they are at parties. I am, in fact, more at ease with men than most married women are, because I am more familiar with the subjects that concern them.

There is another peculiarity in the relations of the spinster, one I think regrettable. In all kinds of classifications she is likely to be left aside. She does not fall into parties or divisions. Women do not, naturally — into clubs, but not parties. I am not the most independent type, but I will not allow any party or doctrine to claim me irrevocably. I can't glory in being either Tory or Whig. I won't be absolutely classified. Therein women differ largely from men, and unmarried women from those under the influence of husbands. We make reservations which they do not. I think we spinsters miss something, whatever we gain. We are naturally omitted from any summing up of classes or parties; we are not there; we are not taken account of. Even the advertiser does not single us out, and that is the last word in neglect. The spoils or glories of war are not for us. We are not taken for granted and we are also unimportant.

The married woman, on the other hand, learns to think with at least one person. Besides that, she accepts a

masculine partisanship and all the mental perquisites that go with it. A man is Republican or Democrat or Communist, unreservedly, and his wife's complete loyalty makes her into one also, just as she learns to eat what he likes. She doubles his vote. The fact that she agrees with him makes it easy also for her to agree with a whole party. The spinster is a protestant and regards all that cynically. Perhaps it is as it should be, but she does not approve. There is nothing like happy marriage to limit a woman's mental field, except so far as in practical things it increases it. You rarely get a married woman's opinion on any subject; you only get her husband's. It is trite to say this, and yet the illustration of it can always be a surprise. You sit at a woman's luncheon, and when a general topic comes up you listen to the opinions of John and Tom and Harvey, uttered by Mary and Lucy and Celia. When a woman makes a statement you think back quickly to her husband's political connection or business relations, and find the reason for it. She is more naïve than he and gives away more than he would.

There are exceptions to all this, of course. I have worked on boards and committees with intelligent women, of independent thought, considering subjects their husbands have never thought of. That is why they are on boards and committees. If they did not suffer the annoyance of being superior to their husbands, they would not be driven out to public work. Generally no one thinks less than the contented wife. It seems to take discontent to stimulate thought.

I find these feminine women charming. They talk away so prettily and confidently that they fascinate me. One can be so much more confident of a secondhand opinion than of an

original one. Perhaps they should be considered, except for their childlessness, as the norm among women. But they do not like me very well. The matrons who are willing to become my friends are those with a little itch of discontent somewhere; one strikes a spark from them. The others, the fully satisfied, are jealous of spinsters. That sounds absurd, I know. I do not mean that they have fear for their husbands. Very rarely. But though they would not for the world be spinsters, and will probably marry again when they are widows, they have a kind of acid envy of our position. Spinsters who are as well dressed and well conditioned as themselves, and who have, besides, a success and identity of their own, annoy them. Their measure goes crooked, somehow. We ought to be feeling rather pitiable, and we do not. They seem to be saying, 'You are getting all this for nothing. You ought to be paying for it and you are not.' They often look at us strangely and address us as if we came from a far country. They think up something to say. Sometimes they suspect us of remaining single because we are intellectual.

Not many matrons can really have friends among spinsters, or care to have, unless in friendships which go back to unmarried days. Even those often lapse. The territory of life which they do not have in common is so much greater than that which they do have in common that unbridled friendship is improbable. This is not always true, of course. Some of my most necessary friends are married, but they are also unusual among women.

Even the most logical of them have one advantage which we lack. That is the rationalizing of procedure. We miss the Great Excuse, which sometimes seems to be the chief function of a husband. I have to say, 'I am going

abroad this summer because I want to.' If I were married I should say, 'I really don't want to go abroad, and I would n't if it were not for getting John away from business. He does need it so.' Or else, 'But John just insists that I ought to get away from home.' And I should not stop with that. I should say, 'I fully meant to wear my fur coat another winter, but John says I'll have to date with somebody else if I do.' And, 'I was quite satisfied to stay in our old house, but I thought if we moved out nearer the country club John would play golf more, and he does need it.' So thoughtful of my husband I should be. Without the Great Excuse I have to be candid. I say, 'This wall paper would do another year, but I'm tired of it. I'm going to repaper.' There is no sophistry to stand between me and indulgence. I regret that, when I am balancing books for my conscience. But at least I have told the truth. And I notice that when you bring John in you hardly know whether you are telling the truth or not. I am not entirely jocular. There never is the same sturdiness of candor in the apologist, or the one who has a buffer between herself and final responsibility, that there can be in the one who is entirely and necessarily independent.

I seem not to believe in marriage. But I do. No other institution could do so much to give solidity and continuity to human relations. For the greater part of the race it is necessary. But nearly all the troubles that come to individuals in this world are due to marriage. There are no domestic relations courts for unmarried women. From one point of view, marriage is completely logical and natural; but from the other — why involve and fractionize your life until it is not a unit either in being or in action?

No life is perfect in form. I must confess to personal drawbacks, such as

most have to regret. But my life is my own. I recognize the ordinary human duties, laid by courtesy or altruism or civic responsibility; but no one has the right to put a hand on my hours, my opinions, my choices. In my habits and preferences — in rising and in going to bed, in choosing times and dishes for eating, in making a noise or in being silent, in reading by a bed lamp or in having someone else read by a bed lamp, in celebrating occasions or in ignoring them, in being late or in punctuality, in turning on the radio or in turning it off, in blossoming out in fashionable clothes or in wearing a favorite garment to shabbiness, in making a sudden pleasure journey and in prolonging it beyond the first intention, in being the first to read the daily paper or to handle the mail, in changing without reason a long-established custom, in joining or in refusing to join, in forming an opinion or in changing a declared opinion, in ridiculing or in respecting, in spending or in saving, in giving or in refusing — in anything I think it right to do, I am free. And no married person in the world, except the most selfish, can say that.

I know we miss something. Apart from all sentiment, there is a *body* to domestic life which escapes us. From the outside our homes, when we possess them, have not the same respect. In the eyes of the world, we lack entity. We do not even have a name. 'Old maid' is outlawed by connotation, 'spinster' sounds bookish and a little affected, 'maiden lady' belongs to an earlier day, 'unmarried woman' is roundabout, 'bachelor girl' is silly. We need the recognition of a fair title. Just to see an advertisement addressed to us alone would be something. But such contentment as we have is sweet. One can't have both the plus and the minus of life. And which *is* the plus and which the minus?

THE REAWAKENING OF JAPAN

BY TOSHIO SHIRATORI

I

OF Japan of old — the Japan of the samurai, of Utamaro, and of lacquer ware — the West has always shown a sympathetic albeit patronizing appreciation. The spirit of old Japan as reflected in the tranquil and mystic atmosphere of Kyoto and Nara finds numerous admirers abroad. It is this old Japan that not only her well-wishers but her enemies are anxious to see preserved or revived. Many a foreign observer on Japan would remark with a sigh: 'What a pity that things of the past, things of real beauty and joy forever, should be so mercilessly sacrificed at the altar of modernism!'

Heretofore this criticism apparently fell flat among the Japanese, who were so feverishly busy learning from the West — making what it made, trying to think what it thought, and even sinning where it sinned. And what clever pupils they proved, too! To-day Japan is outwardly as modern a state as any in Europe and America. Her industry is carrying everything before it in the markets of the world, enabling her to feed fifteen times the population of Sweden on an arable area of equal size. She boasts of a navy and a merchant marine the third largest in the world. And all that has been brought about within less than three quarters of a century following the rude awakening caused Japan by the sudden appearance in her waters of Commodore Perry's dark, threatening squadron.

Having thus almost blindly followed in the footsteps of the West, and having achieved a measure of physical progress undreamed of by their forefathers, the Japanese people began to pause and ponder.

What is all this mad driving and striving for? Where has it landed them? Where are the nations of the West whom they were running after? Would that be a consummation devoutly to be wished?

These are the questions they are asking themselves.

The strain in Japan's foreign relations consequent upon the Manchurian trouble and the unfair restrictions now being placed upon her trade everywhere have no doubt accelerated this introspective mood of the Japanese nation. But that is not by any means the cause of the reawakening which is so distinctly and vociferously in evidence throughout Japan. At first sight, the same forces are at work there as in the Occident. It is an agitation for a thoroughgoing revision of the system of capitalistic liberalism with all that it has brought upon the life of the Japanese people. To the extent that it aims at removing the evils of capitalism, it has something in common with the social and political agitation in Europe and America. But in that it is a national, not a class, movement, this new campaign in Japan is fundamentally distinct from that of either

socialism or communism. Unlike these, moreover, it is at bottom a revolt of mind against matter.

The Oriental outlook is essentially idealistic. All surface indications to the contrary notwithstanding, the mind of the Japanese has never been Westernized. True, under the pressure of menace from abroad, they were obliged, much against their grain, to adopt the ways of the 'barbarous' West in order to be able to stand their ground against the aggressors. To the exclusion of all other considerations, and at the sacrifice of much that was precious in their traditions, the entire nation was bent upon attaining proficiency in the arts, both of war and of peace, such as the West sets store by. Throughout these long years of restless endeavors, however, the Japanese people have never lost themselves entirely. Amid the glare and glitter of modern civilization, the grip upon them of the spirit of the past has remained as potent as ever.

When, therefore, the inherent weakness of Western civilization began to make itself felt in Japan also; when money and machine seemed rapidly to undermine all that the nation held sacred for centuries; when, above all, communists and fanatics, all products of the materialistic individualism of the Occident, went so far as to harbor designs upon the person of the Emperor, the very spirit of Japan incarnate, the disillusionment was spontaneous. That the reaction should take the form of a challenge to the Western civilization, that the cry of 'Back to Asia' should be adopted as a slogan, that the demand for a second Restoration should daily become more insistent, seems likewise not unnatural. It is only another instance of history repeating itself. In those turbulent years preceding the Restoration, the skies resounded with the cries of 'Honor the

Emperor!' — 'Down with the Shogunate!' — 'Expel the foreign barbarians!' The air is thick in Japan to-day with leaflets upholding Nipponism, denouncing political parties as usurpers of the imperial power, and above all advocating a strong foreign policy.

II

As it was in the foreign policy of the Tokugawa Shogunate that the Imperialists found the most effective lever for the overthrow of the old régime, so the new movement of to-day seized, as a starting point, upon the weak-kneed attitude of the party government in its dealings with powers abroad. Only in that light and in no other can the Manchurian affair, and more especially the unanimity with which the nation then stood behind the army, be made intelligible. The impression abroad seems to be that the Kwantung Army simply ran away with the entire nation — and that was in a sense the case. But how could a handful of soldiers have dragged by the nose a whole nation of ninety millions, had it not been that in their action, in the Manchurian imbroglio, the people at once found the much-needed something around which to rally themselves? The storm that had long been brewing came at last. Indeed, the people had not expected it, but they were not surprised. The crystallization of national sentiment was almost instantaneous.

'We must see it through,' was on the lips of everyone, although perhaps the majority only saw as through a glass darkly the real significance of the gigantic task which had been undertaken. And see it through they surely did. The Manchurian chapter could be regarded as closed with the establishment of the new state of Manchukuo.

If the Manchurian venture, as is contended abroad, were merely a case of aggression by a strong nation against its weaker neighbor, if it had been a simple lust of expansion that led the Japanese to shake heaven and earth in the prosecution of their enterprise, nothing would be more unaccountable than the state of things prevailing both in Manchuria and at home, now that the international storm has blown over.

In the 'puppet' state of Manchukuo, it is of course the Japanese who are ruling the roost. It is these very Japanese, however, that are more jealous than the natives themselves in guarding the interests of the new state and its people. Like the wealthy man in the story who, having rescued a drowning child, ended by bequeathing it all his wealth, they are advocating that both the Kwantung Leased Territory and the South Manchuria Railway should be given up in favor of the new-born state. It is against the encroachments by Japanese capital and the exploitation by Japanese carpetbaggers that they are keeping the sharpest lookout.

At home in Japan, on the other hand, the unrest, political, social, and economic, has not in the least abated. The feeling is general that the national crisis has only just begun, and that the worst is yet to come. And it is averred that nothing short of a fundamental reorganization of the political and economic structure of the state would suffice to weather the storm. As all efforts are bent in Manchuria to the creation of a state where the Confucian 'Kingly Way' may prevail and where there may be no exploitation of man by man, so in Japan a return to the 'Way of the Tenno (the Heavenly Ruler)' and the eradication of all the baneful aspects of the materialistic civilization are impetuously demanded. Thus the

Manchurian affair must be regarded only as a sort of prelude to the real movement.

The world has been accusing Japan of something of which she is entirely innocent — that is, aggression as the term is understood in the capitalist imperialistic West, a thing which simply does not exist in the philosophy of the East. The Japanese, too, have tried their best, or their worst, to defend themselves in the language of their accusers, knowing full well, as they do, that it is futile to argue where there is such an unbridgeable cleavage of thought and mentality. They felt from the outset that the best defense and the ultimate justification lay in the motives that animated them and the final results that would be attained. They are aware, not without compunction, that in the meantime deplorable excesses have been committed both at home and on the continent; they are prepared for further annoying occurrences and developments; but all that is taken calmly as the inevitable throes attending the new birth which is taking place in Japan.

III

The whole situation in Japan to-day is rather too involved to be reduced to simple terms, nor are the various elements of the nation as yet thinking with one mind or working toward the same objective. On one point, however, there seems to be a consensus of opinion, and that is that the blind imitation of the West has to cease and that there must be a cool and mature reëxamination of the materialistic institutions of the West in the light of the idealism of the East, so that there may be evolved a distinct civilization hitherto not known.

Even as she is, Japan is the only country on the globe where the old

and the new can exist side by side with any degree of harmony. In the West, unfortunately, the break with the past is definite and final, while the rest of Asia still remains largely impenetrable to modern civilization. Japan has been looked upon as the meeting ground of the two. The aspiration to-day is for a higher rôle than that of a mere bridge or a halfway house. Not only shall the East and the West meet in Japan, but they shall meet and grow into a compact and coherent whole whose radiance shall brighten the remotest corners of the earth. That is

taken to be the supreme mission of new Japan.

While it is, therefore, unlikely that the abandonment of the new and the return to the old which is to be effected in Japan will be so thorough or radical as either the poetic sympathizers abroad or the headstrong patriots at home would wish, the outcome of the internal struggle now going on in the island Empire ought to evoke more interest than is at present evinced on the part of the nations of the West. For light always came from the East.

GENIUS

BY THEODORE ROETHKE

His strength is coiled about a core,
A central spot of mind;
One continent, one endless shore
By single sea confined.

A meaning laid upon a shelf,
A secret cooped and furled —
Or sea that breaks upon itself
Yet shakes a sodden world?

FIRST LOVE

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

I

I'd just as soon, every bit, hear somebody say, 'Our barn caught fire the year I was seventeen and near burned to the ground,' and then laugh, as to hear anybody go on about puppy love as though 't was somethin' funny. After havin' Lila with us that summer and seein' how it took that girl down, that's how I come to feel about it.

Lila's so little related to us that she's no relation at all, practically. A cousin of George's and Lila's father married cousins, I think it was. I'd never so much as seen a one of them, myself, and I certainly was floored when George come home from a sale and said he'd been talkin' to Lila's father there and that he wanted me to sit right down and write and ask Lila's mother to let her come and stay with us for the summer.

I did n't know, o' course, how things were, and I was n't exactly tickled about the idea, but George said I'd pretty near have to because he'd told Lila's father I was goin' to. George was just askin' about the folks, like he would, and the ages of the children, and said something about wishin' we had some of our own, and that they might lend him a girl. And Lila's father took him right up on it and said he thought it could be fixed so's we could have one for the summer. What was George to do, he says. I told him I supposed he could n't do nothing, bein' the man he is, and I wrote — wrote right away —

and Lila's mother wrote back so relieved and grateful I was glad I did.

She said she was n't aimin' to foist one of the children off on anybody, but somethin' had to be done, and that pretty soon. She said that the oldest one, Lila, — she was seventeen, — had gone and fallen in love with a neighbor boy of a family they had n't any of them spoken to in twenty-three years, — and for good reason, — and was n't any of them ever going to. She said Lila was a good girl and had n't ever been contrary or headstrong about anything else at all except that, and she'd been in love with the boy for two years, and try as they would they could n't seem to break it up entirely, and she thought the best thing would be to get Lila clear away and out of the county, and if we could take her for the summer it would be a great accommodation.

I wrote Lila was to come, o' course, and I fixed up the upstairs room in the ell for her, and her father brought her to a hog sale both him and George was goin' to and George fetched her on home — her and her luggage.

I seen George had taken to the girl right away, and I took to her myself and I don't see how anybody could help but. She was a tall, long-legged girl, slim, and awfully graceful in the way she'd get around. That was one of the first things you'd notice about her, how easy and light she was gettin'

around. I can see her yet, the way she'd turn from the worktable to the cupboard to put up a dish — just an easy swing, so pretty! She had nice hair, brown, with a wave in it. That's all I ever saw her show any vanity about, though she was nice enough lookin' in every way. But she'd stand in front of the kitchen glass, brushin' her hair and pushin' the wave in with the edge of her hand, and always so sober at it.

She was good help. Actually, I was ashamed to have her do so much, just stayin' with us like that, and not hired or anything, and a kind of a relative like she was. Anyway, I was afraid she'd overdo, she was so slight. It would n't 've been so bad if she'd a eat her meals, but she would n't. Could n't, I guess. George was at her all the time to eat more. And he'd keep sayin' to me, why did n't we get her on a tonic — she'd go into T.B. or somethin'.

She was quiet. If you asked her anything, she'd talk, and pleasant enough, but she was goin' around workin' all the time and thinkin' and thinkin'. It ain't natural for a young girl to work that hard or to be thinkin' like that all the time, either. We knew she was grievin', but she did n't talk, and we did n't ask her nothin' or let on like we knew a thing. I thought it might do her good to talk about it, but George was sure it was best not to bring it up or to let on we knew, even.

Well, she'd write letters. Up in her room, she'd write 'em at night, and then in the mornin' she'd come and put 'em in the range. Burn 'em up, almost every morning! Whether she just could n't make up her mind what it was she wanted to say (o' course she was writin' to that boy), or whether she was n't just sure she wanted to write at all, I don't know. Maybe her folks had told her she was n't to write him. I don't know.

But one night I come up to her room to take her something, and she was sittin' up in bed writin' and she shoved the tablet and all under the covers. And I says, 'If I was you, Lila, I'd send that one.' And she says, 'Maybe I will!' And next morning she took the letter out to the road and waited for the mailman, to hand it to him herself, instead of leavin' it stuck under the mail-box flag, like we do.

After that she was more cheerful. She'd go round whistlin' under her breath, but never out loud, and listenin' all the mornin' long, until he come, for the mailman.

II

She got two letters from that boy. Just two. And I won't forget the mornin' the first one come. We was puttin' up the cherries. Lila was pickin' 'em and I was sittin' on the back porch pittin' 'em. She was up in a tree when the mailman come — had on a blue dress. She seen him stop from up in the tree where she was — she was in our biggest tree — and she hung the pail on the top of the ladder and took hold of a limb — could n't wait to come down the ladder — and swung down and out and then dropped. Did n't hurt her! But I thought when I saw her hangin' there, just before she dropped, how little through she was. She was n't any thicker than — well, you would n't believe how thin she was. She run around and out to the gate to get the mail, and she did n't come back right away, and I wondered had something happened. And then I heard her comin' through the kitchen, runnin', and then, next thing, she was there behind me, and her arms around me, rockin' me from one side to the other, and sayin' over and over, fairly singin', 'He wrote to me! He sent me a letter. He's comin'!' Why, she was n't the

same person at all. She danced and whirled around. She was just in a transport.

She said she was goin' to get dinner by herself. I could go on pittin' cherries if I liked, and she hugged me some more.

And when George come in for dinner, if she had n't fried a chicken and made a cherry pie and put on the good dishes. George made a fuss, o' course, and My-my-my'd around like he will, and asked who was comin', and Lila said, 'Nobody. It's just a celebration!' And George asked her what she was celebratin'.

And she set there with her elbows on the table, lookin' down and fiddlin' with a fork, turnin' it over and over, and says, 'I got a letter from my sweetheart!'

And George says, 'That so? What's his name?' and she let loose and told us all about him — how they met first by her startin' over toward his place to take 'em some mail that had been left in their box by mistake, and he was fixin' the fence by the road and well out o' sight of either his folks' place or hers, — she was on her pony, — and he come down to the road and they talked, and she liked him and he liked her. They knew they could n't start goin' together, open, so they fixed it to meet, and they did meet, one place and another. Went skatin', sometimes, the two of them by their selves, down on the river. Their places was both near the river. 'T was early winter when they first talked there by the road and set their hearts on seein' each other. They'd meet when they could.

But that's such an open country over there! I don't see how anybody could ever keep anything from anybody! Their folks was bound to get wind of it, and they did, and after that Lila's folks would n't let her put her nose outside the house, hardly, unless someone had

a hold of her. And his was almost as bad. Never'd let him have the car alone. He was an only boy, and they kep' track of his every move.

Lila told George and me all about it, there at dinner. Not like she felt the need of confidin' to get us on her side, — I think she felt the Lord and all the Host was on her side that day, — but like she just had to speak out and would 've if there'd not been a soul on the place. I never saw a girl happier — never. He was comin' to see her, he'd written — comin' Sunday, that next Sunday. That was a Tuesday, I think.

Lila, she lit in and changed everything around in both the livin' room and the dinin' room. She'd a changed the kitchen too, I think, if she could a budged the range. She did slide the worktable under the other window. George is no hand to like the furniture moved. He wants to have everything so he could go away and be gone five years and come in in the dark and lay his hand right on the bedpost. But he never said boo. That girl could do what she pleased. It looked nice, too.

I took her into town and had her pick herself out the goods and made her a dress — tissue gingham, it was, pink, with a tiny white check in it, and puffed sleeves and a square neck with lace edgin' on both. And she was the sweetest thing in it!

She picked and brought in all the flowers there was but some by the walk.

But he did n't come. We got a good dinner and waited and waited, and when, by two, he did n't show up, Lila went off upstairs and shut her door and George and me set down to two chickens, alone, and ate precious little.

Lila, she come back downstairs when she heard me doin' the dishes and took the dish towel and begun to wipe, and she says, 'I've not cried, and I ain't goin' to. He said he'd come, and I

know he meant to, and somethin' prevented, that's all. He'll write.'

But he did n't. Not for some time. Not a line. Lila, she'd go out to the mail box every morning, rain or shine. She could n't bear for anybody else to go, and when she'd come in without her letter her face would be set ahead, already, on the next mornin' and the next mail. One day she says to me, 'Do you suppose somethin' could a happened to his letter — it got lost or somethin'?''

It was sad to see, and George said it was like we'd dreamed it, those few little days she was so happy.

III

Then, at last, there come that other letter. He was n't breakin' it off definite; just said that he thought maybe 't would be better if they'd not write for a while, and if she'd not count on his comin' to see her — and that he was tired to death of trouble to home. His folks, they'd been workin' on him, I suppose. He was the only son, and that big place comin' to him, and his mother takin' on so about him goin' against 'em and wantin' a girl from a family they was dead set against and could n't get on with. He just give in, I guess. Anyway, he did n't write again.

If she wrote him or not, I don't know, but she did n't give up hope he'd send some word or come. She did n't make no ado, but, land, she took it hard. She'd not eat much and I know she was n't gettin' her sleep, but she worked. She just drove herself, never let down. And all the time, no matter what she was at, thinkin' and thinkin'.

I remember one time she was churnin' — we had one of them flip-flop churns then, that you turn with a wheel — and she was sittin' there by the window, churnin', and turnin' the wheel, and all at once she stopped, and

I says (I was workin' at somethin' and my back was to her), 'Has the butter come, Lila?' and she, like someone in pain and sick, and sufferin' more than's to be borne, cries, 'Oh, I can't think of the butter! Do you suppose anybody ever felt like this?'

She'd laid her hands together on the wheel and her forehead on 'em. 'I don't know, Lila,' I said. 'I suppose so. I did n't, 'cause I did n't have a call to, myself.'

I thought maybe 't would ease her to talk about somebody else. 'I was seventeen,' I says, 'and George, he come home with our boys and they was all pole-vaultin' out by the barn. I saw 'em out there, and I took a pitcher of buttermilk and some gingerbread — 't was all we had in the house — and took 'em out to the boys and they made us acquainted, George and me, and he was underfoot from that time forth.'

One day a man come takin' pictures, come just at dinner time, and Lila went to the door and he asked her could he take a picture of the hollyhocks, 'cause he thought they was the highest he'd ever seen, and they *were* nice. She turned and asked us, and George said, 'Go ahead.'

Then he asked why could n't Lila come out and stand in front of them to show off how tall they were, and George thought that was a good idea and I told her to run upstairs and put on a good dress, and she come down in that tissue gingham. We went out to watch him take the picture, and he says to Lila when he got her standin' just the way he wanted, and posed right, 'Smile!' And she smiled for him, and he says, 'Oh, now, really smile. Give us a big smile. Look like you was happy!'

Lila looked over to George and me, and George, I never saw him act so to a stranger. He says to that fellow, 'She don't have to smile. You say "smile" again and I'll kick you and your traps

right through that gate!’ and stood there by him, breathin’ hard, while he took the picture. Then the fellow said he’d send the proof pictures when he’d developed ’em and we could say how many we’d like fixed.

I was in my room sewin’, I remember, when Lila come in with the mail that brought them picture proofs. She had got a letter from her folks, and was readin’ it to herself, and never noticed, and I took a look at that picture proof, and her smilin’, standin’ there in front of them hollyhocks, and honestly, I never saw anything that took hold of me more. Sad! I did n’t want Lila to see it, nor George, neither. It seems like there’s things that come to a person and you don’t really see, lookin’ at ’em, how much it’s done to ’em, like you do when you look at their picture. And that was a true picture of Lila, too, and pretty. I put it back in the envelope and stuffed it down in under the quilt scraps in the quilt-scrap box that was open beside me on the floor, and she never noticed.

IV

One night it come up a thunder shower and I went down and closed the windows and come up and went in Lila’s room, not wanting to wake her if the storm had n’t, to shut down her window, and there she was, up, and over by the window, in her nightgown.

The window was up, but the rain was from the other way and none of it comin’ in, and I says, ‘Lila, what you doin’, up, and in the window, this time o’ night?’

And she says, ‘Nothing. Just thinkin’.’

And I said, feelin’ that maybe to talk a little would do her good, ‘What you thinkin’ about, Lila?’

‘About love.’ And then she went on and told me what she’d been thinkin’.

She said she thought that all the love that was wasted was likely stored up some place, and kept on hand, and then, when anybody new fell in love, it was some of that that he got, some from all that was stored up. Else how would it be, when it come, stronger and sharper and different from anything that had ever been in a body’s life before?

I told her she might be right, that I’d no way o’ knowin’, and to get back in bed or she’d catch cold; and I stayed to cover her good.

And when I went back to bed George was awake, for a wonder. Usually he’ll sleep through any amount of thunder, and I told him about Lila wonderin’ and thinkin’ up there by herself like that, and what she’d told o’ how she thought it was, and George, he said, ‘Well, maybe it’s so. But if it is, it’s pretty strong silage for yearlin’s.’

And you know Lila did catch cold! Whether from sittin’ in that window or not I don’t know, but she got a real bad cold and I made her stay in bed with it. It seemed to weaken her. She was in bed several days, and one day George, he come down from goin’ up to take her a couple of Spotty’s kittens that had just got their eyes open, and he come out in the kitchen and says, ‘What we goin’ to do with that girl? She looks bad.’

And I said I had n’t an idea, that I thought ’t would be nice for her to get out with young people a little, if I knew any I thought she’d feel at home with and like, but I did n’t, seemed to me. And George said, ‘There’s the King boys. There’s Thed and Stella King’s boys. Why don’t you ask ’em over?’

Well, the Kings are fine people and their boys was all right, but never in the world the kind you’d think Lila would like at all, or even put up with, but I looked at George, standin’ there flippin’ some corn off ’n a cob he’d

picked up from the basket and was fiddlin' with, and I knew, I knew to look at him, that that was an idea of his he'd been thinkin' about some time and had set his heart on. The Kings is related to him, too; him and Thed are cousins; but they ain't the same branch at all as Lila's folks. Other side of the house entirely.

I did n't have any notion it would do Lila any good, but I went to the phone and called Stella King and asked them over for dinner Sunday — the whole outfit. Then I went upstairs and told Lila we was havin' to have some of George's folks in for Sunday dinner and I hoped she'd feel good enough to come to the table, whether she felt like eatin' anything or not. Half an hour and she was downstairs and in the kitchen, askin' me which I wanted, a chocolate layer or an angel food.

Those Kings was actually the noisiest outfit I ever saw, and that's a fact. I should think Stella would a lost her mind. Scuffle, scuffle, all the time, and whoop and fool around. Stella could n't have a good rug. That's true! Them boys would rip the seams right out of 'em, wrasslin'. No girls — five boys. Theirs is fine people and awful well thought of, always have been, but when they got to clownin' there was n't nothin' those boys would n't do. They got it from their grandfather, Thed's father. And Thed had his share, himself. Those boys was a-clownin' before they was all in the door. Lila, I had n't told her a word about how they'd be, or that two of them was grown, or anything. She just stood there, wringin' her hands and lookin' from one to the other.

At the table, when she'd get up to bring in somethin' hot, there her apron strings was tied to the chair, and when she come back to the table her plate had disappeared entirely, and with the two oldest of 'em, one on one side and

one on the other, she certainly did n't have any time to think of her troubles, not for a minute. And after dinner the two of them started helpin' her carry out the dishes. The King boys was all good to help in the house, there bein' no girls, and Stella was goin' to help too, and I said, 'No, let's let the young ones do it. We've served our day.' And we went in the front room and talked with George and Thed. But Stella was so nervous.

'If I know them noises,' she says, 'them boys is tossin' plates, just like they do to home, and I'd better get out there!'

And George says, 'Leave 'em be; they won't do no harm, I guess.' And us usin' his mother's plates, too, that day, what there was left of them! I seen he was puttin' a lot of store on his idea workin' out.

V

And the wonder is, it did work out. If there'd been just one of them boys, instead of two, makin' over her, I don't think Lila'd a had a thing to do with him. She'd a sent him on his way. But the two of 'em comin' like they did, right along, after that Sunday we had 'em all over, and both of them so full of the devil, and always thinkin' up some-thing, and never bein' serious — somehow there did n't seem to be nothin' to fight against, and so when they'd come for her, she'd go. Oh, they'd usually bring another girl, and almost always it would be a different girl. But they did n't fight over her. They taught her to dance, and she'd never learned before. She seemed to take a real pleasure in it, and by herself she'd dance around the livin' room, sometimes, to the phonograph. And yet her face would be just as sober. She was quiet still, and never said much.

One day she was washin' dishes and I

saw her smilin' to herself, and it seemed such a long time since I'd seen her do that, and I says, 'Penny for your thoughts, Lila.'

And she says, 'Oh, it's nothin'. I was just rememberin' somethin' funny one of the boys said last night.'

I asked her which it was and she said, 'Bill, I think.'

Later the other one started goin' with the Hotchkiss girl, steady, and Lila liked her real well, and so the four of them would plan and go places together. Lila went quite a bit that fall and winter. Bill'd keep her laughin' half the time, seemed like, when he was around. But he could be serious when he got ready to, all right.

Lila's folks wrote in October they thought it would be all right for her to come on home, and I did n't want her to go and neither did George, so without sayin' anything to her about it I wrote we wanted to keep her on. George, he told me to put in for him that he was feedin' that girl through the winter and was goin' to put some meat on her. And so it was settled she was to stay on. She never said anything about goin' home, herself.

One night in March, — it was after a real nice day, — Lila'd been out with Bill some place, and when she come home she come on up to our room and come on in and set on the edge of the bed, and never said a word but just, 'Look,' and put out her hand where the moon would shine on it and there was a ring sparklin' on it. I just cried, I was so pleased. Bill's a fine boy and he comes from an awful good family. I woke George and he was just as pleased and proud as I was. Had to tell over again to Lila how Bill was related to him, and tried to get me to say he'd been the very picture of Bill when he was his age. Well, there was a resemblance, that's a fact.

I asked Lila right out, she was so

quiet; I said, 'Lila, are you happy?' She put her hand with the ring on her knee, and the other one over it, and was still for a little, and then she says, 'Yes. Yes, I am.' And she kissed us both and went off to bed.

They was married that summer and went to live over beyond the Kings', quite a ways.

We did n't see her often, nor talk with her. They're on a different line, and if you try to call through you may have to spend half a mornin' at the phone. We meant to go over, but we just did n't get around to it. I went over, o' course, when her first, the boy, was born. Took a little quilt and a ten-dollar gold piece George had made a special trip in to the bank to get. I was awfully glad to see Lila.

Their house is little, but real comfortable, and she had such a nice lot of things fixed for the baby. He was a fine boy and she could hardly take her eyes off of him. Bill was clear silly about him too. She was still abed when I come. I looked at her lyin' there with the baby and I said, 'Lila, you were a pretty girl, but now you're simply handsome!' That was the truth. I went home feelin' awfully good about her.

When the little girl come, for some reason I could n't get over, — had company or somethin', — but I sent something, and another gold piece, and wrote the message George wanted sent along with it: 'Lila, you'll break me.'

VI

Thanksgiving of that year, a couple of weeks before, George said why did n't we have Lila and Bill and the babies over for Thanksgiving dinner. It seemed such a shame we'd let years, like that, slip by and us not had them with us. But you know how you'll do, even with folks you think a lot of. I set down and wrote her, askin' 'em, and

she wrote they'd be glad to come and she'd try to get there early enough to help me with the dinner, and could n't she bring something, the pies or something?

It was a cold day, that Thanksgiving, and I thought George would roast us out o' house and home he had such a hot fire goin', and was fidgetin' around fixin' rugs rolled in front of the doors so's not the slightest draft would get in along the floor and cool those babies.

They come, and o' course at first it was all for the babies, gettin' 'em out o' their wraps and havin' a good look at them. George was feelin' their hands and feet and was scared they'd froze. Why, they was toasty!

When I did get around to take a good look at Lila I could hardly believe my eyes, she'd changed so. She'd filled out, put on a good thirty pounds, I do believe, since she was with us. But she was n't too heavy for her height, and she carried it awful well. She was just a big woman, and so handsome. You'd take hold of her arm and it was so firm and round. It took me a while to get used to her bein' changed so.

George, he had a blanket warmed and had made a little nest for the baby of half the pillows in the house piled up in one end of the lounge, and set there lookin' at her and burrin' his lips for her, and makin' foolish faces and noises for her. The boy they turned loose and let run. He was into everything, and the cutest little tike — looked like his father.

Lila, she come right out in the kitchen and reached for an apron and went right to work. It certainly was nice to hear her sayin', 'Is that one of Spotty's kittens?' and 'Shall we use the big platter or the blue?'

Changed as she was, it seemed like she had n't been away. She talked more'n she used to, quite a bit, but Lila never was what you could call a

real talker. She was more a thinkin' person, but sometimes she'd tell you all about what she'd been thinkin'. She went on about the babies, and the sewin' she was doin' for 'em, and how some of her beans spoiled she put up a new way, and about the place they was on, and Bill and all — laughin' and talkin'. And I thought to myself, with her there at the stove beatin' potatoes and askin' which was the cream she was to use in 'em, 'What time can do! Even just a little time. And did n't being in that kitchen call it all back to her mind?' It seemed not.

When we got the dinner on the table, George was bound he was goin' to hold the little baby, but Lila said she'd better hold her, if she had to be held. It seemed George felt they must all be up to the table, so he brought in cushions and books and fixed a place for the boy to sit by him. We had an awfully good dinner. Bill, he got to cuttin' up, in true King fashion, like he used to when he and his brother was comin' to see Lila, and then the little boy took it up and started in monkey-shinin' and showin' off a little, and Bill sobers right down and says, 'Here, Son, that's enough!'

And Lila laughed and winked at me, noddin' toward Bill, and I thought, watchin' her, with her face so round and rosy, and that pretty babe squirm-in' in her lap, and her not mindin' but managin' to eat, and laughin' to herself between bites about her man callin' down her little boy for doin' just what his dad did, what a fine and pretty woman she was. And I remembered her hangin' from that cherry tree limb, ready to drop and run out to get her letter, and so eager. 'T was strange.

VII

They stayed until dusk, and when Bill was sayin' they just must go Lila

thought of somethin' she'd meant especially to ask me: if I had any light green scraps, gingham or percale, that I did n't need, 'cause she was makin' a quilt for the little boy's bed and needed more.

I said I thought I had and we'd see. We went upstairs in the ell room to look. Nobody in it, I'd been usin' that room as a place to put things. It was kind o' cluttered, but I knew Lila would n't mind. I had boxes and pokes full of scraps settin' around. We'd just got up there when George come puffin' up with the oil stove and lit it for us so's we would n't be cold. He went back down and Lila and I was lookin' through the boxes and I lifted one up and emptied it out on the bed, and told her to look for herself.

I was lookin' in a poke to see what I'd put in it, and she was lookin' in that stuff emptied out on the bed, the stuff that was in the box. And all at once she got up and went over to the window, and I seen she had something in her hand and was lookin' at it close. It was that old picture that young

man come along and took of her with the hollyhocks. She looked at it, standin' there at the window to get the little light there was, and then she laid her arm along the window sash, and her head down on it, and cried — just sobbed aloud. I never heard a woman cry so, except for the dead. I went and took that picture out o' her hand. Though it was faded out some, still you could see her in front of those hollyhocks, so slight and young, smilin' for her picture, and yet all the hurt and wonderin' in her face. It was a true likeness.

I put my arms around her and said, 'Lila, girl, don't cry like that.' And we stood there and in a minute she let up cryin', and was lookin' up at the light pattern the oil stove threw on the ceilin'. It was quite dusk then. And when she was n't sobbin' any more I says, 'Lila, ain't you happy with Bill?'

And she wiped her eyes on my apron, and says, 'Of course. I'm happy. I was just remembering, that's all. It just come over me — the way it was.'

THE VALUE OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

I

IN conversation with a learned friend lately, our talk ran on various definitions of culture, and on the fact that for one reason or another we found them all unsatisfactory. This led us to ponder the notion that culture is one of those things that are perhaps better understood by not being too closely defined, like certain stars that become visible only when one looks a little away from them. We recalled the profound observation of Joubert, that 'it is not hard to know God, provided one does not trouble oneself to define Him.' There are many such matters, an astonishing number when one comes to count them up; astonishing, too, when one remarks how competent our working knowledge of them may be, notwithstanding our best definitions of them are so incompetent.

In regard to these matters, Truth shows herself the unscrupulous flirt that her devoted lover Ernest Renan finally declared her to be. A direct approach to her, a direct drive upon her coquettish reserve, is fatal to one's chances. A teasing wench, she lures one on by every imaginable charm, but at the moment one thinks to take her by force she slips out of one's grasp and is gone. Indeed, one never succeeds with her completely by any art of seduction; she is of the Rommany breed, and is bound to break one's heart at last, like Tchertapkhanov's gypsy Masha. One must make up one's mind to that.

But, again like Masha, each time one approaches her indirectly, tentatively, now by this side and now by that, never overpressing her coyness, she will make some little concession; and at the end of a lifetime of devotion one finds that the sum of her concessions is really considerable — not what one hoped for, certainly, but a fair reward, though platonic. One thankfully sorts them over and assembles them in terms of definition, though well aware that one's formulas are partial and provisional, and that one can never make them more than that.

II

It is perhaps only in this humble fashion that one may attempt a definition of culture; first of culture as a process, and then of culture as a possession. Concerning culture as a process, one would say that it means learning a great many things and then forgetting them; and the forgetting is as necessary as the learning. Diligent as one must be in learning, one must be as diligent in forgetting; otherwise the process is one of pedantry, not culture. The trouble with the pedant is not that he has learned too much, for one can never do that, but that he has not forgotten enough. In the view of culture, the human spirit is somewhat like the old-fashioned hectograph, which had to be laid aside for a day or so after each use, to let the surface impression sink down

into the gelatine pad. The pedant's learning remains too long on the surface of his mind; it confuses and distorts succeeding impressions, thus aiding him only to give himself a conventional account of things, rather than leaving his consciousness free to penetrate as close as possible to their reality, and to see them as they actually are.

It would appear, though, that half the process of culture has been neglected in practice; or, worse than that, it has been disallowed and reprehended. Learning has always been made much of, but forgetting has always been deprecated; therefore pedantry has pretty well established itself throughout the modern world at the expense of culture. To cite perhaps the most conspicuous instances, it is no trouble to see how thoroughly pedantry has pervaded the world's practice of politics and economics. Nietzsche made the interesting observation that in the drama of politics the comic rôle has always been played by professors. This is very true, but when one considers the way in which the public affairs of most countries have been managed for the past two decades, one perceives that professors have no monopoly of pedantry. It is hard to believe that the drama of politics could have degenerated more swiftly and hopelessly into a roaring farce if the curtain had been rung up twenty years ago with nothing but professors in the cast. Pedantry pervades economics, dealing with them as it does with politics, by policies of sheer prestidigitation. The upshot of pedantry in politics is government by sleight of hand; its upshot in economics is a régime of extemporization. It cannot be otherwise, because the essence of pedantry is to satisfy oneself wholly with a limited, partial, and conventional account of things, then to assume that other people should and will satisfy themselves wholly with the

same account, and then to become puzzled and indignant when it turns out that they do not.

The essence of culture is the exact opposite of all this; and here one may see where the importance of the second step in the process comes in. When the smart boy from the East Side or the farm girl from the Mississippi Valley knocks at the gate of the college and declares for culture, one should say, 'Youngster, this is a hard business that you are proposing, and a very long business. Are you sure it is what you want to undertake? Culture may not be quite what you think it is. The essence of culture is never to be satisfied with a conventional account of anything, no matter what, but always instinctively to cut through it and get as close as you can to the reality of the thing, and see it as it actually is. Culture's methods are those of exercising the consciousness in a free and disinterested play over any object presented to it, unchecked by prepossession and uncontrolled by formula. This exercise will keep you very busy for many years. In preparation for it, you must spend a great deal of time in learning a great many things, and then you must spend more or less time in forgetting them. Are you up to it? If you think you can manage the learning (for it must be actual learning — we shall see to that if you come here), what sort of fist do you think you can make at the forgetting? In any case, now that you have some idea of what it really is that you say you are after, does the thing strike you as worth trying? Do you believe you are equal to it?'

III

Our definition, however, is not quite explicit enough, because it does not specify the kind of knowledge that the process of culture contemplates. We

all know that useful knowledge gains value by being remembered, and loses value by being forgotten; and it has most value when best remembered. Useless knowledge, on the contrary, gains value only as it is forgotten; and the point to be brought out is that useless knowledge alone is the concern of culture. Our definition, then, may be made more precise — perhaps as precise as any that can be made — if we put it that culture, considered as a process, means acquiring a vast deal of useless knowledge, and then forgetting it.

Perhaps the prevalence of pedantry may be largely accounted for by the common error of thinking that, because useful knowledge should be remembered, any kind of knowledge that is at all worth having should be remembered too. By overlooking the fact that useless knowledge, if properly forgotten, has value, the common assumption is that the only kind of knowledge one should try to get is the kind that must be remembered. Here one has a crow to pick with the universities for promoting this error, for this is the ground of resentment against their wholesale adoption of ideals and methods that belong naturally and properly to the scientific school; and this too is the ground of particular resentment against their taking the scientific school into full partnership as a member of the academic organization. The university's indiscriminating attitude toward learning, its failure to establish a clear line between useful and useless knowledge, its misapprehension of values and its consequent misdirection of responsibility — all this the believer in culture is bound to regard as most unfortunate.

For *quid Athenis et Hierosolyma*? The business of a scientific school is the dissemination of useful knowledge, and this is a noble enterprise and indispensable withal; society cannot exist unless it goes on. The university's business is

the conservation of useless knowledge; and what the university itself apparently fails to see is that this enterprise is not only noble but indispensable as well, that society cannot exist unless it goes on. The attitude of the university being what it is, one scarcely sees how the exceeding great value of useless knowledge is ever going to be properly appraised; and this is a hard prospect for the student of civilization to contemplate.

We all remember Mr. Stephen Leacock's account of his visit to Oxford, and his delightful portrayal of Oxford as the complete and perfect conservator of useless knowledge; a place where professors never lecture but by request, and then wretchedly, — Mr. Leacock was told that some had not lectured for thirty years, — where tutors seem to do nothing much but smoke, and students seem to do little but live in mouldy mediæval quarters, eat food cooked in Henry VIII's kitchen, and sleep in an unwholesome mess of age-old ivy. We recall his sly pretense of puzzlement when he compared the ways of Oxford with those of the universities that he was acquainted with on this side of the Atlantic, and finally his reluctant admission that somehow, dead against every conceivable possibility, Oxford 'gets there,' and his dark suspicion that it will continue to get there for many generations to come. No one in America knows the value of useless knowledge better than Mr. Leacock, and his fascinating sketch of Oxford makes it clear that the business of a university is to do what for centuries Oxford has been doing, and to turn out the kind of human produce that for centuries Oxford has been turning out.

But the traditional faculties of a university are those of Literature, Law, Theology, and Medicine; and by their professional side, the side first presented to the intending practitioner,

the mastery of these subjects is a matter of science, a matter of absorbing much useful knowledge. 'True; but 'the four learned professions' are very old, they have a long and heavily documented tradition, and in the course of their history they have laid all sorts and kinds of useless knowledge under continuous contribution, thus building up a thick accretion which, for the purposes of culture, is most valuable. It seems a fair question, then, whether the university should not occupy itself with this, and leave the professional side of the subjects to be dealt with by the scientific schools.

It seems fair to suggest, for example, that a true Faculty of Law at Harvard ought not to be equipping aspirants with useful knowledge in the way of getting up briefs, handling witnesses, and steering flagitious enterprises with skill enough to keep their promoters out of jail. Let a good law school do all that; the Faculty of Law should be taking on eligible products of the law school, and filling them up bung-full of useless knowledge. In a word, the law school should be producing sheer practitioners, giving them every chance at all the science, all the useful knowledge, that there is; the Faculty of Law should be producing practitioners like Sir Henry Maine, Maitland, Lord Penzance, or the Lord Chief Justice Coleridge. Let some medical school teach intending practitioners how to track down sinus trouble and operate for appendicitis; the Faculty of Medicine at Johns Hopkins should be producing practitioners like William Osler, Mitchell, Draper, Pancoast, shoveling into them all the prodigious mass of useless knowledge that these men acquired, and then bidding them go forth and forget it as handily as these men did. There are enough divinity schools in operation here and there to give students for the ministry all the

useful knowledge necessary to a successful exercise of their profession. Let them attend to this, and meanwhile let the Faculty of Theology at Yale attend to its own business. If it did so, who knows but it might produce some theologians like the Cambridge Platonists, religious philosophers like Bishop Butler, moralists like the doctors of Salamanca? Things being as they are, we could do with a good many such just now, if we had them, and if we may not look to the university for them, where are we to look?

IV

So much, then, for culture when considered as a process. Considered now as a possession, one may define culture as the residuum of a large body of useless knowledge that has been well and truly forgotten. In order to see how this is so, let us take the simplest possible illustration. Let us suppose that I say to you, 'Plato says so-and-so.' You reply, 'I think not. I cannot speak positively, for I have long forgotten every word of Plato that I ever read. But all of Plato that I have read and forgotten, taken together with all I have read of a great many other authors and likewise forgotten, has left me with a clear residual impression that Plato never said anything like that.' Then you look it up and find that you are right.

Being right about a saying of Plato is perhaps not important in itself, and this illustration must not be taken to imply that it is important. All this depends on what the saying is, and the connection in which it is brought forward. Plato said a great many fine things that are no doubt worth recalling on occasion, but the illustration is meant only to give a clearer notion of the kind of thing that a residuum of useless knowledge is, and how it works on the mind of the person who has it

The value of useless knowledge is another matter. I have already suggested that it has great value, and another type of illustration may serve to show in part what that value is. The field of useless knowledge is so vast that one might multiply illustrations almost indefinitely, and establish a tolerably complete set of values by their aid; but here, where there is no room for a treatise, we will keep to a single line of illustration, and a single line of values.

The prime example of useless knowledge that occurs to me for this purpose is a knowledge of history. Alchemy, astrology, sociology, horoscopy — it is wildly conceivable that if one went in for any of these he might somewhere by some chance strike a trifling streak of 'pay dirt'; whereas in the case of history such a thing is inconceivable, at least by me. Whether or not the best example, however, history seems to offer a very good example, as good as any I can bring to mind, of knowledge which is utterly useless except as it be forgotten; but which, when forgotten, becomes of great value. 'The only thing that history teaches us,' said the German philosopher, 'is that history teaches us nothing'; and we may put the point of his epigram in still fewer words by saying merely that remembered history is valueless.

Let us suppose the case of one who, back in the bad old times when the university made a point of doing such jobs pretty thoroughly, had been loaded to the guards with history, perhaps by some Mommsen, Niebuhr, or Guizot, and then turned loose to take the world as he found it. When he is well past middle age a war breaks out, and publicists, propagandists, pedants, and professors lift up their voices with one accord to tell him that the cause of the war is absolutely this-or-that, the object of the war is absolutely thus-and-so, and that the

character of one and another of the belligerents is absolutely such-and-such. If he has not forgotten his useless learning, if any of it remains on the surface of his mind, these affirmations encounter it and blend with it in a blur; and it is ten to one — nay, a hundred to one — that the account he gives himself of these matters, the account with which he finally satisfies himself, will be as purely conventional as any of those that the pedants and propagandists offer.

But suppose his useless learning is gone. Life has obliged him to remember so much useful knowledge that he has lost not only his history, but his whole original cargo of useless knowledge; history, languages, literatures, the higher mathematics, or what you will — all are gone. The Carthaginian wars and the battle of Pavia are but names to him, or not even names. When they were fought, and where, and 'how come,' and who won, and why, and what the consequences were — of all this, or any of it, he knows nothing. All that aniline has sunk down into the hectograph pad, leaving no trace of a definite pattern; but it has diffused itself throughout the texture of the pad and imparted its color to the gelatine. Therefore the affirmations of the pedants encounter no confusing surface impressions, but encounter only a general cast of thought that has been colored by purely residual learning. Hence he replies, 'I think not. I think this war came about in quite another way, and that it has quite another set of objects'; and the mere passage of time brings proof that he is right.

Again, let us say that in the same circumstances an association of governments is proposed, to bring about permanent peace, to promote disarmament, to ensure the rights of racial minorities, to safeguard democracy, to protect small nations from molestation, and to further various

other laudable purposes. The proposal is taken up and vigorously pushed by energumens who declare that this association is meant to do all these things and will unfailingly do them. The man who has forgotten all his useless learning was once aware that this proposal would be nothing new, that similar associations similarly advertised have already appeared in history under similar circumstances; but now he remembers nothing about any of them, not even its name. He says, however, 'No, I believe this association is proposed for quite different purposes, and that it will never accomplish any of the things you say it will'; and, again, the mere passage of time proves that he is right. It may appear, indeed he himself may think, that his reaction is instinctive, but it is not; it is due to the residuum of useless and forgotten learning.

Thus it may be seen how useless knowledge can be made directly contributory to a force of sound and disinterested public opinion. We are told nowadays that such opinion will never prevail in a republic, and indeed, as things stand, it seems unlikely to do so; if for no other reason, because it is inimical to well-established political interests, and to the general auspices under which public affairs are managed. The business of a practical politician, as Edmund Burke said, is 'still further to contract the narrowness of men's ideas, to confirm inveterate prejudices, to inflame vulgar passions, and to abet all sorts of popular absurdities.' He is all for the theory that moral questions are determinable by a plebiscite; that right and wrong, truth and falsehood, come down in the last instance to a matter of counting noses, and therefore their practical test is always, as we say, 'what one can get away with.' This being so obviously the case, there is small chance that a force of sound

and disinterested public opinion can prevail. Nevertheless it is generally thought desirable that such a force should exist in society, and, if that be so, any discipline likely to generate it must be regarded as valuable.

The discipline of useless knowledge, moreover, moves a person always to 'run to the short way' in his estimate of public enterprises, to strike through to their first principles and 'the reason of the thing,' instead of being caught and held by their more manifest aspects. When someone tells him, for example, what a good thing for Rome it was to win the Carthaginian wars, cabbage all the trade of Carthage, and set up a great Mediterranean empire, he replies that it was certainly impressive, but, as to its being a good thing for Rome, he would first have to know what the Romans were like when they got through doing it. Thus he cuts straight through to the first principle so often cited by Mr. Jefferson, that a public enterprise is to be judged, not by its direct effect on commerce, finance, industry, employment, and the like, but by its effect on collective human character; and a discipline which moves him invariably to judge it in this way has value.

V

We hear on all sides that the world is in a bad way, so bad as to give but slim assurance that anything worth doing can be done about it. Some think we are plunging into the chaos of the Dark Ages; others think we are at the end of an era, and entering into a new mediævalism. One suspects that these views of our situation may be a little excessive, or at least that while waiting for the crash we have time to be cheerful. If it be true, however, that the world is actually perishing before our eyes, there is perhaps some sort of melancholy interest in the thought that it

may be perishing largely of inattention to the value of useless knowledge.

Nothing shows more clearly how profound this inattention is than the nature of current comment on the New Deal. This comment runs to millions of words, and covers every conceivable question suggested by our public enterprises except the one that the man of forgotten learning most wants to hear discussed. He is naturally interested in the outcome of these enterprises, interested to see how the American variant of Statism and corporatism is going to work, and therefore he is glad to read all the intelligent comment on it, pro and con, that comes his way; but the previous question always rises in his mind. Suppose our adventure in Statism works perfectly, suppose the New Deal scores a clean success at every practical point, what kind of people are we going to be when it has done so?

This, in his view, is the really important question raised by the recrudescence of Statism in Europe. He is aware that Bolshevism, Fascism, Hitlerism, are all essentially identical, all branches off the same tree planted by the German idealist philosophers in the early years of the last century. They all mean, in essence, that the State is everything, the individual nothing. Fichte put it that 'the State is the superior power, ultimate and beyond appeal, absolutely independent,' and Hegel said that 'the State is the general substance, whereof individuals are but accidents.' There is the general formula for all variants of the common doctrine of Statism.¹ Well, then, what

¹ This seems to be officially acknowledged. Compare this formula with Mussolini's declaration that 'the State embraces everything, and nothing outside the State has value. The State creates right'; with Hitler's assertion that 'the State dominates the nation because it alone represents it'; and with Lenin's frank admission that 'it is nonsense to make any pretense of reconciling the State and liberty.' — AUTHOR

one really wants to know is the effect that this doctrine is likely to produce in the long run upon the character of those who swallow it. In the long run, what will Mussolini's Italians be like, or Hitler's Germans, or Stalin's Russians?

Certain features of the American variant of Statism raise the same question about ourselves, but they are never discussed; one never hears anything about them. They are four in number: first, according to Mr. Hopkins's report published on the day I write this, thirty million persons, nearly one fourth of our population, are being subsidized by the Federal Government; second, a vote-controlling bureaucracy has been prodigiously expanded; third, executive control over legislation has been made almost absolute through the distribution of money in the Congressional districts; fourth, centralization has been made almost absolute by federal grants to the states, or, as one writer puts it very well, these subsidies have set up a carpetbag government in every state.

These features of the New Deal impress the man of forgotten learning so unfavorably that he gets out his dusty books and looks up his history to see if perchance he may be wrong; and he finds that he is not wrong. His impression is abundantly made good. Curiously, too, the instance that most conspicuously corroborates it is one where no blame, no disparagement, no breath of suspicion, could rightfully be directed against the executive authority, but quite the opposite; and this pleases him, because he likes to consider all such matters, or indeed all matters, as impersonally as possible.

At the end of the first century, Rome had already seen how easily a republic slides off into despotism, and despotism into ruinous tyranny. Things had been at low tide in the empire for some time;

the Flavian dynasty had petered out to the tune of something that one could really call a depression. Meanwhile mendicancy and subvention had been erected into a permanent political asset, not at first embracing one fourth of Rome's population, probably, but well on its way to do so. Bureaucracy, which in earlier times hardly counted, began to spread wide and grow rapidly. Centralization busily undermined the large measure of self-rule that had prevailed in the provinces and even more largely in the cities. Quite in the tone of Mr. Jefferson, Plutarch speaks bitterly of this decay of local public spirit, saying that those who refer every twopenny detail of public life to Rome must share the spiritual fate of the hypochondriac who will neither bathe nor eat but as the doctor tells him.

Then a remarkable thing happened. For the next eighty years the empire was governed by an unbroken succession of extraordinarily able and good rulers, each one better than his predecessor. The short and good reign of Nerva bridged the turn of the century. Then came Trajan, the most just, frugal, and energetic of all Rome's emperors, so far. Then Hadrian, who added to Trajan's virtues great wisdom and foresight, breadth of view, and range of sympathy. Then Antoninus Pius, whom to name is enough, and then one who need not even be named; the world has not once looked upon his like, and his praise is for ever and ever. Yet hardly was the breath out of his body before the rotten social fabric of Rome disintegrated, and the empire crumbled to pieces.

If ever rulers were disinterested, these were. None of them wished to set up a carpetbag government in the provinces and cities. They clearly foresaw the upshot of organized mendi-

cancy and subvention, of the growing power of bureaucracy, of the growing tendency to centralization. They did the best they could to check these malignant growths, but could do nothing. The combination of jobholders, praetorian guards, frontier soldiers, and subsidized Roman rabble could turn out any disobliging government on short notice by the simple expedient of cutting a disobliging emperor's throat. The mere suspicion that Nerva was for a general policy of retrenchment brought sudden fate on him, and even Trajan, the most heavy-handed of the lot, could do little worth doing in the way of reform. The emperors of the second century remind one of nothing so much as an array of the world's best physicians striving to reclaim a hopeless cancer patient.

The thing could not be done; there is the whole story. The cancer of organized mendicancy, subvention, bureaucracy, and centralization had so far weakened its host that at the death of Marcus Aurelius there was simply not enough producing power left to pay the bills. Under the exactions of the jobholders, nobody could do any business, fields went untilled, and even the army had to be recruited among foreigners. But to the man of useless learning these matters are only relatively important. In his view the significant thing is that, under the conditions existing, eighty years of continuous effort by five of the world's best and ablest rulers could not prevent the Roman populace from degenerating into the very scum of the earth, worthless, vicious, contemptible, sheer human sculch.

A rather long-winded illustration, possibly, in support of my thesis that useless knowledge has value, but the fact that no one else is saying anything on the subject may perhaps serve as its excuse.

WRECK OF THE 'PRO PATRIA'

From Med to Mum. III

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

OUR second day at Pitcairn was rainier, if possible, than the first. The settlement looked forlorn indeed in the gray light of early morning, and before that light appeared I heard the Young family at morning worship. Despite the rain, the villagers went about their affairs as usual. It was, in fact, a blessing to them, for they had had none in three months until two days before the arrival of the *Pro Patria*. Now all their cisterns were filled and there was no longer need to carry water down the trail from Brown's Well.

Amateurs of Pitcairn history will remember that at the time of the mutineers' arrival they discovered, in addition to the carvings on the rocks at the foot of the great precipice called 'The Rope,' stone adzes and other implements and some stone images on the sites of some ancient *maraes*, or temples, similar to those found elsewhere in Polynesia. Upon questioning Uncle Ben Young about these, he told me that some of them had stood on the lookout point above Bounty Bay.

'That's where one of their heathen altars must have been,' he said. 'When I was a young man, some of us chucked the idols over the cliff, and I reckon you'd still find pieces of them below, in the sea. But now I recollect there's still one somewhere about in the settlement.'

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We found it serving as a foundation stone for a near-by house. One of the scantlings supporting the floor of the front porch was resting upon it, but by getting down on my hands and knees I could see something of it. Only the trunk remained, resting on its back, the hands clasped over its belly. It seemed content to be there, and something in its patient, reposeful attitude made the arrival of the *Bounty* appear as an event of the week before last. But as I walked away from the village, time expanded again, like the changeful bubble it is, according to our changeful moods, drawing Christian and his fellow mutineers with it far down the slope of Yesterday.

I walked into the main valley, climbing to an upland slope under the western ridge, pointed out to me the day before as the place where Christian was killed. Uncle Ben Young believes he was unquestionably killed on the day of the massacre of the whites by the native men. No Pitcairner doubts the truth of the story handed down from John Adams of the events of that day, and, while the site of Christian's grave is unknown, the place of his murder is considered almost as definite as Young's Rock or Ship-Landing Point.

I have never been anything like so certain on this point, remembering

Sir John Barrow's footnote in his *Bounty* history, in which he speaks of 'some singular circumstances that happened in England which might render Christian's death almost a matter of doubt.'

About the year 1808-09 [Barrow wrote], a very general opinion was prevalent in the neighborhood of the lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, that Christian was in that part of the country and made frequent visits to an aunt who was living there. Being the near relative of Mr. Christian Curwen, long member of Parliament for Carlisle, and himself a native, he was well known in the neighborhood. This, however, might be passed over as mere gossip, had not another circumstance happened about the same time, for the truth of which the Editor [Sir John Barrow himself] does not hesitate to avouch.

In Fore Street, Plymouth Dock, Captain Heywood found himself one day walking behind a man whose shape had so much the appearance of Christian's that he involuntarily quickened his pace. Both were walking very fast, and the rapid steps behind him having roused the stranger's attention, he suddenly turned his face, looked at Heywood, and immediately ran off. But the face was as much like Christian's as the back, and Heywood, exceedingly excited, ran also. Both ran as fast as they were able, but the stranger had the advantage, and, after making several short turns, disappeared.

That Christian should be in England, Heywood considered as highly improbable, though not out of the scope of possibility, for at this time no account of him whatsoever had been received since they parted at Otaheite. At any rate, the resemblance, the agitation, and the efforts of the stranger to elude him, were circumstances too strong not to make a deep impression on his mind. At the moment, his first thought was to set about making some further enquiries, but on recollection of the pain and trouble such a discovery must occasion, he considered it more prudent to let the matter drop; but the circumstance was frequently called to his memory for the remainder of his life.

Heywood, it will be remembered, was one of the *Bounty* midshipmen, and had been taken home in irons by the *Pandora*, with the other members of the company who remained on Tahiti, for court-martial. He was condemned to death, but was recommended to the King's clemency and pardoned, surviving to complete a long and honorable career in the navy. He knew Christian well, of course. Could it have been Christian himself that he saw in Fore Street, Plymouth Dock? It is by no means a fantastic possibility. Captain Folger visited Pitcairn in September 1808. Supposing that Christian had not been killed, he might have persuaded Folger to give him a passage to Valparaiso, pledging him, at the same time, never to divulge the fact. Christian might easily have reached England early in 1809, when he was thought to have been seen near his old home, in Cumberland. And before leaving Pitcairn he might have pledged John Adams to secrecy as well. When I spoke of this to Uncle Ben Young, he shook his head. 'No, no,' he said. 'I am sure that Christian was killed, here, in 1793. If he had n't been, John Adams would have said so, before his death, when he knew that no harm could come to Christian by telling. Or Captain Folger himself would have left some record of it. Such a thing could n't have been hushed up forever.'

All of which seems likely; and yet there will always be the doubt, never to be cleared up now.

Even on so gloomy a day it was possible to imagine what a pleasant place that high slope must be in fine weather. Christian must have chosen it for his yam garden for the beauty as well as for the fertility of the spot. After an hour or two of hard work, he would have only to walk a few yards up the slope to the crest of the ridge. There

he could sit, fanned by the cool breeze, with the whole of the island outspread beneath him. I could see him there, bared to the waist, his arms clasped around his updrawn knees, and Edward Young with him, as he must have been on many a day, the two of them side by side, long silences broken by intervals of talk. I have no doubt that Young often played the part of comforter in his relations with Christian. I seemed to hear their voices, their very words, as I sat there, so long after them, the rain trickling in streams from the points of my umbrella. (An umbrella was an incongruous object in that place, but it enabled me to muse with at least a measure of comfort.)

Young's part in the mutiny has always been a matter of mystery to me. I have read all the accounts of the events of the morning when the ship was seized, and in none of them is Young's presence or his actions accounted for. In fact, he does not appear on the scene until after the launch had been cast adrift. Where was he when Bligh was seized and brought, bound, on deck? Young was a member of Mr. Peckover's watch and had been on duty from midnight until four o'clock. No doubt he went to the midshipmen's berth when Christian's watch came on deck, but it is hardly possible that he could have slept through the uproar that began about four-thirty and continued for the ensuing two or three hours. It is certain that he took no part in the mutiny; otherwise, the fact would have come out in the court-martial proceedings. Barrow supposes that he must have been kept below by some of the mutineers. This seems to me the most likely supposition, but I have sometimes wondered whether Young was not an eighteenth-century Lord Jim, with unreadiness as one of the flaws in his character. This would explain his

strange decision, afterward, to throw in his lot with Christian. Having lacked the resolution to decide instantly where his duty lay, and, perhaps, the courage to take the desperate chance in the open boat with the other loyal men, he would realize that he could never go home again. He could not face his family and friends with that stain upon his character. As we know, Midshipman Heywood, too, was unready, and remained with the ship, but he was only a lad of fifteen, and his action is understandable on the basis of his youth. Young, however, was in his early twenties.

But enough of this. Perhaps I do a great injustice to Young's memory in putting forward such a supposition. It is a speculation based upon the scantiest of evidence. Sir John Barrow's is a much more generous one, and, I have little doubt, much nearer the truth of the matter.

II

Having seen present-day Pitcairners, I found a no less interesting subject for speculation concerning their maternal ancestors. What sort of women were they?

It is fairly certain that two, at least, were women of good Polynesian blood, the kindred of chiefs, perhaps. Christian and Young would have availed themselves of their opportunity, as officers, to choose as their companions during the Tahiti sojourn women of high birth. Captain Wallis and his officers had done so, Bougainville and his, Cook and his, and there is no reason to suppose that Captain Bligh and the *Bounty* officers failed to follow so pleasant and by that time so well established a precedent. The *Bounty's* sojourn had been longer than that of any other vessel that had called at Tahiti, and it is likely that both Christian and Young had formed attachments there which it

cost them dear to break when they sailed for home, as they then thought. Upon their return, after the mutiny, those attachments must have been resumed, and, although not certain, it seems to me likely that they succeeded in persuading their former consorts to go with them to Pitcairn.

There is also the likelihood that the wife of Taaroa (Tetahiti, the Transplanted One, he later called himself) was of the kindred of chiefs. This would make three to gift the children of the mutineers with strains of distinguished Polynesian blood. The women of the other mutineers were almost certainly from the ranks of the commoners. Wholesome, vigorous blood theirs would be, but not that from which rulers and leaders come.

It is plain that these mothers of the clan were women of courage. Their decision, after the massacre of 1793, to leave the island, and their attempt to do so, were worthy of mothers in Greek tragedy. Their action gives one not alone a conception of their spirit, but a vivid glimpse, as well, through the mists surrounding the Pitcairn of those days. What a deep sense of horror, of loathing for the island and their white lords, must have urged them on to so desperate a venture! Where did they hope to go? Home, doubtless, — back to Tahiti, — and they could have had only a vague notion of where the island lay. One sees the small unseaworthy open boat, with its freight of women and small children, putting out through the surf of Bounty Bay, and heading westward. But they were not to go far, if, indeed, they got beyond the cove itself. Fate was kind to them against their will, and brought them back clinging to the overturned boat.

It has always seemed to me unfortunate that the British Government did not, from the beginning, take a greater interest in this unique colony,

founded by Chance in mid-ocean. The Admiralty first learned of it on May 14, 1809, when the official news of Captain Folger's visit reached England, via Valparaiso; but, as Barrow says, 'It does not appear that any steps were taken in consequence of this authenticated information, nor was anything further heard of this interesting little society until the latter part of 1814.' In that year the British frigates *Briton* and *Tagus*, cruising in the Pacific, called at Pitcairn, and the reports of the visit sent home by Captains Staines and Pipon were of a nature to have interested any species of mankind save governmental officials. They remained indifferent, and Pitcairn was again lost sight of until 1825, when Captain Beechey called, in the *Blossom*. His detailed and fascinating account did receive a certain amount of attention, but no one appears to have recognized the fact that the Pitcairn colony offered a situation all but unique in the history of mankind: an isolated community of English and Polynesian blood, living in ignorance of the outside world, and under human and natural conditions that approached the ideal.

I do not, of course, mean that the colony should have been preserved as a human biological laboratory, where the results of heredity, environment, cross-breeding, and inbreeding should have been studied; but care should have been taken to protect its members from recruits from the outside world likely to work them harm. They lived in a state of simplicity which made them easy prey, in particular to that universal pest and mischief-worker, the well-meaning man — the man who, hearing of some community far removed from contact with the world at large, feels that he *must* go there to give its unfortunate members the benefit of his presence, of his superior talents, knowl-

edge, and education. Had the Admiralty supervised this small outpost of England to the extent of scrutinizing the character and the qualifications of outsiders who wished to settle on the island, intelligently regulating their numbers and rejecting rigorously the unfit, the inhabitants of latter-day Pitcairn would have been the gainers by it, and vastly more like those concerning whom Captains Staines and Pipon and Beechey and Monsieur Moerenhout have left us such interesting accounts.

But Chance was left to take its course with the Pitcairners, and, having first brought them two acceptable additions to their numbers, in the persons of John Buffet and John Evans, presented them, in 1828, with an addition of another kind in the person of John Hunn Nobbs — the first of the well-meaning tribe whose members will go through fire and flood, braving earthquake, shipwreck, famine, and pestilence, to reach the unfortunates they feel themselves called upon to succor. The strength of Nobbs's determination can be measured by the fact that, finding other means lacking for reaching Pitcairn, he procured a small launch, and with one other companion, an American named Bunker, made the voyage from Valparaiso. Bunker killed himself shortly after reaching Pitcairn, but Nobbs lived to accomplish his mission. Before his arrival the religion of the little community had been that taught the children by John Adams. It was worship untainted by dogmatism — simple and natural and unselfconscious. Nobbs injected cant into it, and by his well-meant meddling caused serious dissensions within the colony.

Pitcairn history, from that time on, makes interesting but rather melancholy reading. The king of all the mischief-makers arrived in 1832, in the

person of a man named Joshua Hill. He was removed by the British Government five years later, and the peace that followed must have been welcome indeed to the wretched victims of this insane despot.

And so the years passed, Chance ruling the destinies of the Pitcairners, until the year 1876, when it brought them a large packet of Seventh-day Adventist literature, accompanied by letters from two of the leading ministers of that faith, Elders James White and J. N. Loughborough, earnestly requesting the people to give the tracts a careful reading. Thus was the ground prepared for the advent of the Reverend John I. Tay. Before he left the island he had convinced the entire community of the imminence of Christ's second appearance upon earth, and all 'were observing and thoroughly believing in the seventh day as the sabbath of the Lord.'

A curious and incongruous event to stand as one result of His Majesty George the Third's decision to send a vessel 'to the island of Otaheite for the purpose of transporting the breadfruit tree to His Majesty's dominions in the West Indies,' where, it was hoped, it would provide an abundant source of cheap food for the Negro slaves. No doubt the Reverend Mr. Tay would say that there was nothing curious about it; that the hand of the Lord was in it. However that may be, certain it is that the islanders now wait, with patience but with increasing assurance, for the day so near at hand when they and all devout Adventists shall ascend into Heaven in chariots of cloud and fire.

It was, in part, this atmosphere of primitive evangelicalism which kept me away from the settlement during the greater part of my stay ashore; but there was another reason. My observations of the inhabitants gave me a most uncomfortable impression. It is

true that one sees some fine specimens of manhood or womanhood; nevertheless, I became increasingly convinced that Aunt Ann McCoy had good reason to be worried about the future of the Pitcairners. The effects of inbreeding and of their isolated manner of life are apparent even to superficial observation. It is sad indeed to compare the condition of the early Pitcairners, as reported by Staines and Pison and Beechey and Moerenhout, with that of their present-day descendants. One realizes that there has been a steady deterioration in the stock. Adamstown of to-day is anything but the Adamstown of the early nineteenth century, with its neat, well-kept houses and gardens and plantations. It is a huddle of forlorn habitations occupied by people who seem to have no hopes for the future, except in the religious sense. The island has no true contact with the outside world. Vessels of New Zealand steamship companies call there frequently, weather permitting, but only for an hour or so, and the Pitcairners board them in the guise of peddlers of fruit and souvenirs. It is not this sort of contact which is needed to give a people self-respect, and the feeling that they are linked with humanity at large. Not to be linked might be greatly preferable if the island were larger, but an area of two square miles is not sufficient for isolation without deterioration. The British Colonial Office is much to blame, in my opinion, for its languid and spasmodic interest in Pitcairn. It needs new blood and direction from outside. Its young people in particular seem to me to be desperately in need of teachers from outside to arouse their minds, to drive from their faces the vacant expression common to nearly all of them. The situation, which at present is far from hopeless, may and I believe will be quite otherwise if the colony is left to its own devices during

the next fifty years. In that case the reflections of the visitor of 1983, as he wanders about this rich and beautiful island, may be melancholy indeed.

III

Late in the afternoon the *Pro Patria* stood close in to Bounty Bay, where all the village had gathered to bid us good-bye. The easterly swell was considerably higher than it had been the day before, burying the rocks and the bit of beach and sending up fountains of spume as the waves swept in. Nevertheless, men, women, and children, as many as the thirty-seven-foot boat would hold, came off with us to the schooner for a last farewell. All were talking and shouting at once, but I noticed that, despite the confusion, the twelve oarsmen heard and instantly obeyed the orders of the helmsman. It was nearly dark when our kindly hosts swarmed into their boat again. We towed them back toward the cove; then the line was cast off and they headed for shore, singing in full chorus as they went: —

'In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore;
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.'

The old chapel hymn was sung with a truly moving effect, under those circumstances. In the fading light, under the wet windy sky, the island looked lonely indeed, and the boat lonelier still as it drew away from us. Now it was lifted for an instant on the crest of the long swell; now it vanished in the trough, and the music came more and more faintly to our ears. As I stood at the rail, aft, looking back toward the island, I realized that the story of the *Bounty* mutiny is not yet ended; that chapters of it remain to be written, perhaps for centuries to come. The gloom

of the evening may have had something to do with the color of my mood. However that may be, I felt none too sanguine concerning the chapters yet to be written on Pitcairn.

I could just make out a group of tiny figures clustered on the lookout point above the cove. No doubt John Adams stood on that spot, — and, perhaps, on just such a stormy evening, — watching the departure of the *Topaz*. A moment later we lost sight of Bounty Bay. The *Pro Patria* was headed west-by-north, and Captain B—— remarked: 'We'll reach Manga Reva in fifty hours if this wind holds.'

IV

During the return voyage from Pitcairn toward Manga Reva, I made considerable, though erratic, progress in Volume XVIII of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Passing by, for the time at least, the articles on Medical Education and Jurisprudence, I turned to the ten-page article on the Medici Family, and by the following afternoon had finished it. Meanwhile the stormy weather continued; sky and sea were as cold and hostile in appearance as they had been on the outward voyage. Captain B—— had had no opportunity to shoot the sun and we were sailing by dead reckoning. However, the *Pro Patria* seemed to know where she was going. Hers had been a long and faithful service in the Pacific, and, although her log was 10 per cent more sanguine than her performance justified, I hoped that Captain B——'s expectation would be fulfilled, and that we might catch a fleeting distant view of Mount Duff through the cloud rack before dark on our third evening from Pitcairn. We were disappointed, and when that night fell it fell heavily indeed.

The power of the engines had been

added to that of sails in the hope of sighting Manga Reva that evening, but, finding the effort useless, Captain B—— ordered them stopped, and we proceeded under the foresail alone. The presumption was that we were still to the south'ard of Manga Reva and somewhere in the region of fifty miles to windward. At 8 P.M. the course was altered to bring us clear of two small but undoubted obstacles which lay between us and the Gambier Islands: the Portland Reef and the uninhabited coral island of Timoe.

I read during the early part of the evening, and then made an unsuccessful attempt to sleep. I had no premonition of disaster, but I did have an uncomfortable sense of the near presence to leeward of Timoe and the Portland Reef. It seemed to me that the *Pro Patria* was presuming too much on her intuitions of position and her long immunity from mishap.

Arthur Young, a younger brother of Uncle Ben, had told me something of the Portland Reef. It was a villainous place, he said, of considerable extent, and covered in fine weather to a depth of three or four fathoms. He had once sailed over it in a small schooner, and had anchored an empty oil drum there as a buoy. He had also seen it from afar, in boisterous weather, when great seas were breaking over it, and he had been more than satisfied with the distant daylight view. Any vessel meeting Portland on a stormy night would have small chance, in his opinion, of surviving the experience.

I was thinking of this when I came on deck, at 1 A.M., for a look at the weather. It was still raining and blowing, and water was spilling from the awning by the barrelful each time the vessel rolled. The light of the binnacle lamp shone into the face of the Tahitian lad at the wheel, who stood gazing at the compass with a pensive, abstracted

expression. I wished that it might have been a little less abstracted, and that Tahitian sailors as a class had not been gifted with the faculty for dreaming awake. And when they sleep they are as nearly dead as sleeping men may be. I stumbled over the other man 'on watch.' He was curled up behind the wheel box with a bed quilt over his head, but falling on him disturbed him no more than if he had been a parcel of cargo. A small electric bulb hanging amidships swayed to and fro, casting faint shadows over the wet black expanse of the foresail, but that of the mate of the watch was not one of them. He had eaten fern seed, so that not even his shadow was visible. The tiny light was nothing and less than nothing in the centre of the vast globe of gloom.

But, if the gloom was vast, so was the Pacific, compared to which Timoe and the Portland Reef were as two grains of sand. 'We are probably well to the north of both of them by this time,' I thought, and, with this agreeable hope, went below, undressed, and climbed into my bunk. I rolled as the vessel rolled, and was soon asleep.

I knew what had happened the instant it happened. No apprenticeship in misfortunes at sea is necessary to school one as to the meaning of the grinding, rending noise caused by a ship's keel meeting with a coral reef. At the same instant I heard a terrified call for the captain from the man at the wheel. Trousers, shirt, sweater, and tennis shoes got themselves on me without my knowing how it was done, and I was on deck when we struck for the third time. The second and third crashes had in them none of the 'sliding-over' sound of the first one, but something quite otherwise. The rudder had been smashed at once and the wheel shaft pushed up and forward so that the wheel was leaning far over, as though for a glimpse of the compass.

It was a shocking sight, as that would be of some friend, in whom one had implicit trust, discovered in a state of complete demoralization.

It was just 3 A.M. by the clock over the companionway. The rain was coming down in sheets, but the wind seemed less violent than it had been toward midnight. I have never known a blacker night; we could see nothing beyond the ship, and had no idea where we were, whether on one of Timoe's reefs or, perhaps, on the great windward barrier that encloses the Manga Reva lagoon. Fortunately the electric lights did not go out; there was the one small lonely bulb amidships, another aft, and the cabin was lighted as well. Terii, the engineer, who looked after the batteries, had them under his bunk instead of in the engine room. Had they failed us, our situation would have been even worse than it was.

Great seas were piling in, beating the schooner against the reef. We could do nothing except hang on to something until we knew what the sea meant to do with us. What seemed certain was that after a few more bashings the schooner would be stove in, would fill and sink outside the reef. It was a horrible experience, waiting. I can imagine nothing worse than the 'gone' feeling one has at such a time, the result of the belief that within five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, one's body, still so much alive, — more than ever so, in fact, — will be rolling about in the sea, battered beyond recognition on jagged masses of coral. It brings a bitter, salty taste into the mouth, as anyone knows who has faced that seeming certainty.

The thought that flashed through my mind, 'I have Captain Bligh to thank for my share in this shipwreck,' brought, as I have said, the shadow of the ghost of the suspicion of a smile to my lips, but I fancy that if I could have seen

my face in a mirror at the moment, its presence could not have been detected there.

But the very violence of the sea was in our favor. Of a sudden the *Pro Patria* was lifted up and thrown broadside against a ledge of reef, where she stuck fast, canted to port, and every following sea lodged her more firmly there. They broke over her and foamed around her, and battered and harried her, but she held fast where she was. I knew enough about shipwreck from the experiences of others to be certain that such a solidly built vessel as ours does not break up immediately, once she is lodged on the reef; therefore I went below for a moment, carrying in my hand a life preserver, which looked like a large white doughnut. I discovered afterward that the thing had been made merely for show and would n't even float, but I carried it down to give to one of our three lady passengers, and there I saw an amazing sight. The floor of Madame P——'s small cabin was now half wall and the port side half floor. The impact of tons of solid water just beyond was an awe-inspiring sound; nevertheless Madame P—— was engaged in methodically packing her things!

I had meant to soothe and reassure, if possible, and I was the one to be soothed by a sight so customary, performed so quietly. I felt almost ashamed to offer her the gigantic doughnut. Not a man of us had thought of packing anything; some of us were no more than half dressed, not believing that our need for clothing would extend beyond the next fifteen or twenty minutes; and there was Madame P—— stowing things into her bags as though she were in a cabin on board a trans-Pacific liner about to dock at San Francisco. It gave me a new conception, not only of a woman's self-possession, but of her practical mind, and,

most of all, of the enormous importance to women, under whatever conditions, of things.

The port boat was now within about two feet of the water. It was unlashed with great difficulty from the davits and lowered. The schooner, taking the brunt of the seas, made a little lee for us, and presently Mr. Miller and several of the sailors jumped into her. Mr. Miller got into the bow with his electric torch and turned the light toward the wall of darkness to leeward. A moment later the boat vanished into it.

The rest of us on the schooner watched that tiny spark of light with the keenest interest. We knew by this time that we must be on the windward reef of Timoe, but there was no way of knowing whether we had struck bare reef washed over by the sea or on one of the small islands threaded along it. Meanwhile the surf battered away at the *Pro Patria*; every moment or two a wall of solid water would strike her with terrific impact, and seemingly solid pieces of the wall would come toppling down upon us, but we held as fast to her as she did to the reef.

The tiny point of light seemed to go a very long way; then we saw it slowly coming back. It came alongside, and Mr. Miller shouted: 'It's all right! There's land here!'

V

The ships' boats of Tahiti trading schooners are built for just such work as one of them performed that night. It was a truly villainous reef, of the kind of coral that resembles solidified lava, and honeycombed with deep holes and crevices. We got out of the boat in waist-deep water, and Madame P——, who had my arm, almost immediately disappeared in one of these holes. But she came up again, and, as

nearly as I could judge by the light of Mr. Miller's torch, she was still not greatly discomposed. We followed the torch across about fifty yards of reef until we came to one of those walls, common to atoll beaches, where great masses of coral fragments have been heaped up in storms of the past. It was a sloping rampart, a dozen or fifteen feet high, but how gratefully solid it felt! And how sweet the damp air to lungs that had expected, a short while back, to be flooded with air much damper — nine-tenths water, in fact.

Human beings react as differently to the experience of shipwreck as they do to the other vicissitudes of life: some are garrulous with joy, some silent, and there is certain to be at least one wise after the event. I heard a voice say: 'We should have hove to early in the evening and waited for daylight to show us where we were.' There was more than a suspicion of truth in what he said, but there seemed no point in offering the suggestion so belatedly.

Of a sudden a cock crew, near at hand in the darkness, and I knew that our other Terii, the cook, was on shore with a pet rooster he had brought all the way from Tahiti. I have always had great admiration and respect for roosters; they deserve better consorts than they have in the usual hen. Thoreau, in speaking of the cock in general, said: 'What gem is so bright as his eye?' To which he might have added: 'And what creature, including the best of the human ones, has a more valiant spirit?' Nothing daunts him, and his small heart is a reservoir always filled with three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. I have no doubt that Terii's cock crew while the *Pro Patria* was being thrown against the outer ledge of the reef, and that only the thunder of the surf prevented us from hearing him.

I remember that the Earl of Pem-

broke, writing in *South Sea Bubbles*, declared that his experience of shipwreck bored him. If 'boredom' meant in the eighteen-seventies what it does in the nineteen-thirties, then I think he must have been mistaken in giving a name to the state of his consciousness at the time when his yacht was being battered against the reef and he was waiting with his companions to learn whether Chance meant to drown or save them.

I was scared, and I know of only one member of the *Pro Patria's* company who professes not to have been. To be sure, we preserved an outward aspect of decorum; consideration for one another demanded that; but we were scared, nevertheless. Low Island reefs are evil places, often enough, even in the daytime; and when Low Island reefs and autumnal equinoctial gales meet, at three o'clock in the morning, with a small schooner between them, those aboard the vessel are anything but bored.

Nor was I in the least bored, later, while sitting, wet through, on the beach. Life had never seemed sweeter to me than at that moment.

The third boatload, bringing the Captain and the rest of the crew, was now ashore, and we were scattered here and there among the coral boulders, invisible to one another, each one, doubtless, chewing the savory cud of conscious existence. The lights on the schooner still burned, and a weird sight it was to see them; they offered a tiny scale to measure darkness, forsakenness, by. We had scuttled like rats from the faithful old ship, which had turned up her starboard side for a bulwark between the sea and us. Unlike rats, we felt deeply sorry for her, but we did n't return, then, to offer her the comfort of companionship. A few moments later, out went the lights.

Presently a curious thing happened.

The clouds vanished to leeward, not gradually, but suddenly, like a vast curtain swept majestically aside. The sky was ablaze with stars to the farthest east and silvery with the light of the approaching last-quarter moon. As she rose, Captain B——, who was seated near me, rose as well, and stood for a moment, arms folded, gazing at her; then he sat down again. He said nothing. His silence and his attitude as he stood facing the moon were more eloquent than any words could have been. Had she come only an hour earlier! But the concentrated reproaches of the *Pro Patria*, Captain B——, Mr. Miller, and the rest of us, had no effect upon the quality of serenity in the belated light she cast upon Timoe, nor did the vanishing cloud bank seem to retire westward any the less majestically.

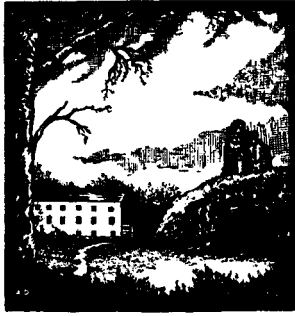
Dawn was not far behind the moon, and showed us clearly where we were and how we were. Had the schooner

been a mile — only a mile! — farther offshore at 3 A.M., she must have cleared Timoe. She had struck not four hundred yards from the point where the outer reef curved away from the course she was then on, and there was all the sea-room of the Pacific beyond.

Now that we were safe on shore, we could appreciate the majesty in the sight of the surf piling in along the windward reefs, and the clouds of spray and solid water that half concealed the vessel at moments. The false keel had come ashore almost as soon as ourselves and now lay stranded halfway across the fifty-yard band of reef between us and the vessel, and one of the topmasts swayed to and fro whenever a sea struck her.

Meanwhile, we basked in the early-morning sunshine and dried our clothing. Then, as Terii's coffee was not forthcoming as usual, I set out to explore the island.

(To be continued)



THE MILL AT NAUL

BY OLIVER GOGARTY

I CALL to mind, to bring me sleep,
That ruin on the naming hill
Of Naul, with ivy on the keep
That looks down on a ruined mill,
Because my mind comes home and rests
On things which Time no more molests:
For keep above and mill below
There is no further way to go:
They have already gone so far
With Time, that as the hill they are,
Or as the mill-pond by the mill,
Which, though it flows, is standing still;
Or as the stream and broken range
That only know immortal change;
For Time gives here, in turn for peace,
Man's handiwork a timeless lease;
And makes and takes it to its own
As if it were a stream or stone.
And that is why I love to call
To mind the drowsy mill at Naul,
Because such old things flatter me
With warrants of Eternity,
When Time's close flag suspends the fray
With ivy green against the gray.

And I can leave my pride which raged
Too long, here, in the keep besieged;
And let my love descend to spread
Through lowly roofs the gift of bread;
And know that I need range no more
With Love and Pride accounted for.

I see the mill, as day is done,
In sunset of a tardy sun
That fills the valley to the East
With all the overflowing West;
Until the valley brims to hold
An airy pond of dusty gold
That shows, as if far down in dream,
The hill, the mill, the little stream.

The light is golden down below,
But, on the keep, the afterglow
Is cold as steel, and sideways flung
Where ivy leaves the walls unhung.

I saw it first through air so wet
With dew that falling leaves fell straight;
For woods, for all their brazen towers,
Withstand not Autumn's golden showers:
So where I stood the road was rich
With bronze and gold that filled the ditch;
And boughs and leaves dropped so much
rain,
I said, The wheel may turn again,
And belt itself with drops anew,
And yet not beat these woods for dew.

And now I lie, till, in my mind,
The mill is lit, the keep is lined
With men-at-arms on sentry-go
Who stand to watch the mill below.

I see the pond's potential power
 Where might is stilled to conjure flour,
 And, from the strength of rain pent up
 From heaven, transform an earthly crop.
 I catch the mill-wheel's homely sound,
 The uncouth magic of its round
 Splashing bright blessings, as it turns,
 On twinkling tufts and dangling ferns,
 Performing, with expansive girth,
 The mingling rites of heaven and earth;
 I see and hear it clear as day
 Though Naul is eighteen miles away.

Don't think these are the only turns
 The half-unconscious mind discerns.
 I see far more than you can spy
 Who are not half asleep as I;
 I see the way, now half awake,
 The photons and electrons take
 To spin the world, and bring the grist
 To wild dreams of the scientist,
 Who knows, for all he hopes to know,
 That round a myriad mill-wheels go
 From some far pond, unplumbed and still,
 Which breaks to power and moves the mill.

And now I dwindle till my stream
 Is lost within the pond of dream,
 The pond of dream which holds far more
 Than any stream of earth can pour;
 But, if I lie resigned and still,
 The pond at length may rise and fill.

I do not wonder that none found
 The roofless mill restored and sound,
 Because the more the mind's alert,
 The more the inner eye is hurt,
 An eye to which the light of day
 Is rarely helpful, anyway.

Before I had a mind at all,
 The mill was working well at Naul;

And, maybe, when I am resigned
 To lose in sleep the wakeful mind,
 The mill may start to work again
 As once it stood to grind the grain;
 And hum its song for many a season,
 Where now it does not stand to reason.

It seems to me that far down there
 The dusky light is dustier,
 The dust is rising in the air;
 And over every window square
 There is an eyebrow dusty white;
 And would that roof be half so bright
 Unless with flour? It must be flour:
 The mill is trembling into power!

And now I hear a distant drone,
 The upper and the nether stone,
 So far away it only comes
 To fade away in waving hums,
 That tell of work so sweet and strong
 That all that holds it turns to song.

The mill beside the stream is lit
 As if its walls were golden wheat;
 And only in the upper streams
 Of light a lonely sea-bird gleams
 In one long arc . . . ah, let it go:
 I want to watch the mill below.

The purple evening turns to dark,
 I soon shall see the cobbles spark
 Where unseen horses pull their load
 Of sacks along a rising road.
 I wonder if I dared look up
 To see the hill, would all this stop?
 And all the scenes that sleep has made,
 To deeper sleep return to fade?
 I wonder now, will this go on
 When light, when light is quite withdrawn;
 And if, when sleep is deeper still,
 The mill without the miller will?

GOOD NEWSPAPERS AND BAD

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

I

News vending has become highly diversified in the modern world. Of old, the town crier and the beggar going from European village to village purveyed the news. Their companion in commerce was the peddler of oddments with his pack on his back. The town crier was more or less a subsidized news merchant. The beggar was a free agent, except that the better his story, the better bed and board he got. Thus lying early became highly profitable in merchandising the news. But after the peddler put down his pack and opened a store he found beside him the town crier or the beggar, or both, running a printing office. The peddler's store developed departments. The mendicant printer and the town crier became editors, selling opinions with the news.

Two or three generations back, in the English-speaking countries, the editor, who had prospered partly by mendacity and partly by blackmail, who until then would crook a knee to a patron and pull a forelock to his betters, suddenly began to brace up. The merchant prince, grandson of the peddler, was using the printer and editor to promote merchandising. In the early part of the last quarter of the old century, in the English-speaking world the sums paid to publishers for advertising began to outstrip the sums paid to editors for subscriptions. Advertising directed the course of development of the newspaper. In continental Europe,

where such advertising as we know in the English-speaking democracies is considered unethical, the press remains a pamphlet — more or less. It is subsidized. It is still the town crier with a louder voice than his knee-breeched great-grandfather had.

But in the English-speaking world the domination of advertising in the printer's revenue has developed a new profession. The journalist is a hybrid — partly business man, partly sleuth, partly professional worker, partly publicist, carrying traces here and there of showman, philosopher, scavenger, and charlatan. In different newspapers different qualities take precedence, coloring the product of the different presses. Broadly speaking, however, American journalism divides along one line, an ancient line, the line which marks the precedence of the business office over the editorial department. Speaking broadly again and allowing for many notable exceptions, this is the truth — that the more definitely the business office dominates a newspaper and makes it conspicuously profitable, the less valuable the newspaper is to its community. Like all simplifications, this one should be distrusted, because it implies a connection between dishonesty and prosperity in a newspaper which is not always warranted by the facts. Yet, while obvious venality and a lust for profits are evidences of dishonesty, a newspaper may prosper tre-

mendously and yet be incorruptible. Possibly its dishonesty is intellectual. Or maybe its dishonesty is imaginary — a matter of good taste or bad.

Now that matter of good taste or bad brings us down to another subdivision in the newspaper business. This subdivision separates newspapers that appeal to the higher strata of intelligence in their potential readers from those that appeal to the lower strata of intelligence. Similarly, churches in our urban centres attract their members from men and women living upon a certain economic standard, and hence, presumably, of a similar grade of intelligence. At any rate, different newspapers in many communities are directed at different reader groups up and down the spectrum of intellectual capacity in their communities. In general, a newspaper that tries to give its community complete coverage has a hard task, especially in our great metropolitan areas.

Now these different kinds of newspapers appealing to different classes of readers would seem to have different standards of morals. Thus one speaks loosely of certain newspapers which appeal to the more literate, the more reasonable, and the more comfortable classes of society as good newspapers. Similarly, one refers to newspapers that pander to the ignorant, to the underprivileged, to the men and women of clouded vision and low I.Q., as bad newspapers. Possibly, indeed probably, the terms used thus are unjustified. New Yorkers, for instance, who buy either type of newspaper regard the other as mercenary and wicked. The subscriber who invests in the tabloid and in the gutter sheet regards the *Times* as corrupt and class-conscious, and what the readers of the *Times* think of the newspapers that appeal blatantly or even unconsciously

to their less fortunate neighbors fills the *Times* readers with emotion inexpressible in their polite vocabulary.

II

Two books appeared last autumn significantly telling the stories of these differences in objective so often manifest in American newspapers. *Watching the World Go By* is the autobiography of Willis J. Abbot, long-time editor of the *Christian Science Monitor*, now member of its Editorial Board. *Timber Line*, by Gene Fowler, is the chronicle of the professional careers, with more or less of the private lives, of H. H. Tammen and F. G. Bonfils, who made the *Denver Post*, which proclaimed itself at its masthead the 'paper with a heart and soul' — and, added its unfair enemies, a price. It may be worth while for a moment to consider two opposite careers in American journalism. For in these books the lives, aims, and achievements of Willis Abbot and the Denver editors dramatize broad differences of character and purpose in our journalism.

Mr. Abbot's story recalls a well-born youth with average American college education setting forth in the newspaper profession to find his Holy Grail: this being, first, distinction through services; second, security in his person; third, a modicum of honor; and finally, but above all, well-grounded self-respect. He begins as a reporter in New Orleans, tries his hand at establishing an evening paper in Kansas City and fails like a gentleman, turns up in Chicago, capitalizes his experience, becomes managing editor and editor in chief of a number of journals in the interior metropolis, moves up and on in his profession until he finds himself seated in the editorial chair of the *Christian Science Monitor*. That journal has been established by Mrs. Eddy,

prophetess of the Christian Science Church. The *Monitor* is to be a newspaper appealing to readers who are not interested in sensations, who do not demand the news of crimes, of sex, or of violence. Under the guidance of Mr. Abbot the ideals of the founder are maintained. After a generation of hard, intelligent work, a successful newspaper appears, a newspaper known all over the world, a model for newspaper men who are counted leaders of the upper middle class. Mr. Abbot has achieved success. He is not without honor, he has personal and economic security, he may well take pride in his life.

His career exemplifies a typical American journalist of, let us say for euphony, the best type. He has sought for rewards in realities, asking of Fate only incidentally fame and money and power. He has made a lifelong appeal to newspaper readers of good taste, men and women of discernment and of a certain sophisticated perspicacity, who are not fooled by flash and blare and boasting — solid upper-middle-class citizens, the solid basis of a bourgeois civilization, citizens who like to feel that they form our ruling class. Indeed, in the long run, probably they do dominate America and finally have their say, considering American life in terms of decades.

III

Behold now the shining contrast. Let us open the book *Timber Line*, wherein Gene Fowler tells the story of Tammen and Bonfils, owners and editors of the *Denver Post*. Harry Tammen was a barkeeper in Denver in the eighties. Fred Bonfils in the early nineties was running what is commonly known as a policy game — a lottery device that did not use the mails, but appealed to the proletarian submerged

tenth around the packing houses of Kansas City. Many of his patrons were the Negroes who had come from the South in the exodus of the seventies. Tammen was a child of the streets, a Dutch immigrant boy who had drifted from the Atlantic Coast to the Rocky Mountains, and then in his twenties knew that life was a merciless, cruel game, in which the winner was a fool if he hesitated to deal from the bottom or run in cards from another deck.

Tammen and Bonfils bought the *Denver Evening Post* during the depression of the middle 1890's. They ran it for forty years on Showman Barnum's theory that a sucker was born every minute. Tammen also was a showman. Every thimblerrigger's trick, every form of ballyhoo, every cheap device to attract cheap people, Tammen used as a publisher. Bonfils was the editor of the *Post*. He had been exposed to a West Point education, was an able abettor of the showman in baiting the hook with a certain flashy elegance which attracted the vulgar.

Denver, in the 1890's, was the capital of a pure plutocracy. Colorado was a mining state in those days. Hard metal, chiefly gold and silver, came out of the Colorado hills. Great fortunes fell into the laps of pick-and-shovel miners, men frankly seeking raw wealth for its raw sake. This wealth, when it came, being ignorant, was arrogant and purse-proud and an easy mark for swindlers. Colorado politics were full of violence and sudden death. The chief end of man was the immediate dollar and no questions asked.

In such a society the *Denver Post* 'waxed fat and kicked'! Its antics seemed to give shrewd encouragement to the gossip that some part of the *Post's* revenues came from blackmail. Probably reputation brought more rev-

enues than actual achievement in blackmail, if it was ever tried. Yet, as the harlot insists upon being called a lady, so the *Post* advertised its honor, its devotion to the common people. With their profits Tammen and Bonfils built a newspaper office building and emblazoned on the portals, 'Let Justice, When Denied Another Home, Find Refuge Here.' Bonfils, who wrote the editorials, wrote under the caption, 'So the People May Know.' Money rolled into the coffers of the *Post* in a steady golden stream.

With money came power, with power came a certain prestige that was almost respectability. Politicians doffed their hats and smirked when they crossed the threshold of the Red Room where the editors presided. Circulation spread their sphere of influence all over Colorado, into New Mexico, Arizona, Wyoming, and Utah. Famed hack writers, whom money would tempt, were promised and sometimes paid fabulous prices to contribute special articles or run departments for the *Post*. Naturally, as the circulation widened and included practically all of the gullibles within two hundred miles of Denver, the *Post* became a braggart. It swaggered. It sought to imitate gentility. In the meanwhile irate subscribers called with their firearms and chased the editors around the Red Room, and Bonfils retaliated with assault and battery.

Here were scenes that would have pleased Dickens. Yet for all the obviousness of its vulgarity, for all the plain evidences of its quackery, if not venality, its profits mounted steadily. The sucker born every minute seemed to be hurrying with his pennies to the office of the *Post*. It reigned over and more or less ruled a region of America. Its rich owners were able to demand baksheesh from oil men who were 'cutting melons' in this region. They were

to be seen on presidential trains — on Harding's train, for instance. They had congress with statesmen of sorts. Yet, in the newspaper profession, among editors who held fast to certain old American ideals, Bonfils and Tammen were not names to conjure with. They were outcasts in higher journalistic circles — perhaps Pecksniffian circles, but nevertheless quarters that are highly esteemed.

IV

While Bonfils and Tammen caricatured a type of American journalist which has infested our urban population, and while they emphasized its meaner points, they still did represent the virtues of their type. They and their kind represent to-day the only sort of journalism that the newly literate moron in American life can understand and enjoy. This moron's name is Legion. He spawns by the millions in our high schools and on the campuses of our colleges. In flashy raiment he runs over the great stadia. He roars through the fraternity houses, at football games, not half so drunk as he pretends to be. He is moved by catchwords, slogans; talks in the short, monosyllabic headline language of the first-page screamer. His wife, his sisters, and his daughters get their art from the dime store, their intellectual stimulus from bridge, and their morals from the movies. The members of this branch of the Legion family form mobs, mass movements. They follow phantoms, and in vast schools go darting hither and yon on the surface of the times, attracted by the shibboleth of the hour. These mobs set their heroes on thrones, adore them for an hour, and forget them. They seem to have no memories, no capacity for logical processes. They are shallow and rather shameless in their inconsistencies. That Tammen and Bonfils ruled the mobs of

the Rocky Mountain region and so held sway there for three decades indicates certain substantial qualities in these two merry monarchs of mendacity.

It is a long, genealogical jump from the town crier's rival, the beggar, to editors of the sensational press. Yet the line comes down without a break, and collateral lines reach into every American city of over 200,000, where some editor, either on his own or operating upon a transcontinental or a regional chain, is spreading his net for the same shoal of suckers that are fattening the vats of our American journalistic garbage refiners. And always remember that they generally die after attaining success, according to their lights and leadings.

And who shall gainsay their success according to their lights? They serve their clients. They give the multitude the sort of newspaper that the multitude can read and understand. Wherever a newspaper thrives which makes a low appeal, other newspapers which are intelligent and apparently honest are offered to the public. But the readers who support the sensational press will not have the other type of paper.

In every community this human stratum exists. It is one of our modern problems rising out of universal education. We are teaching the mentally submerged and sluggish how to read and write. We are giving them all they will take of education in high schools and colleges. They remain what they were. Happily, they do not always breed their kind. Probably, as their environment improves, each generation moves up a peg in its I.Q. But today they make our different kinds of lynching mobs. They exalt our movie heroes, our baseball and football stars.

Occasionally some sharp demagogue is able to segregate this group into

one voting unit when more intelligent groups are dividing. Thus for the hour he has power. But we have always had demagogues. They thrive as they have always thrived, sporadically, by uniting dupes who ordinarily may be depended upon to divide in political matters. Yet if they are more in evidence than in other days and times, they are probably not numerically greater, nor much more important politically, than they have been before in human history.

V

About so many of us are dumb, so many of us are keen, and so many of us are nondescript — which means that, being between poles, so many of us are the salt of the earth. And alas, those who are smart about one thing are dumb about other things. Genius and stupidity often walk under the same hat. Those who know good books, good pictures, and so-called good newspapers, are often easily fooled in statesmen. The philosopher is easily misled in business. Those in the middle crowd, the average mill run of persons, have always had this problem of their betters and their inferiors. Or they think so. Generally speaking, they seem to run the world. But often their smarter friends become antisocial, develop into great scoundrels, unscrupulous rulers, dishonest financiers; whereupon the common man curbs them and sometimes cuts off their heads. Sometimes he puts them in jails or banishes them and knocks them about rather roughly. Very likely the other group — lower or upper — breaks out only in crises. The abnormals frequently have menaced the ordinary processes of civilization. But apparently here in America they have been growing more vocal than formerly, more noisy, more arrogant. They insist more ruthlessly on ruling the

roost, on vulgarizing the country. Their united support of a man or an institution like a flashy newspaper or the movie industry presents really grave difficulties in social progress.

What are we going to do about them — 'we' meaning the average citizen, 'them' meaning these literate millions who make the intellectual underworld? 'They' are pious, God-fearing Americans, many of them well-to-do; most of them live within a fairly stable economic status. They are by no means the underprivileged and the dispossessed. They are the dumb, brash, noisy, opinionated hillbillies of our cities, our country towns, our rural communities, led by the smart ones with highly developed instincts for money or power for antisocial leadership. They are here, these feckless followers of humbugs. We cannot pop off their heads, banish them, or put out poison for them as we do for our antisocial gamins who turn crooked or get too much financial or economic power. The overcredulous, who are also oversuspicious, must have diversion and amusement. They must have their *Denver Posts*, which call for more Bonfils and Tammens. In the meantime, men like Willis Abbot continue to make their private opinion public opinion, and so govern the land.

Now this issue in American life between those of the low intelligence

quotient and those with a normal degree of intellectual capacity would seem to point to stratification. But no — they do not stratify. In the blood strain of our national life the genes which carry the thing, whatever it is, called brains, or the lack of it, are liable to occur in any grade, step, or stratum of our social, economic, or intellectual life. We are likely to go from moron to genius in a generation, and from genius to moron in the next generation. The same parents breed children of widely different qualities, so completely have we mixed our social classes here in the last three hundred years. There can be no hereditary ruling class because of this pied blood stream of ours — which fact brings some comfort.

But here and now abide these two entirely different careers, each successful according to its kind and its aim. A career like that of Willis Abbot appeals bravely, courageously, with chivalry and distinction in all its attitudes, to one type of our citizenship. And there are the *Denver Post* and its kind, the tabloids, the cheap chain newspapers, with their flashy features, their emphasis on crime, smearing sex across their front pages in dirty headlines, making money, making even ideals of a sort, crystallizing vulgarity into institutions. And what does it mean? Where are we going? Who knows the answer?

CWA

A Candid Appraisal

BY FLORENCE PETERSON

I

ON November 9, 1933, the Civil Works Administration was created by order of the President for the purpose of 'increasing employment quickly.' The sum of \$400,000,000 was taken from the Public Works fund and turned over to the Federal Relief Administration with the expectation that four million unemployed men and women would be put to work at once.

A few days after announcement of the new plan, the governors, mayors, and relief administrators of all the states met at Washington to hear the glad tidings. Many important details had not yet been worked out when this semipublic conference was called, but the representatives of the several states were told to go home and get started with all haste — detailed instructions would come later.

So far as speed was concerned, there was little cause for disappointment. The public, which had become impatient and even bitter with the delays of other activities of the Recovery Programme, was astonished at the quick execution of the CWA. To see hordes of men all over the country working with pick and shovel a week after a new plan was first announced was unprecedented in the annals of governmental conduct.

For the first few weeks everybody was happy. Those who wanted jobs got

them or hoped to get them within a few days, merchants reported an increase of 30 to 40 per cent in sales, civic-minded persons saw unsightly spots cleaned up or painted, social workers were gratified to have their relief rolls diminished. The fact that it came at the Christmas season added to its glorification and enthusiastic reception. Anything but a repetition of that gloomiest of all Christmases of 1932, when public morale had reached its lowest depths! Those in high authority were so elated with the early results that they were incited to proclaim that perhaps the CWA was *the* American plan for unemployment relief in preference to the English 'dole' system.

Soon after Christmas adverse rumblings started, growing in number and seriousness each day. Graft, political favoritism, false expense accounts, dishonesty and collusion in purchasing materials, piled up at such a rate as to make the Federal Administrator frankly admit that he was 'tremendously disconcerted' and appeal to the Attorney-General and the War Department for assistance in cleaning up.

Also it became evident that the cost was much more than originally planned. Average weekly wages were higher than the estimated \$12 per man per week (owing to the unexpectedly large proportion of skilled and white-collar

workers) and local communities were not financing as much of the material and tool expenses as had been planned. Whereas the federal government had been spending \$40,000,000 per month for direct and work relief, CWA alone was now costing the federal government \$200,000,000 per month.

Quick action was necessary. On January 15, weekly hours were reduced, a few weeks later wage rates, then quotas; finally came complete demobilization on the first of April.

In a short two months the bubble started to burst,¹ not because of criticism of political opponents (although this soon developed), but because of the inherent weaknesses and fallacies of the programme itself. To understand what these were, one must cite some of the basic provisions of the CWA and indicate how they differed from other forms of unemployment relief.

Method of Financing

As is well known, unemployment relief was entirely financed from local taxes and private contributions during the first two years of the depression. From the time of the first federal loan through the R.F.C. in the summer of 1932, relief throughout the country has, in theory at least, been a tripartite contribution of local, state, and federal

governments.² In the administration of these funds the local and state governments, as well as the federal, had a stake. More or less definite procedures, fixed by law or custom, were in operation with respect to the purchasing of materials, establishment of work-relief projects, and their administration. Local taxpayers, whose money was being used, could be counted upon to see that dishonesty and political favoritism were not too flagrant.

There were no such automatic deterrents, however, with CWA projects financed entirely by a beneficent government thousands of miles away. Everyone wanted a chance at the grab bag — big and little merchants who had equipment and tools to sell, town officers who wanted lanes improved to their front doors, public officials or aspirants for public office who expected to procure votes via job giving. By its very nature the CWA was antithetic to federal government, which implies mutual responsibility as well as mutual benefits from participating units of government.

Selection of Men

Of the three million families on public relief prior to CWA, probably one million had members working for aid they received. The term 'work relief' had been officially interpreted to be 'wages or other compensation paid for work where the recipient and the amounts paid are both determined on the basis of the actual existing need. Wages in return for such work may be paid in cash or in kind.' Work relief implied that persons were employed on a basis of actual existing need and were privileged to earn only enough to pay for their minimum needs. While the rate of pay might vary according to

¹ The writer has purposely ignored the technical fact that the CWA was planned from the beginning to be a temporary measure. While first announcements did proclaim that the programme was to end on February 15, there is no doubt that it was hoped and intended by those in charge that it could be carried on so long as federal relief was necessary. In fact it was enthusiastically proclaimed by some in high authority that it might entirely replace direct relief so far as the federal government was concerned. With all sections of the country clamoring for continuance, it is certain that Congress would have been glad to cooperate if the first two months' experience had proved that the programme was feasible. — AUTHOR

² With the exception of several Southern states where federal funds paid practically the entire relief bill. — AUTHOR

type of work, hours were so adjusted that the weekly income was just enough to cover minimum budgets.

The Civil Works Administration frankly referred to itself as an employment programme as well as a relief programme. One half of those employed came from relief rolls; for the other half the door was thrown wide open to all unemployed regardless of financial stress or immediate need. This brought on a wild scramble of some ten million unemployed for two million jobs. These two million not taken from relief rolls were theoretically to be chosen on the basis of qualification. With the average of five persons for every job, it was not surprising that the successful candidate frequently had to have 'pull' as well as ability.

Wage Rates and Hours

In the spring of 1933, wage rates for common labor in private as well as public employment had dropped as low as 15 cents and 18 cents per hour. During the summer, NRA codes had brought these rates up to 30 cents and 40 cents per hour. The minimum CWA rates were 40 cents in Southern states, 45 cents in the Middle states, and 50 cents in Northern states. Wages for skilled labor were \$1.00, \$1.10, and \$1.20, respectively. It will be seen that both the common and the skilled labor rates were higher than code rates for similar work in private industry.

Opposition immediately developed on the part of farmers who felt that they should still be able to hire farm labor at rates which had prevailed the previous summer, and on the part of industrial employers who criticized the inconsistency of allowing one department of government to pay higher rates than another department had established for them.

The thirty-hour week was shorter

than that prescribed by industrial codes during the same period. Unlike the former work-relief provisions, hours had no relation to family needs; the single man was given as much work as the man with ten children.

II

It is little wonder that the CWA as originally put into operation could not long continue; it was bound to collapse of its own weight. Yet the end of no experiment in the Recovery Programme will bring more general disappointment and alarm than the elimination of CWA has brought. The hopes and expectations of millions were suddenly aroused and then as quickly shattered. Its spectacular beginning, blazoned in headlines for several weeks, had brought about such spontaneous enthusiasm and lift in spirit as the nation had not experienced in years. It was a sad disillusionment to learn that such a munificent programme must close.

Thoughtful students of the unemployment problem knew that a prolonged continuation of a programme like the CWA was impossible. As a temporary measure to get money into circulation during the Christmas holidays, it had real merit. As a harbinger of a new kind of unemployment relief, it was deleterious in arousing false expectations. European countries, which have had much longer experience with the unemployment problem than we, have learned that it is impractical and impossible to combine employment programmes with relief programmes.

No government has ever been able to provide enough public jobs for those thrown out of private industry during a severe depression. Unemployment insurance is the only means of taking care of all or even a major portion of the unemployed during periods of

prolonged distress. For this a nest egg has to be built up during years of prosperity and added to even in times of depression by contributions from employers, taxpayers, and perhaps from those who still are employed. Public works are a partial relief and are especially effective at the beginning of a depression or in a short-lived depression. (It must be borne in mind that public works, consisting mostly of work let through private contracts, constitute an entirely different sort of programme than the CWA.)

If, then, a government cannot support a prolonged work programme for *all* unemployed, it is only fair to the taxpayers and to the potential beneficiaries that what work is provided shall be given to those in greatest need. While it is desirable that eligibility requirements should be above the pauper level now necessary to get food orders from relief agencies (the level of eligibility would depend entirely on how much money the government was willing to spend), yet *relative* needs should be the basis of selection for employment on any work-relief plan. This basic principle the CWA ignored, and the nemesis came in the form of political favoritism, selling of jobs for a fee, and the usurping of jobs by those who did not deserve them.

The second lesson learned through the CWA experience is that relief is not the proper channel through which to raise the wage standard. It is most certainly the responsibility of public officials to see that no public relief programme tends to *lower* wage levels, as undoubtedly had occurred during the earlier years of the depression. But the public, more particularly the farmer and the employer groups, resist a tax-supported relief programme which pays higher than the prevailing wages. A work-relief programme should pay the going rate of wages; any improve-

ment in wage standards must come about through other channels.

Undoubtedly the saddest feature revealed in the CWA debacle was the careless and inefficient spending of public funds—in some cases amounting to actual dishonesty and graft. The Federal Relief Administration gives as an excuse the speed with which such a large programme was put over. Haste in organization, however, is only part of the answer. We have become used to federal aid of one kind or another, such as in the building of roads, in vocational education, and more recently for unemployment relief. In these cases it has been the federal government *sharing* with the local governments. The CWA, financed entirely from federal funds, was a direct departure from this traditional federal-aid policy, and it set up no counterchecks to offset the protections which are automatically in operation when all benefiting parties are helping to pay the cost. It is so very easy to be generous with someone else's money!

The CWA was an interesting experiment, albeit a costly one. If we were shocked and disappointed at the rapacity of so many local officials, we were reassured and encouraged at the eager willingness to work demonstrated by the millions of unemployed. If we were somewhat alarmed that the Federal Relief Administration should promulgate such a mammoth programme in such haste as not to take into due consideration many important factors, we are happy in the knowledge that it is willing to experiment and is not satisfied with the mere feeding of hungry people. More than anything else, the CWA has convinced us that, if we are to pull through this crisis without permanently destroying the morale and ambition of millions of our citizens, we must find some other form of relief than the handing out of grocery orders.

PERSONAL LETTERS. II

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

To Mr. Vachel Lindsay

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASS.
June 16, 1924

DEAR LINDSAY: —

I am exceedingly obliged to you for your most interesting letter, supplying, as it does, so substantially the Todd background, which must be an essential feature of my portrait. Indeed, I am forced to rely upon such contributions and suggestions very largely, in default of the direct personal material, in the form of diaries or letters, which I have got to feel is almost indispensable in the work I am trying to do. Evidently in Mrs. Lincoln's case I can get very little of this sort, but must depend upon secondary reports and records, in checking which such intelligent judgment as yours is of the utmost value. What would n't I give for forty or fifty of Mrs. Lincoln's own letters which I could have copied! As it is, I must make the most of the few that have been printed, by Herndon, or in Mrs. Keckley's book, and elsewhere.

I get more and more fascinated with the subject, if I can only get the material to work it out. I must interweave that strange, subtle, puzzling, fascinating love of Lincoln with the strong, harsh, aggressive commonplace of Mary Todd. And the incessant interweaving of two strands so diverse, often so bitterly opposed, should make a web of inexhaustible complication and interest.

I need hardly say that I take entirely the view of Lincoln that you do. Those who try to attenuate his thoroughly popular origin and surroundings simply show that they underrate and fail to appreciate the genius which could dominate such surroundings and outshine them. The two supreme elements in him are his genius and his democracy, and those who underrate the one do not understand the other. And it was not only a theoretical democracy, but a personal, as intensely so as Whitman's. The parallel between him and Shakespeare in this respect is singular. No sooner do the semi-cultured get hold of Shakespeare than they begin to resent his popular origin, what they call his ignorance and lack of aristocratic surroundings, and immediately they assume that he cannot have written the plays. They utterly fail to grasp the fact that the supreme wonder and the characteristic feature of the plays is that they sprang from a spirit just so popularly educated, with all the irregularities and vagaries which such education brings with it, and also with the profoundly human touch which was Lincoln's as it was Shakespeare's.

Perhaps I may say that this common human element in Lincoln appeals essentially to me because, although I of course grew up in a sheltered and luxurious home, all my childhood was passed in a rural neighborhood, where I went to school and got a rough-and-

tumble contact with humanity which is one of the experiences I should be least willing to relinquish. Even now I confess that I take no pleasure in middle-class society, teas and formal gatherings, poetry clubs and literary societies. Humanity, to me, means the farmer and the street-car conductor and the mechanic, and I had far rather chat with these than with the banker or the clergyman. Which bit of autobiography you will perhaps think out of place; but I introduce it only to show you that I have no sympathy with the Todds of the world or those who would try to make Lincoln emanate from their source. That superb humanity is the only true basis for democracy. The reason democracy must be, as you say, a dream for many thousand years is because the mass of men — and women — try to escape from that humanity, and we must be patient until it gradually permeates the whole mass with something of Lincoln's spirit. But indeed how endlessly fascinating he was! There is no end to the depths and reaches of speculation and query that arise in regard to him. I have been studying Daniel Webster lately — a great man, too, but how different! Have you happened to run across that magnificent death scene of Webster, as narrated in Curtis, where the old fellow gets his family together, dictates a formal statement of an elaborate theological creed, as pointless as the Nicene or the Athanasian, then faints away from exhaustion, and, when he recovers, murmurs, 'My friends, my friends, did I, did I, say anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?' Is n't that priceless? Imagine Lincoln giving such an exhibition, and what he would have thought of it, and his vast, gentle laughter!

I am really awfully grateful to you, and if anything further occurs, do let me know.

To Mr. Edward Wagenknecht

February 19, 1925

DEAR MR. WAGENKNECHT: —

I received a copy of the *Circle* and read your Geraldine Farrar study with much interest. I think you have brought out her personality with warmth and color and vigor. It all raises a lot of questions which I shall like to talk over with you when we meet, hereafter in a better world than this, if not here.

Music has been one of my supreme delights and resources from childhood. I early learned to play the piano, in a perfectly scratchy, superficial way, merely with the object of reading all sorts of music, from the lightest to Bach, though without any pretense at skill or execution. But in a rather solitary life this diversion has been one of the most exquisite, and incidentally I have become rather exceptionally familiar with all the music, at least all the older, that can be approached in this way. Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, etc., have been an unailing delight to me and always will be. But of vocal music I know nothing whatever, and I confess that it has never taken any great hold upon me.

In the first place, I have always resented the marriage of words and music. There always seems to me to be a sacrifice of one or the other; and when, as usual, it is a sacrifice of the words, I quarrel with it bitterly. Then the opera has always impressed me as an utterly bastard art-form, attempting to combine things that in themselves cannot be combined, and above all requiring a combination of gifts in the performer which it is the rarest thing in the world to come across. Yet of course all the time I recognize that there are in vocal music some of the richest and rarest possibilities of spiritual stimulus. I have myself from a

very small child been extraordinarily influenced and overwhelmed by the singing of hymns, so that even when I was very young the assemblage of the family about the piano on Sunday evenings was agony to me, in the enormous suggestion of vague longings and terrors and despairs which I cannot express now any more than I could then. It is one of the curious symptoms of age and decay that this intense emotional disturbance, which as a child I used to resent and avoid, I nowadays often seek when I am most discouraged and depressed — I hardly know whether in solace or in augmentation of my spiritual distress. And when I am most wretchedly ill it is a sort of desperate comfort to get Mrs. Bradford to sing me the very lugubrious hymns that I should have shuddered at forty years ago, and, for that matter, still shudder at now. But life has become largely a matter of shuddering.

All which has arisen from my reading of your 'Geraldine Farrar' and my sense of loss in not having developed the possibilities of emotional ecstasy which I know that vocal music in one form or another has to bestow. We should not reject any such spiritual resource, but should sedulously and intelligently and covetously suck the sweet of them all. All the same, I revel in the little saying of Jaques in *As You Like It*: 'I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.' Ah, how that Shakespeare says everything! His vocal music has stirred my whole soul for fifty years and will continue to do so, so long as I have any soul to stir.

To Mr. John B. Chapple

December 26, 1925

DEAR MR. CHAPPLE: —

You ask me for a word on some special book, or on books and reading. In such a connection I never fail to

put in a word for the persistent reading of the great standard, classical authors. It is wise, of course, to keep up with the movement of life about us, so far as we can, though in literature, as in everything else, the present acceleration is so enormous that no one can do more than make the most superficial dab at the surface. But to understand the present at all there is only one clue, the study of the past, and to get any meaning or profit from current literature the only way is to keep one's steady hold on the great writers of an earlier day. If you have a command of foreign languages, read the great authors in those, though never, never in translation. At any rate, always give a certain proportion of your time and life, however small, to the great English authors. It is not enough to have read them: read them and keep on reading them. Shakespeare and Milton and Fielding and Sterne and Shelley and Byron are the best possible commentary on Shaw and Wells and Masfield and Lewis and Dreiser.

It is not for a moment pretended that the old authors are necessarily better. It is difficult in such connections to say what 'better' means. We read the classics, not only for themselves, but because they are the classics — that is, because they have helped make the modern world what it is, because others have read them and are reading them and will read them, and they make a substantial, enduring spiritual bond in a world which, from its terrible rapidity of centrifugal motion, tends to dissolve and shatter our spiritual unity altogether.

Above all, read Shakespeare, cling to him, and learn and remember how really fresh and new he is, how much counsel and comfort he has in the perplexities and problems even of the present day. Shakespeare does not solve problems; he throws sunshine on

them, sunshine and love, shows us with a thousand touches the splendid unity worked by simple humanity in the face of life and death with all their insoluble mysteries. Take large doses of the present, as large as you wish, but mix a constant dose of Shakespeare with them; you will find that the present grows larger and richer and more fruitful by such treatment.

To Mr. Jay L. Bradley

February 8, 1926

DEAR JAY BRADLEY: —

Nearly fifty years ago I was a boy of fifteen, and determined, as you are, to be an author. Also, like you, I cared nothing for biography, but wished to be a poet, or a dramatist, or a novelist. Now, at sixty-two, I have a certain measure of success, though nothing of what I wished, and I have fifteen plays, eight novels, and vast quantities of poetry asleep in my drawer, which will probably never see daylight, though I think a good deal of them myself. So, if I can say a useful word to one who is taking up the same course, I am glad to do so.

To begin with, remember that words are your supreme instruments. Treat them with reverence, almost with idolatry, and make it the effort of your life to tease out of them all their secrets. Yet do not be fooled by them. Remember also that they are the most treacherous, deceiving things in the world, elusive, evasive, that they will get the mastery of you if they can, and, if they do, they will do their best to ruin you. Study them in all their forms with constant devotion. Now, while you are young, secure to yourself a reading command of at least three or four languages. Never mind the speaking. It is easier, and for your purpose far better, to read three languages than to speak one. But for the literary artist it is imperative to be at home in other

languages besides his own. Especially French is indispensable.

As a novelist who has failed completely, my advice would be not to bother yourself with books that profess to teach you how to write fiction—that is, not to any great extent. They are mostly written by people who have made a hopeless failure themselves, or they would be producing great novels, not talking about them. Read the great masters of fiction, especially the French, who are the supreme artists. And above all, do not attach yourself to any one author. The true way to escape imitation is to read very widely, and to read what is really great and beautiful in all lines. Avoid cliques and schools and narrow watchwords. It is only the really beautiful that counts, and genius will produce real beauty without any formula and in defiance of all formulæ.

If you asked my general advice as to whether you should adopt a literary life, which you do not, I should earnestly dissuade you. In these days any honest way of earning a living is more respectable and more useful than literature. The world is utterly swamped with books, good books, great books. No one has time to read those now in existence that ought to be read, and to produce more is a mere superfluity. It is far better to be a doctor or a lawyer or a civil engineer or a good grocer or even a politician. Furthermore, the literary career is a life of misery. You are daily knocked with rejection and rebuff—at least, I have been so for forty years. The public misunderstands and scorns all your good work, and if you want to succeed and support yourself you have got to make concessions and compromises which you despise, while your high ideals are pretty sure to be left behind you in the desperate struggle. Voltaire had perhaps the greatest immediate success

and triumph of any author who has ever lived. Yet Voltaire said that if he had a son who was determined to be an author, he would wring his neck out of pure kindness of heart.

All this discouragement will make no difference to you, however. It never does. It would have made no difference to me. And I will tell you that when I was talking with Robert Frost, a year or so ago, we agreed heartily that the one quality that counted more than any other in the literary career was perseverance, sticking to it in spite of everything. Ninety-nine people out of a hundred who stick never get anywhere, but the hundredth does — sometimes. You must remember that in this country alone there are probably to-day a hundred thousand boys of fifteen, and at least twice as many girls, who are determined as you are to be great authors, and to get the few prizes which can go only to some hundreds out of the lot. But if you overlook all that, and make a business of it, and do not let any difficulty or discouragement deter you, — oh, heaven, when I think of all I have had and how many, many times I have sworn that I would never touch a pen again, — you may be successful before you are thirty, or before you are sixty, or never. In any case, you have all my good wishes.

March 9, 1926

DEAR JAY BRADLEY: —

I am very glad you found my former letter helpful. I remember so well my hopes and aspirations and experiences at your age that if I can say anything that will be encouraging or comforting I am happy to do so.

After I had sent my letter I realized that I had said mainly the discouraging things. And I should have added that, with all that can be said against the literary career, I personally would not give up mine or have lived differently

if I could. With all the rebuffs and disappointments and difficulties, there is an excitement, an exhilaration, about artistic production that nothing else on earth that I know of, unless it be a cavalry charge or the triumphant success of an actor or singer before a great audience, can compare with. And the author's delight, though less immediate and compelling, is more enduring and feeds the imagination more than these others.

As I wrote you, I long ago gave up the hope of succeeding with plays or novels and made up my mind that I was not gifted for such success. Yet only three or four years ago I allowed myself to be tempted by the foolish lure of a prize contest into writing three plays in verse, and I have never known more delicious hours than I passed with that occupation. One seems to be rapt out of oneself. The music of the verses and the spontaneous life of the characters seem to take hold of one and pass through one, as if some higher power held the pen and guided it by inspiration, and all the common clogs of earthly existence are for the moment swept away. After which it is needless to say that none of my plays got the prize or will ever be heard of again. But no one can rob me of the remembered delight I had in writing them.

To Mrs. Willie Snow Ethridge

September 13, 1926

DEAR MRS. ETHRIDGE: —

Mr. Orr has kindly conveyed to me your interesting letter and your wish that if I were on my way to Florida I might meet the members of your Writers' Club. It would give me great pleasure to do this, were it possible. Alas, I fear I shall never again get far from home, and certainly never as far as Georgia: I can meet my Southern friends only in spirit, unless they are

sometimes making a pilgrimage in this direction.

You ask me for a few words about Biography. The first great secret, in my opinion, is to have an inexhaustible, universal interest in human nature and love for it in all its forms. One should not approach biography from the angle of any particular belief or theory to be supported or attacked. The study of the human soul appears to me too sacred a thing to be turned into a mere vehicle for polemics. One should love human beings as they are, all human beings; not love their faults or their weaknesses, but love their humanity, and that for the simple and always valid reason that we are human beings ourselves.

The second great principle is to my mind the broad and universal identity of human nature. There is an endless diversity of manifestation which gives the study of biography its unfailing and piquant interest; but underneath we all have the same passions, the same hopes, the same desires, the same despairs. If it were not so, we should never understand each other, and the writing of biographies would be a vain and profitless amusement. And on the strength of this underlying identity the biographer's richest material lies in the thoughtful consideration of his own heart, for he will find there all the strength and all the weakness which he can ever discern in others. This study of himself must naturally be checked by constant observation of the world, but in it has lain, for me at least, the widest possibility of comprehension of general human nature. And surely the study of oneself and all the faults and failures there hidden is the best guide to what I consider the essential and prevailing virtues of a good biographer — gentleness, charity, tolerance, and above all infinite comprehension and sympathy.

As to the technique of the biographer's work, might I suggest the study of my book, *A Naturalist of Souls*, published (new edition) last spring by the Houghton Mifflin Company? This book gives in the introduction a rather elaborate analysis of the special modification of biography, called Psychography, which I have endeavored to practise, and shows in a succession of chapters, not elsewhere printed, the development of my work during the last thirty years. Anyone who is at all seriously interested in what I have done or tried to do will find this book, taken altogether with the appendix to my *Lee, the American*, as profitable as anything that I can suggest.

To Mr. E. S. Moser

January 23, 1927

DEAR MR. MOSER: —

You remind me of President Eliot, who scolded me a few years ago because I said that, while I took a good deal of interest in God, I could not succeed very well in finding Him. Why, said Eliot, don't you read the poets? I had read the poets pretty persistently for forty years, but they did n't seem to help much. You certainly do not scold, but you very courteously wonder why I care so much about God anyway. Yet somehow I do: an old prejudice, perhaps.

I think you quite misunderstood me in regard to the use of reason, however. I did not mean to reject it, which would be too absurd, least of all to subject it to emotion. On the contrary, probably there are few persons who have been so hag-ridden by reason as I have during the whole of my rather unhappy existence. I recognize fully its importance, and its power, and its immense value. I only wished to emphasize its dangers, not the least of which is that it is so rarely disentangled from emotion. It is the blind and constant confusion of the

two and the perpetual tendency of the acutest reasoners to mingle them that make the trouble.

I am glad that you were interested in the Darwin book and I think you may find my very different study of D. L. Moody the Evangelist, which will be published next fall, of almost equal interest, while I have just finished another more general book, which will probably be called 'Life and I: An Autobiography of Humanity,' which ought to prove more interesting still.

I think you have hit an important point in insisting that pessimism is largely physical in its origin. But then, so is optimism. And this very fact is the largest ground for a pessimistic argument that I know of. I will never admit that I am a pessimist in theory, any more than I am anything else. Philosophical systems require a temperament and a mental equipment that are wholly beyond my reach. But it is true that a long life of physical wretchedness with a constant tendency to neurotic disturbance does color my spiritual attitude and incline me more to see the darker side than I am perhaps aware. Up to these last three I have succeeded fairly well in keeping this tone out of my books, but perhaps it is the weakness of advancing senility that has disposed me to relax the reins a little in favor of a more personal revelation. In future I hope to return to my former practice and be beautifully objective.

To Mr. Robert P. Bridges

December 7, 1927

DEAR MR. BRIDGES: —

I was much interested in your letter, in your account of your past experiences in general, and especially of your visit here. In general, I confess that I prefer to meet my readers through my books, and am quite aware that I do not appear at my best in actual flesh-

and-blood converse. Probably the same is true of most authors, and no doubt many an enthusiastic reader has at last, after repeated efforts, obtained a coveted interview with someone who has done a great deal for him spiritually, and has come away from it with a feeling of disappointment, perhaps even so great that it has actually blighted enjoyment of the author's books and drawn an obscuring veil over the light that was so bright and so comforting before. I remember many, many years ago, when I was much younger than you are, getting an introduction to Matthew Arnold, whom I had read and adored for a number of years. Our talk amounted to nothing. He did not get me and I was disillusioned with him. When I finally left him, he patted my shoulder and remarked paternally, 'What is the age?' Matthew Arnold has never meant so much to me since.

So I may have shattered some of your illusions, but I hope not all. I know, however, that in conversation the tendency which I feel is fundamental in my books, and inclines to become more and more so, is even more obvious than in the books, and that is the tendency to question everything. I was born a questioner. Now the world in general likes those who furnish answers, not questions, and for that reason my books, though they find a certain number of readers of my own temperament, have not had and will hardly have any very general popularity. However, I myself have always found more comfort and satisfaction from those who are disposed to question than from the very numerous class of persons who are always ready with explosive and dogmatic answers. Perhaps you are like me in this respect. At any rate, questions help us to think, and I do not know that anyone can do us any greater service than that.

To Mr. Carl Sandburg

February 3, 1928

DEAR CARL SANDBURG:—

I have a nephew in Three Oaks, Michigan, Henry H. Cutler, who wrote me some months ago of meeting you at an outing of some sort. He said that he mentioned me and that you spoke of having an idea of writing to me sometime. Probably you have long ago forgotten both him and the idea, but I have had it in mind ever since that I would write you a line.

I have just now got to reading your *Lincoln*, which I should have done long ago. But I am very much absorbed with other work, and my time and my strength are more limited than I could wish. Just at present, however, I am undertaking the very foolish business of writing a book on Biography, and I did not see how I could well neglect such a monumental piece of work as yours, even if I had wished to do so.

Just before beginning the *Lincoln*, I had made the attempt to turn over the vast longitude of Carlyle's *Frederick*. But at the end of the first two of the ten volumes I gave up in disgust. Long ago I made up my mind that I could never relish Carlyle. His manner of writing seems to me so forced, so labored, so pretentious, and in the *Frederick* he has overloaded his subject with such a vast obscuring weight of background, which hides and diminishes rather than illustrates the main subject, that I felt I could never go through with it in the world.

Then I turned to your book, and, oh, the blessed relief! It is partly, I suppose, in the nature of the subject itself. Frederick the Great is repellent to me in every possible way, and I felt all the time that Carlyle was forcing himself and forcing me into a simulated admiration for something he knew perfectly well not to be really admirable.

But I never come into any sort of contact with Lincoln without being absolutely fascinated. There is something in that elusive, mysterious, impenetrable, yet intensely companionable personality that holds me like glue. I lived for years in close intimacy with the study of General Lee. I admired him, I revered him; but I never got close to him. You feel at every moment that Lincoln is as ready and as able to take you into his heart as Shakespeare was, as Christ was. The measure of your ability to enter there is simply the measure of your own limitations.

But it seems to me that all this charm of Lincoln gains immensely by the large, sinuous, spontaneous epic power of your narrative. You have a lot of background. Possibly some portions of it might be dispensed with. Yet I felt all the time, so much more than with the Carlyle, that every bit of the background was bearing on the principal figure, was soaked up in him, as it were, till he and the reader were saturated, drenched with it.

And then you have such an advantage in having grown up in the region in which Lincoln grew up, and you have kept so close to the people whom he knew and loved so well. Both in the *Lincoln* and in your poems you have all the spirit of this vast, dubious, struggling, restless, animal, triumphant America, which Lincoln knew or divined better than anyone, and died for. I can appreciate it, because a wretched body and perhaps also a too indolent temperament have kept me all my life immured, cloistered, solitary, and have deprived me of all real, solid grip on the immediate life which I should like so much to interpret humanly, but cannot. What I do is all colored, vitiated, diluted by the pale shadow of books: you get your hand on life and keep it there.

To Mr. M. A. DeWolfe Howe

September 10, 1928

DEAR MARK: —

I must write a line at once to say how wholly, heartily, and enthusiastically I agree with every bit of [John Jay] Chapman's verses, without any reservation whatsoever.

I have always loved the Catholic Church as a tradition. For several years I attended its services, and was long tempted to consider identifying myself with it. To me it is the only form of Christianity that really counts, or ever will.

But as it is to-day, and with my Puritan habits and legacy, I hate and dread it like the devil. If I were inside, I should adore, but so long as I am outside, I detest, as whole-heartedly as Chapman. I utterly disbelieve in its tolerance, which does not exist, and cannot. It would burn you and me at the stake to-morrow, if it could, to save our souls. The whole of South America is the living witness of what we shall be taking a step towards if we elect Al Smith.

If I had the courage of a rat, I should come out and say all these things in print, and that is where I most of all agree with Chapman about the degrading subjugation of Boston. The sole thing that keeps me from taking this stand is, as he said, fear, of the howl of vulgar abuse that would overwhelm anyone who ventured to criticize the Catholics even as mildly as one might dare with the Christian Scientists, or the Unitarians, who are fair game for everybody. If you see Chapman, tell him how grateful I am to him for saying what I feel. Boston has become a slave-city and I am often glad my daughter has got out of it.

What do you suppose would happen to me if you printed this letter, which perhaps is a little stronger than

the circumstances really require? But Chapman's poem really did my heart good.

To Mr. Carl Sandburg

April 23, 1929

DEAR SANDBURG: —

It has been a rich and varied and really quite overwhelming spiritual experience to me to read the two volumes of poems that you were kind enough to send me. I have read some of them before, but not so much as I should have done.

What overcomes me in it all is the glory and abundance of life. As I tried to tell you when you were here, I am oppressed, weighed down with my own shortcoming in this respect. I have lived coddled, nursed, cherished in one tender corner, by one remote and isolated fireside. I thrill and throb when I am thrown into your gorgeous contact with men and things, in all their fertile and ever-flowering aspects.

But of course the mere sense of surface is comparatively little. I expected that in you and knew I should find it. I confess that what I did not expect to find quite so much, and what still further enchanted me, was the interpenetration of life everywhere by thought and imagination and spiritual urgency. The glittering and varied surface is set aglow and kept aglow by the ardor of the spirit within, the eager spirit, the questioning spirit, oftentimes the suffering and tormented, yet the spirit that recognizes at all times, if not the sufficiency, at any rate the splendid inspiration and cogency and compelling vitality of life.

On one side, and indeed on many sides, but on one side particularly I must some day talk further with you, and that is the matter of rhythm and metre. Your generation — for, alas, I must distinguish it from mine — seems

to have reached an ampler attitude in that respect. I confess I still cling to old regular metres, cannot feel that their capacity of expression is exhausted, or that anything can quite take the place of the magic that Shakespeare and Shelley got out of their delicate symmetry of touch. Yet of course I fully recognize the sinuous splendor and the broad, far-reaching adaptability of such a medium as yours. Yes, I must have a talk with you about it.

The truth is, the metre is simply part of a deeper tendency, which is rootedly connected with what I said in the beginning about the vast reach and grasp upon life. More and more in these last years I have felt that what I myself needed was release, to shake off the cramping bonds of tradition and convention and education and say what I really thought and felt. That was what I always tried to do in such attempts as I have made at verse, and that is the glory of verse, that the splendor and inspiration of it help one to do just that thing, go free, escape from the hampering bonds of Philistine convention and be oneself. That I suppose is what, owing to the misery of my training and spiritual habits, I shall never fully achieve, and I shall have to die in the belief that if I had grown up like Lincoln I should really have developed some measure of genius. Perhaps it is better to have such a dream hidden about one somewhere, rather than to be fully convinced that a humdrum and prosaic mediocrity was all one was born as well as bred to.

To Mr. V. F. Calverton

July 31, 1930

DEAR CALVERTON: —

I was much delighted with the wisdom and reasonableness of your discussion of Reality in the *Monthly*. Certainly few human beings can have

known more about the thirty years' battle with Reality than I did, and I think the elements of that contention are as vital in me to-day as they were thirty years ago. It is a splendid, fruitful process to go through, and spirits who have known it are the ones that have the power and the incentive for renovating the world. But your point that in the end what counts is not the blind and fruitless warfare, not the futile and evanescent scolding, but the creative acceptance of Reality as a fact and the persistent, unfaltering effort to do something about it and with it, is certainly the wise one to arrive at and the one that all the young and ardent and passionate spirits need to have dinned into them with ceaseless iteration.

For myself the — purely personal — tragedy is that I have never succeeded in getting beyond the attitude of understanding Reality without the faintest power or perhaps even disposition to endeavor to modify or ameliorate it. I cannot quarrel with Reality any longer, though heaven knows no one is better aware of its defects. I simply accept it as an overwhelming fact and confront it and probe it to its very subtlest depths, as far as I possibly can, with a limitless curiosity and a vague dilettante enjoyment. But as for any attempt to mend it or adjust it or improve it, I feel myself utterly unequal to the task. In all the thirty years of my literary activity, which has been considerable of its kind, I painfully feel that I have not advanced the cause of humanity one inch or done any conceivable thing to make the world in any way better. All I have done is to ask questions, and though asking questions has a certain clarifying value, it has also the forlorn defect that any fool can do it.

The intimate study that I have been making this past year of the men who

have bitten into Reality with passionate vigor and earnestness, the Lenins, the Mussolinis, the Roosevelts, the Wilsons, the Fords, the Edisons, has dizzied and dazed me with the sense of what such creatures have and I have not.

They act. They make mistakes, they expose themselves to endless criticism, they tear down when they should build up and build up frail edifices that they themselves know well can never stand. But at least they act. They take Reality as it is, and mould it and twist it and show its endless possibilities, and set their impress on it somehow, for good or evil; and when they have done, Reality at least knows that they have existed and bears witness to their vital force.

Whereas to me action is a terror. I want to understand Reality, but perhaps after all we cannot understand it without actually dealing with it. When we try merely to visualize it, to portray, to delineate all its subtle elements and fleeting moments, we find that after all it has eluded us, and we are punished for our cowardice and fatal delinquency by finding that there is no reality in all this limitless universe except ourselves and that that is the most unreal entity of the whole lot.

So the real lesson is precisely what you preach, that we must neither wage a blind battle with reality nor indulge ourselves in the futile though endlessly amusing observation of it. We must make something of it, at the risk of making fools of ourselves if we attempt it and vain and futile shadows if we do not.

To Mr. Alfred C. Potter

November 14, 1931

DEAR ALFRED: —

I send the little manuscript volume by mail, though it makes me smile to think how I should have felt when I wrote it to know that anyone would ever consider it worth while to put it in the same collection with the Shelley manuscript which my dear old friend Silsbee gave to George Woodberry.

I see that you were elected to the Historical Society and I to the Academy on the same day, both very august assemblies and both intolerably dull, though I don't know that we shall do much to enliven them. I had far rather read an old play with you and Hooker over a glass of lemonade and whiskey than go to any of their meetings. By what Tony Lumpkin and Sir Walter would call 'a concatenation accordingly,' I am reminded of Channing [Professor Edward Channing], whose chair [at the American Academy of Arts and Letters] I am supposed to have, and I smile to think how disgusted he would have been. Did I tell you of my one encounter with him? I had read a little paper at the Historical Society on 'Fiction as Historical Material.' Channing and I happened to walk away together afterwards. He asked me if I ever took any of his courses when I was in college. I was obliged to say no, though without explaining that I never was in college. 'Ah!' he said, 'that's a pity. If you had, you might have been a historian.' Everyone tells me the remark was characteristic. And now I sit in his chair! What a mad world it is.

(The End)

THE CRAZY MAN

BY J. ALLAN DUNN

I

THE falls for which our town is named are not particularly famous, but locally we are very proud of them. The water sweeps smoothly over the rocky ledge and drops a hundred feet into a deep pool; flowing on, after its foam-bubbled eddies subside, through a little natural park of trees and ferns, which has for fifty years been known as Spooners' Woods.

Above the falls the river is quite wide, pleasantly bordered by grassy meadows, fringed by trees. Because ours is a purely farming community, the falls have never been harnessed to a factory. The water is unpolluted. There are fish above and below the falls — perch, bass, and even trout.

I was fishing, above the falls, when I saw Jed Simms. The water was amber, beginning to clear after rain. It was high and it ran swiftly, gathering force above its drop, as if eager to take the leap. The sound of the falls was a steady, pleasant pounding, like the roll of drums.

It was the beginning of autumn; the goldenrod and the wild asters, the reddening sumachs, were the first heralds of winter. There was a backwash where the river had eaten out the bank, and it was there I hoped to catch my perch, or perhaps one of the big bass said to haunt that hole. I was using live minnows, on a lip hook. I had a jar sunk in the pool, weighted, covered with a wire cap. There were

free minnows in that, with tufts of red wool, to act as a lure.

But evening was coming on, and I had fished for three hours without a bob of my float to show that perch or bass were even interested. I had been patient, youthful though I was, for I was a good angler. But I had about come to the conclusion that it was too soon after the rain. I was just about to haul out my jar of minnows, to pack up my rod, when I saw the man they said, later, was crazy.

II

He was in a boat, a punt with flat bottom and square bows and stern. He owned it, used it for fishing. He had given me my rod, and we were friends, though there was more than half a century between us.

Usually he poled the punt in the shallows, or moored it close to shore. Now he sat on the centre thwart, the craft gripped by the current, his hands motionless. The lowering sun threw mellow light upon his face. It was serene, it seemed eminently sane — as I remembered it; it was so content that I ignored his danger.

He was then perhaps a hundred yards above the falls, the hundred-foot drop to the pool, where rocks thrust up in angled fault formation.

With every yard, punt and current gathered speed. In a few seconds he

would not be able to scull clear, even if he had oars and rowlocks. It would take a long rope and a skillful flinger to reach him.

But I did not see that for the moment. He waved his hand to me, and smiled, much as he had done when I had been on the platform one time when he took the train for the county seat — the gesture of a happy traveler.

Then I realized his peril. I stood up and called to him — wildly, after the first shout or two. I saw that he knew what was going to happen, that he accepted it.

The meadows were lonely. I could see nobody. I could think of no way to aid him. There were no boats nearer than a mile. Now he was within twenty yards of the plunge; the punt was turning sidewise to the current. He was doomed!

I was n't in my teens, then. Panic seized me. It was not merely fear of *his* fate — I was in the clutch of a terror that was personal. It was akin to the inner horror that seemed to chill the blood on certain dark nights when I passed the corner of the cemetery lot, where a murdered man was buried. I felt the dread of something supernatural, the presence of something that was too strong for my childish spirit to sustain. I think the serenity, the purpose, in the face of the man riding to his death inspired this fright.

Then I heard someone calling cows. I saw the sleek beasts answer, and I

ran, panting and stumbling and gasping, to find the farmer. Behind me I heard the drum roll of the falls. I knew that *it had happened*, that I could do nothing, that no one could do anything . . . and still I ran, in mad dismay. . . .

III

'If,' said my aunt, 'he did it on purpose, he must have been crazy.'

My father did not dispute her. She had kept house for him since my mother died. She was good, rather than kind; hers was a stern and narrow creed.

'I would n't say that,' said my grandfather quietly. 'Jed Simms was getting on, he had no near kin, he owed nobody — and he had cancer.'

'If he did a thing like that, in his right mind,' my aunt countered, 'it was a sin. He died in sin.'

This time nobody said anything. My grandfather never argued. My aunt looked at him angrily — antagonistic, glaring. He gazed at her with something of the same quality that had been in the mien of the man in the punt, of Jed Simms on his last journey. She sniffed. I never saw anyone who could prevail against that look of Grandfather's.

Seth Minturn described it once.

'When he looks at you thet way,' said Seth, 'you *know* he knows the answers.'

A NEW ERA IN SPEED

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

WHEN one flew from coast to coast on the express passenger schedules of 1933, twenty-one hours of traveling time was making first-class speed. Before the second month of 1934 was out a new type of transport plane crossed the continent in thirteen hours — two hundred and twenty miles per hour through winter blizzards.

We are on the threshold of a new era in flying, for 1935 points inevitably to speeds of three hundred and four hundred miles an hour.

Now, if ever, is the time when the airways need not only the support of the public, which they have always had, but the energetic coöperation of the government. I am not referring here to the recent air-mail controversy; what I suggest is government coöperation in solving a specific technical problem, the solution of which would revolutionize the entire future of aviation. To make this coöperation effective it will not be necessary for the government to become involved in the operation of the air lines; these are the product of years of experience and organization, and a change in the control of such intricate systems might well be disastrous to all concerned. It has been amply shown that the task belongs to the professionals. It is in initiating the scientific development of certain new principles into uses at once valuable and spectacular that a wonderful opportunity exists for the government to take the lead. It

can advance a new and vital industry into phases which will dwarf all previous achievements, will create new sources of employment, will open up new fields for exploitation.

If we are to maintain our leadership in commercial flying, — so hardly won and splendidly maintained, — constructive action is essential, if only in the self-interest of the government.

In France and in Germany planes are being designed to cross the Atlantic in six hours. New vistas are opening, based on new conceptions of speed and distance. Horizons shrink. In this new picture of world communication, of new routes and schedules, not only across our own continent but across all the continents and oceans of the world, it will be a calamity if American prestige cannot be retained.

II

These great speeds are coming, but not as a result of something yet to be invented. They will come as a result of applying and combining three inventions that have recently been perfected — the variable-pitch propeller, the altitude supercharger, and slow-landing wings. These inventions, with all their subsidiary details, have yet to be interlocked, just as the spring, the cogs, and the escapement of a watch must be meshed before we have a timepiece.

It is by now generally accepted that the high-speed planes will be altitude planes. I do not refer to the stratosphere, to the researches of Piccard and Settle in the upper air. Stratosphere flying is certain to come, but for the present the idea is rather Wellsian—eventually practical, but born too early. The new method will be simpler.

The six-miles-a-minute machines will be quite ordinary-looking planes. A passenger going aboard for Europe, South America, or the Orient would be unlikely to detect anything unusual about them. He might, if he looked closely, notice a slight protuberance around the hub of the propeller; if the engine covers were off, he might notice a gadget like a rather complicated air pump; he might see that the door of the passenger cabin fitted very closely and that it had a special handle. But that would be all.

Amazing new air services will be as familiar to him as the runs of the 'Twentieth Century Limited' and the sailings of the *Bremen* are to us. Here, for example, are a few typical journeys showing the fastest surface transportation, together with the old and new schedules by air:—

	Surface	Old Air	New Air
New York to London	5½ days	None	10 hrs.
New York to San Francisco.....	4 days	21 hrs.	8 hrs.
San Francisco to Tokio.....	14 days	None	20 hrs.
Chicago to Buenos Aires.....	21 days	8 days	28 hrs.
Boston to Washington.....	9 hrs.	4 hrs.	80 min.

Kipling's vision of 'The Night Mail' will pale before the sheer matter-of-fact routine of the departure of the European Express from Newark every evening. Yet how prophetic was the title of the great story!

When the first excitement has worn

off, it will become commonplace enough. The office boy, licking the special stamps, may feel a flickering remnant of dime-thriller romance, or picture a sort of Norse Nick Carter, metal-helmeted, roaring under glittering stars around the curve of the world. But the letters, prosaically, will just drop down the chute at 5 P.M. and be uneventfully delivered at the sooty General Post Office in Cheapside the next morning at nine.

The British business man, because of the difference in time, will have until midnight to catch the U. S. Mail; or going in person, directly from the theatre perhaps, he will retire to his bunk as the plane leaves Croydon and wake for breakfast, around dawn, as the express is tearing over Boston. There will be no reason why the really high-pressure go-getter should not leave for Europe, make the deal, feast the victim, and be back in New York with the loss, if one may call it that, of but one business day.

The difference in time will give rise to some queer anachronisms. On the fastest service, a man will leave Paris at noon and arrive in New York before the late luncheons are over. More than that, some super-speed pilot like Hawks or Wedell or Turner may succeed in arriving earlier than he started!

III

Now for the actual problem of making such speeds possible.

The same air which supports a plane tends to prevent it from going forward. The engine and propeller can overcome this drag up to a certain point, and that point becomes the maximum speed of the plane. It takes a tremendous increase in power to achieve even a small increase in speed against the resisting air.

However, the higher one flies, the

thinner the air becomes, the farther apart are the molecules. For instance, at twenty-one thousand feet the density of the air is only one half the density near the ground; therefore at this height each cubic foot of space contains only half as many molecules. As a plane climbs, it tries to dash forward faster because the drag is less, it tries to get the same amount of molecules around its wings to hold it up; but it cannot, because the propeller is unable to get a grip on the thin air. The engine loses power; it cannot breathe in quite enough air to mix with the gasoline. Even if the engine is supercharged, the pilot has to 'take his foot off the gas'; otherwise the motor would turn up at such a rate that the propeller would burst and the pistons fly through the cylinder heads. When he throttles the engine, his speed decreases.

We now come to the essence of the problem. If the engine and propeller could maintain a *constant thrust*, they would drive the plane forward at a speed at which the total resistance would also be constant. In maintaining such an opposing pressure against itself in a thin atmosphere, the plane would have to dash through more space to find more molecules, and would achieve a much higher true speed, or ground speed.

We could take one of the latest passenger and transport ships with a cruising speed near the ground of two hundred miles per hour and obtain the following results: —

<i>Elevation</i>	<i>Ground Speed</i>
0 ft.	200 m.p.h.
21,000 ft.	285 m.p.h.
28,000 ft.	315 m.p.h.
35,000 ft.	365 m.p.h.

A queer but valuable feature of these phenomenal speeds is that the recorded *air speed* will always be the

same (in the above case, two hundred miles per hour). This is because air speed is measured, in effect, by the resistance offered by the air, by the total impact between the plane and the molecules. This resistance will remain constant.

IV

The problem, then, is to enable the propeller to get a bite on the thin air, to make it possible for the engine to keep turning at full power. This will be accomplished, with all the extraordinary results already touched upon, through two small but fundamental pieces of mechanism.

The first is the variable-pitch propeller, which makes it possible to vary the pitch while the plane is in full flight. When the plane is on the ground, in thick air, the propeller blades will be set at a very fine angle; this will give a quick take-off and reduce the hazard of engine failure near the ground. As the machine rises, the pilot, by turning a handle on his dashboard, will increase this angle until, when he reaches high altitude, the blades will be at their maximum setting, presenting a wide area which will enable the propeller to grip the air and thrust it back. The effect is, as it were, to put the plane into high gear.

However, the variable-pitch propeller is comparatively useless by itself; to realize its potentialities a second piece of mechanism is required.

This is a variable supercharger. When a plane reaches high altitude, the carburetor cannot suck in enough air. It is like trying to run a car at full speed with the choke out. Without 'supercharging' — some means of delivering more air to the engine — the pilot must constantly cut down the gas. This condition is well known, and superchargers

have been built to cope with it. But for the new high-speed planes a special form of supercharger will be necessary; it must be infinitely variable, so that it can be synchronized with the propeller. Otherwise an altitude supercharger would deliver such an excess of air near the ground that the plane would have difficulty in getting off.

These two inventions unlock the door to enormous speeds. A third device will be combined with them in the interest of additional safety; it is the wing flap. This is a long strip on the trailing edge of the wing. When the flap is pulled down by the pilot it adds to the curvature of the wing, which increases both the lift and the drag, so that even a fast plane can be landed slowly.

The task that lies ahead is to work out the proper combination of these inventions. Each one, by itself, has been tried, and its practicability demonstrated. All that remains is to assemble them, to find out all the exquisite interactions which occur in flight, and to work out the necessary adjustments.

This is not an easy task, but neither is it mysterious. It does not involve splitting the atom, nor does it call for a revolution in metallurgy. There is nothing insurmountable in the problem. It is simply a matter of coördinated, practical testing.

It may be asked, 'Why are the blades not set at a big angle at the outset?' The answer is that the engine could not turn the propeller fast enough in thick air to get the plane off the ground. Or, 'If this thing is so simple, why has it not been done long ago?' In the first place, it is a complex piece of engineering, and, in the second place, the great airplane users and their designers, including the government, have been asleep at the switch, and until very re-

cently the designers have not been encouraged to make any serious attack on the problem.

Subsidiary alterations in design will be necessary. The chief of these will be in the passenger cabin. It will be tightly closed, mechanically ventilated, supplied with adequate air from a cabin supercharger, and heated, as at present, by the engine exhaust. This cabin work is a straight engineering problem, but, since nothing has yet been done in this direction, it will require research and careful testing. The problem can be solved to a point where passengers will be less inconvenienced in altitude flying than in taking a subway trip through the Hudson Tunnels or going up and down in the elevators of the Empire State Building.

To summarize, the new planes will take off at normal speed as at present. They will climb, at a far faster rate than is now possible, until they level off at around 21,000 feet. At that or greater height they will fly at between three and four hundred miles per hour ground speed, high over any storms, and when they reach their destination they will glide down and land more slowly than the old 120-miles-per-hour planes.

At their cruising height there will be no bumps, no clouds to blanket the sun and stars. The strain on the airplane will be no greater than now, because, although flying faster, it will be moving through thinner air, with less resistance. There will be no increase in the fuel consumed, for the throttle will remain at the same setting from the beginning to the end of a flight.

V

Safety takes precedence over speed, economy, or any other consideration in air transport, particularly in this country. Safety, then, is the first yard-

stick with which to measure a new idea.

It is not generally realized that nearly 200,000,000 passenger miles per year have been flown on our transport lines, and that, statistically speaking, the average passenger can expect to fly a distance equivalent to one thousand times around the world before a mishap overtakes him. Whatever the future may hold for aviation, it is unlikely that our great airways of to-day will ever be surpassed as far as extraordinary organization and minute care are concerned.

The air-mail 'scandals' have been featured in the news; some of the 'higher-ups' have been at the bar of public opinion; but nothing can take away from the achievements of the operating personnel who have conceived, organized, and run the finest airways in the world. It is the equipment, not the operating plans, that must be improved.

The majority of accidents occur during take-offs, landings, and in bad weather.

The first possibility of danger in a flight is just after the take-off. It may happen once in a thousand times that the power plant fails before the machine is high enough to manoeuvre freely to a landing; then there can be disaster. The short run and the fast take-off, made possible by variable-pitch propellers, will do much to reduce this hazard.

Landing presents possible difficulties. A large part of the problem of preserving the safety of the passengers is to apply the plane *slowly* to the earth. The financial necessity, from an operating point of view, of achieving higher flying speeds has already resulted in excessive landing speeds. A fast plane of conventional design lands very rapidly, for when it is brought down to earth the speed must be such that the various

controls will 'bite' on the air. From the passengers' point of view, it is hard to justify landing transport planes at seventy or eighty miles an hour. At a great terminal airport with concrete runways, it is not of so much moment, but in the case of a forced landing or an attempt to get down in a mountain field the pilot may have to put down a five- or six-ton transport under conditions where a hair-line fault of judgment, or the slightest overweighing of the scales against him, will cause a bad crash.

But with the perfection of the devices I have mentioned, which will give such enormous reserves of speed at altitude, the necessity for employing semi-racing planes will disappear. The more moderate design, employing 'flaps,' which have already proved their efficiency, will enable altitude planes to be brought in at fifty miles an hour; they will take an exceptionally short run — one quarter the normal — once the wheels are on the ground.

For that matter, landings will be fewer, since the new era of speed will mean a new era in airway operation. The coast-to-coast ships on the Northern run, for instance, will doubtless have only two stops, instead of eleven as at present — Chicago and, say, Denver or Salt Lake City. Territory between these places will be served by slower planes at lower altitudes, picking up passengers at Cleveland, Toledo, Des Moines, Omaha, Cheyenne, and so on, and concentrating them at the express stops. As traffic increases, we shall naturally have the aerial 'Overland Limited,' a non-stop extra-fare plane, capable of departing from New York at 2 P.M. and arriving in San Francisco or Los Angeles at 7 P.M. Pacific time.

The last but chief possibility of danger in passenger flying is from the weather. By means of a close network

of weather stations, range beacons, and two-way radio equipment, this hazard has been enormously reduced in the past five years. Nevertheless, it has by no means disappeared. There are times when pilots still have to fly 'blind' by their instruments, and this is fundamentally unsound. The altitude planes, even at 20,000 feet, will be high above all ordinary storms, and, if the apex of some super-storm reaches this level, at such enormous speeds it would need only a slight pressure on the rudder pedal to carry the plane clear around it. Indeed, the pilot could afford to go fifty miles off his course if need arose — he would only lose ten minutes.

The altitude planes will make good use of the upper-air wind currents, which the government is charting with this end in view. For instance, it may be found that at a certain altitude there is a constant westerly gale which will cut the Atlantic crossing to eight hours, while at another level or latitude there is an easterly gale which will do the same thing for the westerly crossing. Cases not dissimilar have already been encountered, as witness the fact that recently two United Air Lines planes, flying simultaneously in opposite directions, — one from Seattle to Oakland at 8000 feet, and the other from Oakland to Seattle at 3000 feet, — each made a record trip.

Pilots will still have to come down through the weather to land, but again the altitude planes will have the advantage of enormous radius in a short time. Perhaps a transatlantic plane coming in over Ireland at three to four hundred miles per hour will receive word that London, possibly the whole of the South of England, is blanketed in zero-zero weather. A few words from the desk microphone of the London Superintendent will inform the pilot that Liverpool or York or even Edin-

burgh is open; in such an exceptional emergency the pilot may land at any of them. The farthest will be only ten minutes off his base course.

From the operating point of view, there is one final boon to be derived from high-speed flying: that is, it will be less taxing on the crew. In fact, the new era may even bring about a decrease in the more dramatic qualities required of transport pilots. The present men possess extraordinary qualities of skill and judgment, born of necessity and of the hard experience of pioneering in that recent era when they had no radio, no lighted airways, no reliable engines, not even any accurate weather data.

We can imagine a graying veteran who flew the Transcontinental Mail in 1926 talking to the air-liner captain of 1936 in much the same way as the hard-driving master of a Cape Horn clipper might talk to a captain of a Diesel-electric liner of our day.

VI

To us, as to other nations, the gift of speed is destined to become a two-edged sword. As swift communication becomes common throughout the world, the effect on our national defense will be formidable.

Our coast-defense planes will command a radius of action of nearly three thousand miles. For example, a Navy plane will be able to fly a thousand miles out to sea, descend near the surface, scout a sector of several hundred miles, climb back to altitude, and return. Between them, the Army and the Navy will be able as a matter of routine to cover the entire Pacific triangle between Hawaii, Seattle, and Los Angeles, not merely once but several times a day. It will be possible for them to scout at least a thousand miles west of

Hawaii, and it will take them but three hours to reach a point where an enemy fleet, advancing to attack, would still be forty-eight hours from the Islands.

Again, take the problem of the Panama Canal, our main artery of national defense. Here is the one route by which our fleet can be moved expeditiously from coast to coast; yet, because of its small size, it remains unpleasantly vulnerable. Automatically, in the new era, it will become safer, except, of course, in case of a direct air attack. But it will be impossible for an enemy, even with maximum luck in the way of secrecy and evasion of our surface vessels, to bring his fleet within a thousand miles of the Pacific entrance of the Canal without detection; while, from the Atlantic side, defending planes will probably spot the enemy when his vessels are still at five days' steaming distance from Colon.

With regard to a direct air attack, a great deal of nonsense has been written about the frightful casualties that may be inflicted upon our civilian population by hordes of hostile bombers. A big bomb has a terrible effect, but it is local. The real terror for the civilian population during the next war will be from gases that are intensely poisonous, and perhaps from bacteria as well. Consider a comparatively modest force of, say, two hundred planes making a night attack upon a city. They will be able to approach at a speed of at least six miles a minute and at five miles of height, invisible to any searchlight. Even were they visible, they would be immune to anti-aircraft batteries. Such a squadron could drop at least four hundred tons of containers packed with poison gas under high pressure. The gas would be odorless. There would be no warning. Thus it is conceivable for a city like Washington to be covered with a sea of fumes ten

to twenty feet in depth, exterminating all within it, and thus paralyzing for days and even weeks the seat of government.

These grim possibilities are far from unreal. Chemical warfare is in preparation throughout the world, and it is a dreamy sentimentalist indeed who imagines that this most terrible method of inflicting mass death will not be used to the limit of its horror. It will be the first time in history that one Power can strike down the civilian population of another long before the military forces come in contact, perhaps within half an hour of the declaration of war. It is a grisly speculation, but one that must be faced.

One compensating fact, of course, is that the possibility of high-speed offense will also mean high-speed defense. An attack such as the one described cannot be turned away by defending planes once it is over a city, for aerial combat is difficult to wage in darkness. Further, it takes time to climb to five-mile altitudes, and every minute during which defending planes are climbing will speed the attacking planes six more miles along their return trip.

It will be imperative, therefore, to seek and destroy the enemy planes and their carriers while still far out at sea, before they can attempt, let alone complete, what might easily be the decisive stroke of a whole war.

VII

In view of all this, it will be seen that there is great necessity for a definite programme which will make the perfection of the new high-speed devices a reality. The commercial possibilities are too obvious, the exigencies of national defense too insistent, to permit us to await the normal hit-or-miss processes of the aircraft manufacturing

industry. The experimenting, adjusting, designing, and testing that must be undertaken to produce successful high-speed planes will call for coördinated effort, and the logical agency to look to for that is the Federal Government.

Notwithstanding recent headlines, the air transport companies have not, as a whole, achieved earnings on the money invested in them. The basic reason is simple. To make money, the air lines must obviously have greater volume of mail and passengers. To gain volume, the service must be quicker and cheaper. The way to lower operating costs lies in higher speed, and this is why the air lines have been buying swifter equipment. But it is not yet swift enough. To develop planes that *are* fast enough to solve the financial problem of the companies, a definite programme of technical research and experimentation must be undertaken, and this is where the government fits into the picture.

In the past the government has been of inestimable aid in helping private enterprise to build up our vast network of air lines. Without the technical equipment installed by the government when air transport was in its infancy, the United States could not have achieved its present position in air development. Previously we had lagged far behind Europe. The government then made a large investment to promote aviation, through mail subsidies and by providing a magnificent system of weather stations, radio beacons, emergency fields, and lighted airways. As a result, the routine traffic at Newark Airport alone is to-day greater than that of the Croydon, Le Bourget, Tempelhof, and Vittorio terminals combined.

This is what government coöperation has already helped to accomplish. And now, in much the same way, the govern-

ment can do another great service to the nation — and at little cost. Let it be emphatically stated that the government is not called upon to engage in any such calamitous project as the nationalization of the airways. The job which the government is pre-eminently fitted to do is to sponsor a definite programme of technical development, to undertake a rationally planned effort to solve the problem of speed, instead of leaving it to the well-intentioned but unsystematic experiments which the private companies are now carrying on.

The project presents no extraordinary difficulties. Through the Department of Commerce or the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, with its resources at Langley Field, — or perhaps through some new agency to be created, — the government could command the services of the finest technicians and pilots from the Army and Navy, as well as from the aircraft industry, to coöperate in the work. By test, alteration, and retest, it would then be possible to design and adjust planes, superchargers, and propellers — in short, to work out a practical and efficient model for high-speed planes. Though embracing many details, new and unexplored, the project is a thoroughly feasible one, and could be carried through to completion in a comparatively short time.

The government already has, in the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, a body which has been financed by public funds and which has, in the past few years, made very valuable contributions to the whole art of flying. It has carried out innumerable pieces of research; indeed, it was the only body competent and equipped to undertake such work. If the National Advisory Committee on Aeronautics, or some similar agency, were given adequate funds to complete the technical development

mentioned in this article, it would revolutionize flying. As a direct result, the government would save large sums of money not only on its military aircraft but on its mail subsidies, which it clearly expects to continue in one form or another. Thus the venture would be a paying proposition for the government, and a great boon to the country at large.

VIII

As individuals we may approve or disapprove of the new era of speed and of the contraction of the world which it will bring about. That makes no difference, for it is surely coming. The picture I have drawn of future possibilities may appear incredible, but flying speeds of from three to four hundred miles an hour will be as nothing

compared to the miracle of flight itself. They are not as incredible as the idea of a modern transport plane — lighted, heated, radio-equipped — would have seemed to us when the Wrights undertook their first experiment. They are not as incredible as a vision of our dense airway network of 1933, operating day and night, piling up more than 3,000,000 passenger miles a week, would have appeared to us only five years ago.

Abroad, the best aeronautical minds are concentrating on experimental work. If we are to retain our standing, it is high time for American designers and operators to make a move, and for the government to realize that our future in the air is not just a matter of private and domestic concern, but one of national and international importance.

YEAR'S END

BY JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

I

Now waiting quietly for his father to come, Jarrett noticed the clear icy sunset and black trees, the feeling of frost and a more bitter coldness still to follow. He looked down between the hills and could see the old man, not hurrying, but coming on with purpose — Rilke's head muffled in his scarf and with hands behind his back. His father would talk warily and come by wound paths to his question, and after a long history of past and future winters, and what a man might or might not expect, would ask what it was that Jarrett intended to do now. And when he finally asked he would be a mouth speaking for all who had known his son or heard of him or seen his name on the post box.

. . . What will you do now? What are your plans? We want to know. . . . Come, come! Tell us everything. We want to know everything. We want to know how a man feels over such things. . . . Act for us. Tell us just how you did it and why. Quick, show your mind. Talk, so we can see what has happened to you. . . . Our eyes are on you . . . our ears waiting. . . . Will he swear? Hate? Give up? Go out of his mind? . . . What next? What now? How has he taken it all? . . .

And in the time of Rilke's slow crawling up the creek road Jarrett tried to find in the words he was used to saying some that would make it clear but give no more than he chose to have

them know — the truth being simple enough but hard to explain. The old horror of the inarticulate; the feeling of being imprisoned — mouthless and stricken dumb. The same helpless irritation that had come when he talked to Léonie — trying to tell her he loved her, and having no words; his tongue clay, yet sure that in his living, in the five years of their life together, he had proved it to her in other ways and she had believed him. But now to old Rilke there could be no doing — answer and explanation must be told in words, or else only silence and let him think what he might, and say what he chose, or let the hungry ears go unfilled.

II

In the autumn of drouth last year their son had died; and in the spring of this year following, the barn, struck in the April storms, had poured up fire like a torch and burned his horses. The sound of their thudding against the mangers was loud in his ears still when he remembered; but Léonie had held him back from the doors, threatening to follow if he went inside, and, in the wet morning after, had toed the black ashes, turning over the charred bones, thanking her dark gods that she had more of him left than this, and told him in half mockery that she was more sure of their resurrection than his own. Léonie had never whined. She had

always seen — as in that morning — the unborn barn covering the black charnel heap; had held his arm and said they were better rid of the old — and not with any bright, sickly bravery, but with conviction.

They had built it over again, Léonie crawling its roof in the hot spring sun, stretched like a lizard along its ridge, and staring off down into the valley with her nails half driven; naming for him the lands that touched their own, — there being only one tenanted and the others deserted now, — and boasting her hawk eyes that could see a snake coiled in the creek road, and the shift of a leaf in Jordan's pasture.

'Jordan has stony land,' Jarrett said. 'He eats to plough, but no food's enough.' He wondered aloud what a man living as Jordan lived — alone since he came a year ago — worked for, and felt sorry in a vague and contented way. 'He lives on hope,' Léonie had said. 'A man can get on alone.'

Jarrett had shifted himself in thought to Jordan's land, looked up at their ridge and saw the barn rising around its ashes and saw themselves as Jordan might see them — two specks crawling along the roof boards, black ants in the mild sun, moving near together, and not standing here in a rocky pasture, alone and thin as one of his crowded trees. 'He gets on,' Jarrett said, 'but it don't mean anything. I knew what it was like to be alone.'

Léonie looked down on him, resting now on the roof edge, and smiled, and then out again across Jordan's land with its crumbling barns and stony fields. 'Jordan fiddles — goes to the dances — reads. A man could fill up a life with reading. Maybe he works too hard to be lonely. Work is a sort of dog — worrying a man out of himself.'

'That's so,' Jarrett said, 'but it's not enough, I tell you.' He knew that she wanted him to say more and say

what he meant, but the words stuck down. She had waited and sat watching him as he hammered the nails, with a slow precision, and yet not unaware of the smoky spring around them and shrieks nesting already in the bare thorn trees. Out of his eye's corner he saw Jordan, a small dot, come out of his house, and moving fast down toward the hog lot. The man waved both his arms, and his shout came up in a loud thin sound as out of a pipe-stem. 'Ten more!' he shouted, and Léonie laughed. Jarrett grinned down at the man's excited running. 'He'll have more hogs than he can take care of soon. Then he'll have to slave to take care of all that he's slaved to get.'

'What you have to fight to hold on to is n't worth while,' Léonie said. 'It's too covered with mud of the scrapping.'

'Jordan don't think so,' Jarrett had answered her. 'He's had to fight for all that he's ever had. Nothing's ever come to him easy.'

'Nor to you either,' Léonie said. 'You never got the whole of anything. Nothing ever came free to you. Always a little too late or moulded over outside!' She had sounded almost fierce, and Jarrett looked up surprised, saw her face red and strained. 'I'd like something to come just once easy! Something that was n't fought for and fought over and discussed back and forth till it's full of holes!'

The sound in her voice he had n't understood, and he looked at her wondering and uneasy, thinking how little he knew her after all. . . . 'There are some things nothing can spoil — that have n't come only half or turned out imitation. . . . You're one of those things, Léonie. You've always been worth the fighting for and the nights of waiting. You've never let me down.' . . . She did not answer, and he had realized that the words had only been spoken in his

mind, and she sat staring down over Jordan's land waiting for him to speak. . . . 'I'd give you that — whatever it is,' he'd said. 'Not much comes without scratch, though.' He wondered why the hard red still stayed in her face and she kept it turned away, sliding herself off the roof presently and going up to the house, although it was early for noon.

Everything she had said he remembered afterwards, mixed with the warm slow haze over the barn and his own unspoken words, which tormented him because they were never said.

III

This had been in the spring, and not until June did he realize the change in her. He did not watch after her when she went nor ask anything at first, having no desire to know. And not until later was he sure. They went to the dances and suppers together, driving hours in the muggy heat over storm-gullied roads and almost too tired to dance when they got there. He had seen she was not particularly happy even then, but knew she would give no reason till she chose. Jordan went everywhere, playing his violin loud and badly, dancing fast and easy, but thin as a starved hawk clattering, and without him the socials would have died — tasteless as the poor ice cream or prayers. Beside him Jarrett felt like a moving clod, but would have gone a long way to watch him and hear him talk, and felt the nights wasted when Jordan stayed away.

August was full of storms; gray clouds like sagging webs, dark and dirty, swinging across the sky; hay rain-ruined, and the tree bark green with moss. The thistles grew high along the fence between his land and Jordan's, and when Jarrett spoke to him of it Jordan had said he would cut

to-morrow, but found no time. He looked worn out and scarred, and Jarrett, conscious of all his unused strength and enormous body, pitied him in a way. 'I've got less than fifty left,' Jordan told him. 'I've got to lay by enough this year to hold me over the winter. This is good land, Jarrett — all I own's sunk down in it!' When he talked of next year his eyes were excited and brilliant like green stones, vaguely exciting Jarrett too, as at prophecy of great things. He had a way of talking that made what he said come alive, infecting even men who had no reason to hope and years of drouth behind them. 'Clover,' Jordan had said, 'yellow all over the place. Catch roots even on top of these boulders — cover 'm over like moss. Pulverize even rock and make lime for the land. You wait! It'll take the place like weeds. Crack every damned rock in the pasture!'

Jarrett had grinned. 'Rye's good for your land,' he said. 'Put that in your other fields.' He waved his arm out toward the acres beyond the scrub-oak clump, half hidden behind the hills.

'God!' Jordan said, his mouth changing and hard, the flare gone out. 'How'll I get it all done?' And then before Jarrett could answer, 'And for what if I do? What for? What use all the trouble to us?'

'I've got reason enough,' Jarrett said. He saw Jordan's small fierce eyes on his face as though the answer would be of some great value to him. 'I don't think over these things much. Léonie's reason enough, I guess.' He did not guess — he knew, but it sounded too full of sentiment to say as fact.

'Léonie's a good excuse for all work,' Jordan answered. He smiled to himself and cut off a thistle head with his knife. Afterwards Jarrett remembered and wondered if even then Jordan had known the meaning of what he

said or had only talked at random.

It had come to him in small ways — not told with sound and fury, but with more certainty. If she had come to him, saying it aloud in the late August nights: 'What ever was has died, Jarrett — turned limp — gone out. I love Jordan more than I ever loved you — even in the beginning.' If she had shouted it to him he would not have been more certain — as a man knows by a single print the passing of a fox, or death by the finding of one bone.

He had known, but pretended at first he was not sure. 'She'd tell me,' he said. He argued this way to himself, but knew it was only a stupid hope, made out of his own despair, and with no roots. He knew Léonie. Her strange honesty and devious falsehoods, her way of refusing to see things as they were until too late to deny or escape, and the way she had of carrying her heart on a pole and thinking it hidden from all eyes.

On a night in August, hot and full of dust after a week of drying sun, Jarrett had stood by the stalls, his hand on the gate in the dark, holding the chain unfastened and fumbling without thought of what he had started to do, his mind walking back and forth over the worn and raw thoughts. He could see the house lights and the shadow of Léonie, moving black in the lighted window, restless and shoving the dishes on the stove. . . . Go back and eat . . . watch her and love her and know that everything is gone stale — changed. . . . Your turn is over — blotted out. . . . Now remaining only to eat and to work and to watch her. . . . And then hate came over him like a scald of water until he would not have known himself, as though he were drunk or mad, and he lashed out with the chain, crushing its links against the gate and savage to hurt some living thing — whatever

was near at hand. When Léonie came to the door and called him, Jarrett had turned and blundered off down the field, taking blindly and without intention the path broken between his land and Jordan's.

There was no light in the house, and when Jarrett knocked open the door he was confused with the darkness and stopped. 'Who's there?' he heard Jordan ask, and there was a match struck on the wall. Then he saw him straining up from the bed, the match wavering back and forth in his hand, and by its light his face hollow as a goat skull, with a hot stain in the skin. 'Well, thank God!' Jordan said. 'Thank God for someone coming! I'm burnt up like a cinder. Get me a drink some place, Jarrett — out of the bucket, there. . . . My dancing's about done for, Jarrett. Man's days are as grass — soon over. . . . The hay prickles, though. I'm not drunk —'

'What's the matter?' Jarrett had cut in on him. 'What's happened to you?' He reached for the pail of water and dipped a glass; lit the lamp, the chimney so black it gave off only a blurred and smoky light, and held the water to Jordan's mouth.

'It's fever or something,' Jordan said. He fell back on the dirty sheets and snarled with the pain. 'I wrenched my back on one of those Hell-left boulders yesterday. I've seen all colors since — fancy stars and things whirling — big gray oceans of nothing. . . . Say, Jarrett, does a man die of this pain?'

'You won't die of it,' Jarrett said. 'Pain don't kill. I've got to get you a doctor, though. You look like Lazarus risen.'

Jordan twisted his mouth in a grin. 'I got to have something quick.'

Jarrett stumbled over the torn rugs and the clothes dropped wherever Jordan had stood, swore, and went out; heard Jordan call out some painful

thanks, cut off with a sharp sound like a knife in his throat, and ran on toward his house.

IV

Remembering now the months after that evening, August and the early autumn . . . September . . . and October . . . and now December, Jarrett said aloud to the bent head of his father, still crawling slowly beyond earshot, his eyes on the creek road, 'You'll ask me how things went those months — ask me how I came to do what I did, and you won't understand when I answer, not knowing Léonie, not knowing me, nor how it was between us. You'll ask how I took it — but there's no answer to that.' The only answer being both anger and acceptance, the alternate rage and reasoning, and the final emptiness for which he had no words or comparison except some dim idea of an ancient Hell.

He had brought the doctor to Jordan that night and found that his back was wrenched from the plough's jerk, that it was a matter of long rest and slow healing; and Jordan had sworn in helpless fury, desperate and damning his useless body. 'What'll I do, Jarrett? Who'll truck my hogs? Who's going to twitch up my land this late? God, Jarrett, it's like we were little living pegs — stuck places — jumping out — and stuck back further each time. There's something don't want us to get ahead!'

'I'll truck your stuff when it's time,' Jarrett had said. His mind, moving with slowness and blurred with the confusion of finding Jordan there helpless, could see only the one thing that he had to do.

All September and October, Jarrett kept back the acid words, the dragging of truth into light, since things can be known and lived with but remain sterile until spoken aloud, and be

bearable only while never put in words. He waited for some miracle of change — some resurrection of what seemed completely dead. Léonie went with him over to Jordan's; brought food and was alone there sometimes while Jarrett ploughed up the scattered acres, wrenching the earth as though it were a living thing and could feel his hate. The double work was too much, but Jarrett was used to too much, and worked with a kind of dogged persistence, denying thought. There had been no one else to do it. He alone could keep Jordan's work from ending up in blue ruin. Neither he nor Jordan had any money to hire a man, nor was there anyone fool enough to plough on shares and wait an uncertain spring.

Jarrett tried to keep his mind numb. There was this to be done. There was no way out. He hated Jordan, but knew there was no reason in his hate. That a man should love was no reason that he should die alone, be hated, and have all the months of his work wiped out. But it was something he could not lay aside. He could not hate Léonie, though, nor hold himself in such great value that her turning to Jordan seemed a strange and incomprehensible thing. He could understand, but it made the suffering no less. Between them they kept up a mild and surface peace, Léonie because she thought Jarrett did not see, and he because there was still the prayer for some accident of change before his whole acid cup was passed.

. . . October into November somehow. A year of strong rains and the buckeye trees torn early; the crows whirling and shouting above his woods, blattering some unknown judgment among them. Some purpose and sense in what they did, but a confusion of sound he could not read. The elms gold for a week and leaves falling in flaming circles of light under the maples.

Mild some days, as though the oaks' sullen fire had warmed the air, and then a north wind fierce in the shivered leaves. Alone Jarrett found intervals of peace, — not happiness, but an absence of feeling that almost amounted to it,—and wondered why he dreaded that complete aloneness which he knew would come sooner or later. The inevitable winter of love, differing only from earth's season in that after it there would be no spring. Even on Jordan's land he could forget for a while the jangle of warped thoughts and feelings that made his life then with Léonie a quiet, decently covered torture. She had worried over his working, tried in small ways to please him, but only with kindness. The old small fiery excitement she had always shown in surprising him was gone, the shadow of it coming back only in unguarded moments, after she had seen Jordan or thought up some new thing she could take to him. And it was plain to Jarrett that this was only the little after-light of some smothered match. When he had first told her that he would work on Jordan's land, he could not translate the surprised, incredulous look on her face. 'It's all there is to do,' he told her. 'Who else? What other way?'

The unbelief and suspicion had gone out slowly. 'I don't see anything else,' she had said after a while. 'Nor any but me to make his food. . . . Jarrett —' He waited, but if she had meant to say more she changed her mind and let it go; seemed frightened and turned away.

Jordan himself got better with painful slowness. He railed to Jarrett, cursing God or whatever it was that had knifed and whapped him. At times he was curiously humble, and then again arrogant with despair and pain — the debt of gratitude more than he could express or return. 'You ought to

get all I can spare out of this, Jarrett. Take eighty per cent off of the hogs. Take whatever weeds'll grow out of this rock. I owe you the whole farm by now!'

Jarrett had grinned sourly. 'You're welcome to keep it, Jordan. Your land's no gift. Fit only for fox holes and the hawks.'

Jordan hauled himself up against the window ledge, stared off over the fields that Jarrett had ploughed — bare scars between the gullies and foothills, the pastures still red with weeds and broom sedge. 'I'll pay you back some way, Jarrett — God knows how!' Jarrett had turned and gone out without answering. 'Give back what you took — not what I've given you!' he wanted to shout, but knew when the anger was past they would seem only loud and foolish words, Jordan not having stolen, any more than to live is theft of air. Between his anger and his words there stood always the question, Why should she love me more than all other men? What claim have I? And he would follow it with telling himself that he did not want her if she did not want to stay; but knew this was a lie, and that seeing her plainly for what she was, and all the things baffling and inconsistent in her, he still loved and was sick with the change — the swift dying — the natural dying, and yet no easier to stand because he acknowledged it.

V

By November, Jordan was able to move around, but do no work, and wandered restlessly between stove and window like a gaunt beast, or read to fill up the days. Late in the month, Jarrett trucked his hogs, was gone two days driving and arguing prices in the yards. He got for Jordan the highest he could, but it still seemed somehow

not proportionate to the time and labor their raising had taken, and he came back angry, willing to side with Jordan against the world.

The cold came early that month, the ponds scummed with ice and a wild freshness in the wind that turned harder as the day went on. The first thin snows plastered against the northern bark, and when he came back it was already turning bitter, the land beginning to lock. He found Léonie sitting by the window, the lamp unlighted and the room cold. She stood up when he came and kissed him. He could see her face only vaguely, but her voice sounded tired and heavy. She poked up the stove and struck a light, asking about his trip, as though recalling herself with effort. Jarrett showed her the money. 'Not much,' he told her, 'but as much as I could pry loose.' Léonie looked at the money and then faced him, holding herself quiet and not moving nervously as she had always done before, reminding him of some small animal — mink or weasel — in her restlessness.

'Jordan'll need it,' she said. 'They were worth more maybe, but anything'll help now. He's going to sell out and go.'

Jarrett had stood there stoned, not believing her words or that he had understood their meaning. 'Sell out?' he repeated stupidly. 'Go where?'

'Back, to what's left of his people, I guess,' Léonie answered. 'Back somewhere three states away.'

Jarrett groped for some understanding, clearly conscious of the look in her face, but slow to grasp all that might lie behind her words. 'What's he quitting for now, Léonie? Why now when he's almost well?'

'He says he can't stand to have you working for him any longer. He —'

'He took a long time to make up his mind,' Jarrett said. 'He's stood it a

good while now!' He felt ashamed of his blurted words, but let them be — a new and worse fear come suddenly to him.

'I know,' Léonie answered, not angry or defiant. Her white thin face drew hard, and he saw she looked chilled — her eyes almost black and the hollows under them stained dark. 'You've been sick, Léonie! What's wrong? What's happened to you?' He put out his hand to move her toward a chair, but she turned away and then broke suddenly into a painful crying — hard, unaccustomed tears, as though only dust or shale had been behind her eyes till now.

Jarrett put his hand hard on her shoulder, turned her around to face him. 'In God's name, Léonie! You tell me the truth. I'll listen to anything you say.'

She had stopped soon, as though too tired even to cry, and sat away from him, talking now with a sort of hopeless freedom, seeming to feel that what she said did not matter any more. Jarrett listened to hear in words what he had already known and lived with hourly. When he asked her why she had waited so long to tell him, she looked up at his face surprised. 'What use to hurt you for nothing, Jarrett? I thought to get over it. I thought it was only because he was new and not clearly known. But it's more than that. It's everything. I'd take him if he never got well again. Nothing can change it. I can't live torn up in half this way any more — using you like the keeper of an inn — and Jordan only two acres away beyond us!'

'What's Jordan say?' Jarrett asked. He had come to this hour so often in his mind that there seemed little left to surprise him. He forgot that to her his answer would come as from one to whom it had never been told before. His quiet seemed to her strange and cold.

'Jordan sees only his going as the way out —'

Jarrett shook his head. 'That'll mend nothing, Léonie. I'm not going to fight or shout. I don't want to hold on to what's not mine any more. Marriage is n't a trap, Léonie. I want you to have what you want — something that was n't fought over and muddled before you got it.'

It was a long speech for Jarrett. He felt miserable, as though somehow appearing a simple fool; wished that there had been time to write out a speech saying more, and saying more clearly what he meant. What he *felt* no words would have said, nor would he have wanted her to know. 'You do what you want to do, Léonie — I'm not trying to play God or act heroic. It's only sane. There's too much suffering already to make up more. One's less than three. Why all of us turning rancid and hungry? You go, if you want, with Jordan. It's only right as I see it now.'

VI

'It was only right as I see it still,' Jarrett told his father. 'What else should I do? Roar like a bull? Call myself betrayed? Shake out our marriage like a chain? Marriage is n't a trap, I told her. It's all I can say again to you. I loved her — that's why I let her go. That's proof enough, is n't it? She wanted something that was n't fought over — that did n't come hard and spoiled. I let her have it easy. Why scratch at a thing you have to give up in the end? Well, what do they say? What do they want to know?'

Old Rilke looked over at him — grim, pitying, but with a gleam of malice in his old eyes. He shoved aside Jarrett's question, put off his answer as though saving it for a more fitting time, and asked him again,

'What'll you do now, Jarrett? Stay on — alone like Jordan used to? What'll you live for now that you let her go?'

'There are other things. I've done what she wanted — there's a sour consolation in that. I've got other things to do — other things to live for!' He moved his arms in a wide arc, defining dumbly the great number and width of these consolations, but suddenly dropped his hands and sat staring as one not sure of what these things might be — or if they existed after all.

There was gray light now on his half-ploughed fields. Sleet up north and the land locking. Acres of unshocked corn stiff as wind-rattled iron. . . . 'Well, what do they say? What do they say about me?'

Rilke answered his questions then, his mouth open with righteous gall — the delight of knifing with moral reason. 'You want to know what they say about you? What they say about you letting her go and working for Jordan like a serf? They say that you must have owed Jordan something — that you were afraid of him, they say. You don't love and you never loved her, or you would n't have let her go! Meek as a blind old sheep, they say you are — meek as a blind old ram. And that's the damned truth, Jarrett. Meek and dumb as a grave!'

He got up and wound his wattled old neck in the scarf, grinned at Jarrett's tired stubborn face, the angry look in his eyes. 'That's God's own truth, Jarrett. Those're the words they said. "Meek and dumb as a grave!"' He walked off stiffly down the path, easing himself along the stones and fumbling with his stick; left Jarrett alone on the steps, staring grimly after the bent old back.

'Let'm say what they say,' Jarrett muttered. 'Let them think what they choose. I *know*.'

WHO'S WRONG WITH THE LAW?

BY MITCHELL DAWSON

'STRING 'em up! Burn 'em! Cut their hearts out!'

The rope tightens. The flames leap up. . . .

The Governor of California congratulates the avenging mob at San Jose: 'That was a fine lesson to the whole nation. . . . I am checking San Quentin and Folsom prisons to find out what kidnappers they have. I am thinking of paroling them to those fine, patriotic citizens of San Jose, who know how to handle such situations. . . .'

'Congratulations on the stand you have taken,' wires the pastor of New York's Church of the Heavenly Rest.¹

Congratulations, pastor!

The spirit of the mob, aroused by frightful crimes, goes marching on. The Governor of Maryland impedes the course of swift, sure justice by calling out the troops. Twenty-one members of the state assembly — 'almost all descendants of original Anglo-Saxon settlers' — denounce the Governor. Meanwhile the good citizens of St. Joseph, Missouri, hang and roast their man in spite of sixty-five National Guardsmen with armored tanks.

Editorial typewriters once more click out the old familiar tune: Now is the time, now is the time, now is the time for all good men . . . Something is fundamentally wrong . . . The law

has broken down . . . Now is the time . . .

For what, gentlemen?

The cry goes up: 'We need new laws, strong laws, hard laws, laws to end crime.' Editors, preachers, judges, crime commissioners, and the good citizens of San Jose, point the finger of scorn at our laws. The courts are tied up by antiquated, weak, dilatory, and technical rules so that they cannot cope with the master minds of gunmen, kidnappers, bank robbers, ravishers, and street-corner bums.

In Illinois we have hard, strong penal laws. Murder and kidnapping are punishable by imprisonment or death; rape, robbery with a gun, and burglary with intent to commit a felony, by a maximum of life imprisonment; arson, by one to twenty years in the penitentiary; and other misdeeds by a sliding scale of fines and imprisonment, subject to commutation for good behavior. We have police also, and prosecutors, courts, and jails, all working overtime. Much of our procedure, it is true, dates back to mediæval England. But in spite of that our criminal courts in Chicago, under the pressure of public opinion, are rapidly clearing their dockets.

Yet in Chicago robbery and burglary continue to flourish and people get shot as you might swat flies on the wall. From coast to coast it is the same: thousands of laws, — hard laws, strong laws, — thousands of police, thousands

¹ Later, the pastor admitted that his message was the result of being 'deeply stirred,' and that 'it should not have been sent.' — EDITOR

of prosecutors, thousands of courts, and hundreds of thousands of crimes.

This is the law the people built

It is built of blood and fire, of conflict, aggression, and reprisal. It was forged by the clamor of millions of ancestral voices: the voice of the tribe before the council fire howling for vengeance; the voice of the chieftain passing judgment of torture and death; the voice of fear building barriers about its belongings, its home, its lands, its wives, its maidservants and its manservants, its horses, cows, dogs, and asses, calling upon the tribe to curb the claws and fangs of rapacious neighbors; and the voice also of pity for the weak and justice for the wronged.

The law and its institutions are the fruits of centuries of collective living. Kings, princes, prelates, parliaments, presidents, governors, legislatures, and judges have all had a hand in its making, but behind them stand the people, ready at times to rise up and behead, hang, burn, and destroy in the passion of what they believe to be justice. Deep in their hearts lies a distrust of rulers and judges bred by centuries of injustice and oppression. Out of this grew the grand jury, the petit jury, the rule against self-incrimination, habeas corpus, the right to a change of venue, and other safeguards thrown about the accused.

Much of this legal machinery has, without question, become obsolete and inadequate for the handling of our increasingly complex social problems. Professors, police experts, criminologists, and lawyers have for years been suggesting improved methods for apprehending and trying criminals. Ideally, we should scrap the entire present system from police administration to the punishment or attempted

reform of law violators, and build in its place a new structure in the light of more modern ideas as to ways and means of forestalling and controlling antisocial conduct. But the finest system in the world, whether devised by a practical criminologist or a social idealist, will not in itself reduce crime one iota without the spirit and will of the people behind it; and even a slight improvement is impossible as long as the nation, in the name of democracy, cherishes and applauds lawlessness and tolerates political corruption.

Our crime problem is not so much 'What's wrong with the law?' as 'Who's wrong, and why?'

*This is the cop
Who enforces the law the people built*

'Now, about this crime business,' said a well-known hoodlum to Senator Copeland when he was in Chicago with the Senate subcommittee on racketeering and kidnapping, 'all you need is honest cops and a little coöperation from the courts.'

The average policeman must have bitterly resented the public's cynical approval of this gibe. He is in disrepute for conditions which he is powerless to change. The individual cop is no worse than the rest of us. He has a wife and children. He stands up to get shot at, and quite often is killed. His pay is n't large and sometimes it's delayed.

He may start out as a rookie with high ambitions to make a record for himself by catching crooks and cleaning up his precinct. He may dream of promotion through sheer merit, of becoming step by step a sergeant, lieutenant, captain, and chief amid the plaudits of all good citizens.

But he is soon disillusioned. He discovers that there are certain 'joints' that must be left alone because they

'kick in' to somebody with protection money, and that there are persons whom it is useless to arrest because they have somehow acquired 'immunity' from punishment. This is lesson number one — the lesson of political corruption. It is further illuminated by the flamboyant success of certain lieutenants and captains (not all of them, by any means) who 'sport' big cars and invest in stocks, bonds, or apartment buildings.

Our ambitious young cop sees evidence all around him of the profits of the 'shakedown' and the 'fix.' He learns to keep his mouth shut for fear of being exiled to 'the sticks.' Yet in spite of these conditions he may still have confidence in the civil service system (established in most of our large cities for the purpose of protecting the rank and file of the police and ensuring their orderly promotion), only to realize eventually, if he is bright, that it too is dominated by the machine of the party in power.

He may even resist all temptation to take part in the corruption which surrounds him. Thousands of policemen do. But the chances are that he will succumb to another influence just as insidious and vicious — the spirit of lawlessness. Going about his business from day to day, hauling in bums, pickpockets, holdup men, housebreakers, reds, and drunks, he learns from his brothers in arms to consider his prisoners as obstinate criminal cattle to be pushed and poked and yanked around in order to make them dread forever the sight of the police. No matter how kindly he may otherwise be, he discovers that all's fair in the war on crime. He becomes familiar with the ritual of the 'goldfish' room, where prisoners are threatened and beaten with rubber hose, tortured by glaring lights, kept awake for endless hours, and assailed with questions and sug-

gestions until they confess. 'You gotta give 'em the works,' he is told, and, his faith in the integrity of courts, juries, and prosecutors being weakened by his own actual experience with corruption and inefficiency, he accepts this doctrine of lawlessness with enthusiasm.

To anyone who doubts the prevalent use of the third degree by the police, let me recommend the Report on Lawlessness in Law Enforcement of the National Commission on Law Observance and Enforcement appointed by President Hoover, which presents a multitude of actual instances and concludes that such lawlessness not only brutalizes the police and hardens the prisoner, but impairs the efficiency of the police by leading them to rely on force rather than wits in solving crimes. This is demonstrated by the fact that the Boston police, with little or no use of the third degree, have obtained much better results than the Chicago force with its habitual resort to torture.

Corruption and lawlessness begin at the top and work down. The enforcement of law and order in most of our cities is controlled by a politically appointed commissioner or superintendent, and through him by the bosses of the dominant party, who thereby acquire a tremendous influence over the lives, property, and happiness of the citizens. How brutally, corruptly, and inefficiently they wield it should be apparent to any reader of the day's news.

In spite of such handicaps, here and there a few zealous men, who regard police work as a profession, have succeeded in putting in practice improvements in the technique of crime detection and have tried to encourage the morale of their co-workers and win the public's respect. But they struggle like ants in a sand pit.

*This is the culprit
Who is caught by the cop . . .*

Youth, growing up in the light of the flaring beacons of lawlessness and corruption, shrugs its shoulders: 'Only saps work. You can't get a job, anyway. What's your racket, kid?'

What's your racket, gentlemen, you who howl for the cutting of school taxes, the reduction of teaching staffs, the shortening of the school year, and the curtailment of every school activity except the three R's — what's *your* racket?

Organized crime, organized labor, organized business, organized politics, organized exploitation, parallel and interlock. When trouble breaks, the 'big shot' escapes abroad or gets off with a Senate investigation or a light sentence for income tax evasion. The little shots — our Tonys and Joes and Ikes — take the heavy 'raps' and go to Sing Sing or Joliet or find permanent surcease via the electric chair.

These are the children, boys, girls, young men, young women, in the streets, alleys, basements, 'athletic' clubs, pool rooms, dance halls, bar-rooms, dives, on the march to detention homes, reformatories, jails. Onward, ever onward, presses the eager, adventurous throng, lured by the hope of easy, gaudy living.

Among them are many mental and emotional misfits who constitute a separate problem. Some of these crippled personalities are discovered and isolated at an early age, but many go about without restraint until they become entangled in the processes of the law. Our social agencies have made progress in the care and treatment of mental defectives, but the law and the courts have been slow to accept the recommendations of psychiatrists.

Indifference, greed, stupidity, shoddy

education, and the example of corruption and lawlessness in high places — these are the culprits.

'Lycurgus left none of his laws in writing,' says Plutarch, 'for he resolved the whole business of legislation into the bringing up of youth.'

*This is the prosecutor
Who flays the culprit . . .*

He begins his career usually as an assistant district attorney or as state's attorney, with little experience in trial work. He learns his courtroom tactics in conflict with seasoned criminal lawyers who delight in springing on him all the tricks and chicanery of their trade. He thinks he must fight fire with fire and dirt with dirt. If he discovers the coercion and intimidation of witnesses by defendants and their friends, he feels justified in keeping the state's witnesses incommunicado and holding over them the threat of criminal prosecution.

The prosecutor is further incited to lawlessness by the clamor of editors, ministers, crime commissioners, and business men for more and stiffer sentences. The necessity of satisfying these good people and assuaging the public appetite for melodrama drives him and his assistants to seek convictions by fair means or foul. The prosecutor joins with the police in using the third degree; in court he violates the rules of evidence, and by improper and inflammatory remarks to juries lays the ground for numerous reversals.

Through his control over the grand jury and the initiation of criminal complaints, the prosecutor wields a power superior to the police, and if he is strong and shrewd he may very well become the dominant political personage in his county. Politics, in fact, is the keynote of all his activities. He prob-

ably began as a bright boy running errands for a precinct captain, canvassing voters, or handing out sample ballots; or he may have been related to an influential politician. In either case he saw the advantages of legal training and stepped out of law school into political office of some kind, working his way up through the system to nomination for prosecutor on the party ticket.

In his campaign for election he invariably follows the well-known formula of promising to clean up vice, racketeering, gangs, and gambling, and by constant repetition he may even convince himself that he will suppress crime altogether. But the moment he assumes office he is forced to abandon all but a pretense of an honest and independent administration. In the first place, he has to accept the staff of inexperienced and frequently incompetent assistants assigned to him by the party bosses. And, secondly, the men who nominated him are after him at once to 'nol pros' this case and that, to give some hoodlum a break, or to let a confessed criminal plead guilty to a lesser offense than the one he is accused of so that he will take a lighter sentence and perhaps walk out of jail on probation. At the same time the forces of bribery and corruption begin to play upon the weaker members of his staff and find ways and means of gaining their ends no matter how honest the prosecutor himself may be.

Organized gangs recognize the prosecutor's bark, but fear his bite very little. They are in far greater danger from the guns of an outraged police force than from the loud reiteration of the prosecutor that he will drive crime out of his county. Nor can anyone improve the situation very much as long as the office of prosecutor remains a political prize.

*This is the lawyer
Who fights the prosecutor . . .*

This is the lawyer, aye, and the entire bar, including your humble servant. Most of us won't sully our hands with the criminal law. It's a dirty business. You can't touch tar without getting smirched. A defendant in a criminal case expects you to get him off by hook or by crook, but mostly by crook. If you are unwilling to adopt the devious and crooked ways of crime itself, you can't be the defendant's best advocate, so you turn him down. At least that is how the argument runs.

Most criminal lawyers, therefore, belong to a race apart. Heroes in the public eye; almost but not quite pariahs among 'good people.' Hardy and shrewd, they know their legal tricks, their police, prosecutors, judges, and gentlemen of the jury. Above all they are realistic — champions hired to get results.

The lower-grade criminal lawyer has his hook-up with gangs and keeps his petitions for habeas corpus written up in blank ready to fill in with the necessary data, so that he can 'spring' a client from the lock-up the minute the police nab him. He knows who will furnish bail. He knows who knows which judges and how to pull the strings. He asks his clients no foolish questions. If someone intimidates witnesses and bribes jurors, that's their business, not his. He may indulge in fixing cases, but you can't prove it on him. His philosophy is short and simple: 'Give the customers what they pay for.'

You may call this sort of unscrupulous practitioner a lawyer criminal, if you like, but he can turn the phrase neatly on other members of the bar: 'How about our respectable legal friends who advised public utility magnates and others in the intricacies of floating

rotten bonds? And how about eminent counsel who connive among themselves for so-called "friendly" receiverships to keep the looting of failing corporations and the consequent fees within the magic circle of the insiders?'

The code of ethics of the lawyers is actually higher than that of the business world which supports them. It includes many niceties and is scrupulously observed by the bulk of the bar. Serious infractions of ethics usually lead to disbarment. The lawyers, on the whole, like the ministers, doctors, tradespeople, laborers, and the police, are a decent, hard-working lot. But they labor under the narrow and often antisocial necessities of advocacy.

Some lawyers, in fact, maintain a distinct cleavage between their personal conduct and their conduct on behalf of clients. They would not steal a nickel or raise a finger in violation of the letter of the law, but they will and do without compunction disclose to buccaneers of business ways of evading the spirit of restrictive statutes. Their concern, like that of their supposedly criminal confreres, is to give the customers what they pay for, and they will ignore every consideration of social good if it conflicts with the aims and ambitions of a powerful client. Lawyers of this sort would doubtless subscribe to the notorious view of Lord Brougham expressed during the excitement of a trial: —

An advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, *that client and none other*. To save that client by all expedient means — to protect that client at all hazards and costs to all others, and amongst others to himself — is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction, which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting

them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection.

This low and servile conception of the duties of an advocate has been generally repudiated by the legal profession. Yet the spirit of it survives among a minority who have so identified themselves with the interests of their clients that they retain no clear conception of the public good. They are the lawyers who aided and abetted the gentlemen denounced by the President in his message at the opening of the present Congress: —

I am speaking of those individuals who have evaded the spirit and purpose of our tax laws, of those high officials of banks or corporations who have grown rich at the expense of their stockholders or the public, of those reckless speculators with their own or other people's money whose operations have injured the values of the farmers' crops and the savings of the poor.

There are fortunately signs that the honest, capable, and diligent majority of the bar have been so aroused by the general outcry for a house cleaning that they may rid themselves not only of the 'lawyer criminal,' but also of those other malefactors who through a highly developed legal technique and political connections have assisted in looting the public in the numerous ways that democracy affords.

*This is the jury
Who favor the lawyer . . .*

The culprit is said to be entitled to trial before a jury of his peers. They are too often just that and no more. Therein lies the vice of our jury system as it is administered. Our twelve men may be good and true, but they are not necessarily bright.

Certain trades and professions are notably missing from the jury panel.

The police, firemen, teachers, soldiers, lawyers, doctors, and ministers are exempt by law from jury service in most of our states. Bankers, high executives, politicians, and their friends are exempt in practice. Sometimes their names are drawn, but they usually manage on one ground or another to be let off. No one can really blame them. The profitless frittering away of the time and energy of veniremen by lawyers, the courts, and their attachés is notorious. A busy man is appalled at the prospect of abandoning his own affairs even for a few weeks to take part in the drab and inefficient business of the courts.

Occasionally an intelligent and conscientious citizen called for jury service will not try to get excused, and may even look forward with some zeal to participating in the administration of justice. Such a venireman, however, finds himself herded about with other victims, often in badly ventilated and uncomfortable rooms; and when he is finally called to court for examination as a prospective juror he is certain to be challenged by one side or the other if he reveals the slightest ability to form opinions of his own. In fact, unless he conceals this dangerous faculty, he may fail altogether to enjoy the doubtful pleasure of sitting as a juror in any case. If he plays dumb and is accepted and sworn in as a juror, his experience will be illuminating but not edifying. He must sit in silence and listen to constant bickering over evidence and to arguments of counsel that insult his intelligence. Of course, there are exceptions. He may be lucky enough to be picked as juror in a case defended by a brilliant and inspired advocate. But that happens only once in a lifetime.

Whether the I.Q. of the average jury is lower than that of the police, the lawyers, and the court attendants, we do not know. That it is somewhat

lower seems reasonable to suppose. But it should be remembered that the jury is the great alibi for prosecutors and judges. It is invariably blamed for every 'miscarriage of justice,' as in the case of the acquittal of the Touhy gang of alleged kidnappers by a Minneapolis jury a few months ago.

The function of the jury is strictly limited to deciding the guilt of the defendant upon the particular evidence brought before it. It is not permitted to consider extrinsic circumstances presented in the newspapers but excluded from court. In cases of business fraud a verdict of acquittal in a supposedly air-tight case may be due to the inability of the jury to grasp intricate evidence, but in cases of murder, robbery, kidnapping, and crimes of violence generally, it is just as likely to be due to the failure of the state to prove the defendant's guilt beyond a reasonable doubt.

How far the jury system has been tampered with by the fingers of corruption we do not know. In Boston last fall twenty-five former jurors admitted accepting from twenty-five dollars to seventy-five dollars each for holding out for the acquittal of defendants. Two men were sent to jail in Jersey City a few months ago for offering to fix juries in criminal cases, and several others were indicted for jury-fixing in Passaic County last summer.

The drawing of veniremen may also be manipulated by political organizations, so that the men called for service will be of a class and character amenable to influence. The evidence of such practices in Detroit was so strong that the State of Michigan revised its jury panel system.

We have no means, however, of gauging the extent of the corruption and manipulation of juries. It is a secret locked in the hearts of innumerable individual jurors, but they certain-

ly are not immune to the influence of the lawless forces that surround them.

*This is the judge
Who instructs the jury . . .*

Judge Thomas Taylor, Jr., upon retiring at the age of seventy-two from the bench of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Illinois, after nearly fifty years of the finest type of judicial service, had this to say:—

We have many able men at the bar. It is a pity they will not be able to get on the bench. We do need something here. It is a calamity. I could name three hundred or four hundred of the best lawyers, fit for the bench, but no one of them will ever have the ghost of a show. Our people will not select men who are the best for them. They are plastic in the hands of the politicians.

Judges come up through the political route. The young lawyer becomes a precinct captain and a good organizer. In time he gets close to the ward committeeman.

He then tries out for the Municipal Court. After a few years here the ambitious ones aspire to the Circuit and Superior bench. Their success is at no time dependent on their ability as judges. *We get good ones only by chance.*

Judge Taylor states facts that are beyond dispute. It speaks well for the human race that we have as many fine, conscientious judges as we do. Quite often, lawyers who have shown no sign of great legal ability, or interest in public service, will demonstrate excellent judicial qualities after their elevation to the bench.

Unfortunately the work of the good judge is seldom broadcast. He labors day after day in court, in chambers, and at home, sometimes late into the night, reading and considering in the hope that by the grace of God he may arrive at just conclusions. But there is no drama for the public in the quiet researches of the human spirit. They

go without acclaim. The name of the good judge seldom registers on the minds of the vast electorate, and when his term expires he is wholly at the mercy of the politicians who nominated or appointed him.

Sometimes a judge may renounce all political alliances and play directly for the support of the public, but very few judges can remain long on the bench if they utterly spurn the hands that boosted them up. This does not mean that cases are generally decided in judicial chambers before they are tried, as a large part of the public cynically believes. But it does mean that intervention through politicians is repeatedly sought by the relatives and friends of criminal defendants, and that the judges are besieged from day to day by requests from politicians, big and little, for leniency and special consideration in cases that are coming up before them.

We also have evidence in our great cities that some of the judges of the 'lower' courts have tolerated or participated in the organized exploitation of accused persons, as revealed in Judge Seabury's investigation; that some judges have belonged to political organizations that were closely tied up with gangsters and racketeering; and that others have paid political debts through the appointment of receivers and their attorneys.

The aspirant for judicial office must travel the same path as the aspirant for the job of prosecutor. Very often he has been a state's attorney or district attorney, and he retains the point of view in criminal trials that he acquired in that office. He may separate his political activities from his function as a judge, but the chances are that his adjustment to the expedencies of politics will continue to have some effect upon his conduct. This is demonstrated in the common judicial practice of approving deals made between the

prosecutor and attorney for the defendant, the toleration of innumerable continuances which discourage the witnesses for the state, the perversion of the ancient remedy of habeas corpus, the approval of insufficient and badly secured bail bonds, laxity in granting probation, and the distortion of many legal processes which in themselves would be adequate if properly administered.

*This is the boss
Who names the judge . . .*

He runs the show and gets things done for the electorate in a way that no one else will or can. He never turns a voter down. He formerly dispensed food, coal, and clothing to the needy through his party organization, and during the last few years he has claimed credit for getting such things for his constituents from unemployment relief agencies, although they could very well have been obtained without him. Quite recently he has tried desperately to control the distribution of jobs by the CWA as a means of keeping voters in line.

According to William B. Munro, who has studied the boss in his natural habitat, he is a necessary and almost indispensable part of our political system, not only furnishing direct contact between the citizenry and public administrative agencies, but also acting as liaison officer between the executive and legislative, yes, and the judicial branches of our government.

In return for helping his constituents, he asks only for their support at the polls. But the upkeep of his organization requires a large and constant supply of money, which he secures by indirect levies upon the entire public. He may still gather some funds through the time-honored sale of police and court protection, but his greatest revenue comes by dealing in licenses,

franchises, tax rebates, public contracts, and through campaign contributions from business men, utility magnates, and job holders.

Give the boss power, and the rest of the boys may have the glory. He seldom seeks office except perhaps to grace the latter days of his life, so that he may leave to his children the tradition that their father was held in high honor and esteem.

That the boss and his lieutenants name the judges is a commonplace. Judicial office is a political job whether filled by election or by appointment. While there is evidence that somewhat better men are obtained through the appointive system because of the focusing of responsibility, it is still apparent that a seat on the bench is considered principally as a reward for political service.

Bar association officers and committees again and again have besought party bosses to select their nominees for judicial office from a list of lawyers of unquestioned ability and reputation, but such efforts are vain. The boss knows what he is about and will never alter his purely political attitude toward the bench unless forced by the overwhelming pressure of public opinion expressed in votes.

*These are the people
Who stand for the boss
Who names the judge
Who instructs the jury
Who favor the lawyer
Who fights the prosecutor
Who flays the culprit
Who is caught by the cop
Who enforces the law the people built*

'We, the people of the United States, in order to . . . establish justice . . .'

So said our forbears, bitter from the memory of Old World tyrannies and the cruelties of king-made judges like Jeffreys and Stubbs. The founders of

our democracy stripped their judges of wigs and robes, aggrandized the jury of their peers, and sought by every possible means to protect the citizen against judicial usurpation and oppression.

And as the people spread out across the mountains and the western plains, they carried with them a relentless contempt for the pomp and dignity associated with the woolsack and the mace. Their ideal was justice — plain, swift, and sure. The outlaw — killer or horse thief — was caught and hanged without ceremony by the posse comitatus, or shot on sight by an outraged citizen. Rifle, shotgun, and six-shooter became implements of daily life, like the axe, the plough, and the scythe.

The hordes that poured in on us from the ends of the earth, with customs and traditions conflicting and diverse, eagerly embraced the ideals of democracy, which seemed to them to include not only the aversion for superimposed authority, but the right of the citizen to bear arms and to appropriate whatever property or privileges he could be the first to lay hands on. It was in this spirit that the processes of government and law enforcement were ultimately converted both by native-born and by naturalized citizens into an organized system of plunder and political spoils. It is against this spirit that we now begin to see signs of revolt.

The President issued a clear call for a new deal for justice in speaking before the Federal Council of Churches in December: —

A thinking America . . . seeks a government that will be sufficiently strong to protect the prisoner and at the same time to crystallize a public opinion so clear that government of all kinds will be compelled to practise a more certain justice. The judicial function of the government is the protection of the individual and of the community through quick and certain jus-

tice. That function in many places has fallen into a state of disrepair. It must be a part of our programme to reestablish it.

And in his address at the opening of Congress he roundly denounced public malefactors whether operating within or without the letter of the law: —

These violations of ethics and these violations of law call on the strong arm of the government for their suppression; they call also on the country for an aroused public opinion.

The American Bar Association at its annual meeting last summer anticipated the President's call to action by formulating a National Bar Programme for the purpose of arousing lawyers throughout the nation to a concerted effort to solve, among other things, the problem of criminal law enforcement. Since then the president of the association has sent out a questionnaire to 1450 local and state bar associations asking for specific data on the reasons for the failure of the law and courts to control and abate crime.

The will to reform is, of course, futile without concrete plans. We must have a programme of constructive action with the objective of divorcing every part of the machinery of justice from the control of party politics and of inspiring the entire nation not merely with respect for the law but with the zeal to enforce it. Such a programme might well include: —

1. A nation-wide reform of criminal procedure through the adoption by the states of the modern code devised by the American Law Institute and recommended by the American Bar Association, which would speed up the work of the courts and eliminate useless technicalities. Many of its provisions could be adopted by the courts on their own initiative without legislative sanction.

2. The revamping of our police

systems with a view to removing them from the control of local politics, adopting more scientific methods of training, increasing administrative efficiency, and using every modern facility for the identification and apprehension of criminals. Consideration should also be given to Attorney-General Cummings's suggestion for the development of state constabularies, independent of county lines, working in coördination with each other and the federal authorities.

3. Federal laws for the control of the manufacture and sale of firearms and explosives, stringently limiting the right to bear arms and requiring the keeping of records which would enable the police to trace the pedigree of every dangerous weapon. Other federal laws, where practical and constitutional, to cover interstate criminal activities, not at present subject to federal prosecution.

4. A new attitude toward the problem of youthful delinquency, which goes to the root of our troubles. This would require a thorough change in educational methods in directions indicated by progressive pedagogues, the increased development of constructive habit-forming activities, the teaching of social ethics rather than merely abstract virtues, the consistent and periodical medical and psychiatric examination of all children from an early age, together with the keeping of behavior records, and the adoption throughout the nation of modern methods in the treatment of juvenile offenders. And to carry out such plans we should institute a stern and implacable offensive against the false and shortsighted educational economies which have made such disastrous headway during the depression.

5. The office of public prosecutor must be removed from politics. We should try to inspire a more clinical

attitude on the part of the agencies of the state in handling offenders. Every criminal court should have a public defender and an independent staff of doctors and psychiatrists, dominated neither by the prosecutor nor by the defense, with the duty of ascertaining and reporting scientific facts to the court. The recommendations of such a body should largely determine the treatment of law violators.

6. The bar must eliminate the lawyer criminal. It is already tackling the job. The standards of conduct of defense attorneys are also likely to improve with a more scientific attitude on the part of the state.

7. The jury system need not and probably ought not to be abolished. But its function should be limited to a determination of facts. It should have no power to pass upon the moral, emotional, or mental responsibility of a defendant or his treatment and punishment. The problem of obtaining a higher grade of jurors and combating jury tampering is squarely up to the lawyers.

8. We must demand and get better judges. The problem of judicial selection is dealt with in one of the planks of the American Bar Association platform for 1934. Its solution rests upon establishing a technique which will restrict the choice of judges to a qualified list approved by the bar.

9. As to the boss, our only immediate hope is to restrict his influence as far as possible and to use him for more constructive ends.

We have no need of Jeremiahs. The nation is already aroused, but we must find ways of directing the very real and widespread indignation against our law-enforcing agencies into effective action; and above all we must inspire the oncoming generation with an ardent spirit for justice which will burn bright and transcendent in every heart.

‘SERVICE, MA’AM’

BY GEORGE CORNELL

I

EVERY man likes to feel that he earns his way. When I was thirteen and lived with my family in a suburb of London, I was overjoyed when my father told me that he had a job for me. At eight every Saturday morning I was to go to the greengrocer's and work until midnight. In this way I could pay for my living at home.

I did not mind the two-mile walk in the morning, for I was filled with pride and self-respect, thinking about myself and my father's faith in me.

I remember that I was fearful of my master. He was about six feet tall and weighed over two hundred pounds. He had whiskers, black and angry-looking, and a moustache like a pig's bristles. He seemed to be always watching me. No matter where I was, I knew his little bright eyes were watching. I knew that he would tell my father of any weakness on my part. I did not like the thought. My father believed that I could earn my share of the living and I was proud of that. I decided to give no reason for complaint.

There were times, however, when the master was out, particularly when there was coal to deliver or heavy boxes to handle. Often he went out to buy cabbages, potatoes, and other produce. Whatever took him away made me happy. I decided that if he

never returned I should be much happier.

The mistress was much easier for me to understand. She was not friendly, but she was not unkind; nor did she notice me as much as her husband did.

She would stare at me in a far-away manner and then say, slowly and impressively as though she were praying, ‘Boy, come have your tea.’ I would come into the room behind the shop and sit down and take my tea as gratefully as I could. I knew she liked me to be grateful and I wanted to please her.

The tea was made from tea dust mixed with milk and sugar and then hot water. It was very good. For supper, she always gave me a bowl of tomato soup with two slices of bread, and I would try to make it last a long time, for I would be tired.

And at midnight the great black-haired man would groan and stretch his muscles and say, ‘You may go, now,’ as though it would be the last time.

And I would run! How dark the road had become since morning! I was very afraid, always. No matter how tired I might be, I would run the two miles home.

There was the iron gate. I do not know now why it frightened me, but I can still hear it groan as I passed through. I hated it. There was a high

stone wall on the right, with a field and lonely trees upon my left. As I ran I would think, 'The wall is worse, because who knows what lies in wait behind it!' And then, 'No! The field is worse, for anything might be there if one looked!' And I would try to run faster, fearful that I might look.

But I did not speak of this to anyone, because I was proud of my father's opinion of me. I knew that he considered me able to carry on my own affairs.

II

One Saturday I arrived at the shop to be greeted with the pleasing information that the master was to be gone for the entire day. I should be free of that black watchfulness and allowed to express myself in terms of service as I would.

For the mistress never watched. She only said, 'Do this, do that.' The rest was left to me. I determined that the shop should be run that day in a manner wholly pleasing to my father. He would hear of me and be pleased.

The morning passed. I sold cabbages in an expert manner. I cleaned the front steps. I wrapped packages as if I were an artist. The mistress said only, 'Do this, do that.'

Just before tea, however, she said, 'Boy, here is an order of coal. See that it is delivered.'

I took the order to the coal shed behind the shop and looked at it earnestly. One hundred pounds of coal. I considered. I myself weighed eighty-five pounds. The truck with which I had to deliver the coal was three feet high and six feet long. There were handles on each end. One pushed it. Again I considered. If the black-bearded master had been present, he would have delivered the coal.

The mistress came to the door and said again, 'Boy, deliver that order at once.'

She went back into the shop, and, full of foreboding, I began to fill the truck. The coal had to be in a sack, and that made it difficult. How I ever got the sack on the truck, I do not know. But at last I opened the gate and started forth, trying to balance the truck. Did I say it had only two wheels? Two wheels! I had gone but a short distance when I found myself suspended in mid-air with my feet dangling.

A man saw my distress and pulled me down, and then left me to the task of redistributing the weight. When I started forth again I was very cautious. There was no pride in my mind now. I was bent upon pure service. I had to deliver that coal or else lose my job and my father's confidence.

I made sure of the address of the buyer and somehow managed to reach it. A very old lady opened the door and looked at me with a dim smile. She would show me the place for the coal. She led me through the hall and together we climbed a flight of sixteen stairs to a cupboard.

'You must be neat, my lad,' said the old lady. 'I dislike a muss.'

She must have thought me very stupid, for I said nothing in answer. I was thinking of the steps. Out on the street once more, I looked at the truck and its load of coal. Nobody passed. I dared not return to the shop and tell the mistress I could not do the job. She would tell the black-haired husband, and he would tell my father I was too small.

Gradually I got the truck headed about, and, grasping the rack upon which the coal sack rested, I backed up to it and got the sack on my shoulders. I was amazed to find the perspiration

pouring off my body at once. Why, I had hardly started! What would it be like when I reached the stairs — if I ever did?

I found out. I got up them on my knees, pulling at the banisters, and so drawing the coal up on its human sledge.

Once up to the cupboard, I gave a great heave — and went in heels over head, the coal sack remaining on the floor. Fortunately the customer was old and deaf. She did not hear the racket. When I could, I got out and emptied the sack into the box with my hands.

When I came down the stairs the old lady looked at me and smiled dimly again and held out her hand.

‘Here, boy,’ she said, and gave me a coin.

As I felt its size I thought with elation that it must be a farthing.

III

When I got back to the shop the mistress was waiting. She looked moodily at me and said, ‘Wash yourself, boy, and come to tea.’

I do not know that I expected praise, but I felt defeated when she said only that. I felt much worse than when I was afraid at midnight. I could see that what I had done had not been important to anyone but myself. But as I drank my tea I thought of the fact that the coal had weighed fifteen pounds more than I had and yet I had mastered it.

That evening the master came home and gave me my wage of twelve cents. I remember that I looked at him and thought that he resembled the sack of coal somewhat, and at that I was not afraid. He would never tell my father that I was too little for the job.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

FULFILLMENT

JOHN JAY CHAPMAN, of whom Owen Wister has written a distinguished memorial in this issue, was an author who, as one of his friends once said, 'never sold a book.' By this he meant that Chapman's talents were first and last those of the artist, never those of the business man. He would not lend himself to the little tricks of personal exploitation which authors sometimes have to adopt to win an audience. Once he had written a thing, there it was; if the public did not want to read it, so much the worse for the public. Perhaps it was natural, therefore, that he never won the acclaim to which his genius entitled him. He himself had no illusions about this. With philosophic amusement he would sometimes speak of his garret, where he had stored hundreds of copies of his books that he had taken off the hands of his publishers.

Even among the well-read there are many who have never come across a line of Chapman. We quote below a few stanzas from one of his long poems. They are casual verses written to serve an occasion, and, having served it, left to die, but they are pertinent to a discussion of him because they reveal the seer, careless of tact and careful of his conscience, the habit of cutting deep regardless of the pain, and courage in letting consequences look after themselves. It is interesting to note that these lines were written at a time when most of us let ourselves believe we had perfected a formula for perpetual prosperity; they were read at the annual dinner of the Signet Society in Cambridge on March 12, 1927.

Old Grover Cleveland thought God stood behind
us

And loved this land peculiarly. Amen.
I hope so. But the feeling should not blind us
To taking some precautions now and then;
For God will have his hands full: he'll soon find us
A nation with no educated men.
I'd not be blasphemous. — Let's think it o'er.
At least He never saved that kind before.

And who are We? you ask. Alas, 't is true
Our continent was peopled by corsairs,
However much we brag about the few
Who came for liberty to say their prayers.
The spirit of the land is to *push through*:
In childish eyes the ancestral passion glares
Of those who came from climates cold or sunny
For Liberty — the freedom to make money.

I saw of late a huge and stately volume
Entitled *List of Early Emigrants*
From England to the Colonies, a solemn,
Expensive sort of thing, suggesting grants
Of land, with column after column
Of sturdy English names (Your burgher wants
To know his ancestry); the interest centres
In criminals and vagrants and dissenters.

All enterprising men and forward-looking,
Though not addicted to quill pens and parchment;
The books they knew were *naval* — the port-
booking

That gave them intellectual detachment;
Onward-and-upward strugglers, little brooking
Inquiry as to what their forward march meant,
These new crusaders planted and unfurled
The business banner of the modern world —

Inscribed 'Success.' The elder nations blink
And rub their eyes; praise, damn, and prophesy:
The tireless pioneers hew, scheme, and swink,
Welding the fetters nicknamed Liberty,
Till round the world they run, and every link
That thrift can bless or cunning sanctify
Is in its place. 'The thing will hold, I guess,'
Exclaim the children of the wilderness.

I'll pause — as they did not — suggest a doubt
As to the ore from which the chain was made;
Perhaps there is some element left out,
Not scheduled in the Lexicon of Trade,
Yet noted in the Book of Man throughout
His history — by its own light betrayed —
The radium that makes a nation shine:
Without it, trust me, business will decline

Leaving a desolation. The grim fact
Is that the search for Truth, and that alone,
Survives the toil of nations. The last act
Shows Truth in flight, and rings the curtain down.
Alas, our early emigrant who packed
(Some of them hastily) his axe and gun,
Boarding a brig, resolved to do or die,
Had little leisure for philosophy.

We need the other kind that stayed at home,
 The student and the poet and the man
 Of thought and feeling whose sole halidome
 Is but to work as fiercely as he can
 At some obsession, till his dream become
 A part of all men's instincts. Art began
 Like that, and as some peasant's predilection,
 Till private taste turned public benediction.

Behold our *modern* pioneers, how smug
 They look when gathered round a table!
 (And each with a Corona in his mug.)
 How bold and bright, how competent, how stable!

Yet put a thought, he winces with a shrug.
 'It's not his business. Someone should be able
 To solve your doubts.' He's potent, shaved, and gay;
 But as an intellect he fades away.

Each one of us has dangers of his own,
 Timidities, the dreaded neighbor's ear;
 We live and move like mice about a throne,
 Fearing to name the causes of our fear.
 We whisper our convictions; for if known
 They might upset, sidetrack, or interfere
 With quiet hopes we nurse and friends that serve us:
 Habitually we are a little nervous.

A nation's but a castle in the air,
 A sham solidity that soon or late
 Dissolves through some defect that's everywhere;
 Walls, columns, dome, and spire disintegrate:
 The weaknesses of private character
 Support *each other*, but bring down the state:
 And ours will fall through some specific vice.
 What if that vice were Moral Cowardice?

THE RIGHTNESS OF THINGS

LAST night, gracefully, utterly unself-conscious of having kept an expectant audience waiting weeks for her scheduled appearance, Spring came quietly to these Great Smoky Mountains.

As though in some pagan rite of thankfulness, small fires were lighted for miles around — dead-leaf fires on gardens, green-oak fires on new tobacco beds. Curling upward from many coves, the smoke has now blended to form a powder-blue haze over all the hills.

The pair of fuss-budgety house wrens that took over the pewees' nest under our cabin eaves in the fall left with the last cold breath of winter. To-day the pewees,

the nonchalant, uncombed, shiftless roustabouts, came back. The chewinks, too dignified in their formal dress of rose and white and black to hurry at anything, are staying to enjoy the changes. The redbirds chatter and dash conspicuously from fir to sweet gum, from persimmon to hackberry tree. And the mocking bird, that light-hearted idiot, sits all day long on a branch and mocks them all, talks to himself in many tongues, punctuated by low chuckles. He and the chewink seem to appreciate the finer shades of the season's mood more deeply than all the rest.

It is now a year since we came to this mountain, built our log cabin, grubbed ground for a garden. Where twelve months ago there were honeysuckle, briar, and bush, there is now a garden plot freshly ploughed and fertilized, waiting impatiently for seeds on which to demonstrate its boastful fertility.

Many of the trees that made a wood too close about the cabin have disappeared, gone up the fireplace chimney in winter smoke. The thinning out revealed many unsuspected treasures. There were small dogwoods struggling under brush and weeds, and directly below the cabin two wahoo bushes — 'hearts bustin' with love,' as they are called here. Beside them we have set out some pussy willows, packing black woods loam about their roots, laving them with cool water, wishing them well till another spring, when they will be the first to herald the passing of cold.

Planting in these Carolina mountains is a ritual, a ceremony in which every man, woman, and child, and every wild thing joins. Cottontails that disappeared from close by the cabin some months ago are again to be seen hopping across the path that leads to the garden. Seed artichokes, spread beside the garden patch to dry and forgotten in the fatigue that follows a day of working in the sun, show marks of their *tiny nibbling teeth*. They will attack the vegetable garden later on; but there will be enough for everyone, so we shall let them go their way. If they become too eager in their attentions to the new pea vines, we shall put shining glass bottles on sticks along the rows. That never fails to put fear into their fuzzy heads.

The moon plays no small part here in the rituals of spring. The dark and the full of the moon, like the swinging of a pendulum, mark the times for planting. Root vegetables, potatoes first of all, go into the ground in the dark of the moon. One dare not defy that custom. In virgin country such as this, one unconsciously respects the rhythms of nature and the beliefs of the people who have shaped their lives to those rhythms. Sheepishly perhaps, but feeling that there may be something in it after all, we are waiting, having missed the March planting, for the dark of the April moon to drop our potatoes into the open furrows.

Luther, the colored man who chops our wood, says we are foolish to waste energy these spring planting days grubbing honeysuckle from the clearing around the cabin. If, says he, we should dig the roots away in the dark of the August moon, they would speedily die. We are saving our extra pennies, and when that time comes shall let him have his way, turning our energies now toward the planting of a bed of mustard greens, the dividing and transplanting of our horse-radish roots, the careful tending of the lettuce seeds in the cold frame.

The planting of a seed satisfies some longing in the soul of a man. Watching it sprout and grow justifies that longing, and gathering the fruit of the vine which grew from that seed plants in the soul of the man a seed of its own, a slow-moving, slow-growing belief in the rightness of things.

All nature, at the coming of spring, participates in this rightness. Hard, rough-barked oaks fall under a careless axe that they may fertilize young tobacco plants with their ash; but they fall with a dignified resignation, and the blue smoke of their passing softens miles of rough mountains, settles softly into deep lonesome coves.

It is up through the decayed leaves and blossoms of last year's maturity that this season's flowers come. That is right also, for they spring from the everlasting seed of the flowers that came before them.

The mating of the birds, the stirring of the earth, the elimination of the wrong weed for the right plant, all have a rightness of their own. The man who plants seeds and tends their growth learns to understand that rightness.

PORTRAIT OF A MAID

ANNA FELIKSA CHAIKOWSKY had the evil eye; Antonia, the other maid, said so repeatedly, and finally left us because of her superstitious fears. At least, that was the reason she gave for leaving. Actually, I suppose, it was because she could not get along with Anna Feliksa, who in a high degree lacked the coöperative spirit: she was jealous, domineering, and passionately fond of trouble, and she did not need to rely on supernatural gifts to bring it about.

Certainly in the two years she worked for us we had a series of disasters. In the wake of two serious illnesses which occupied most of our time and attention came a parade of minor complaints — colds, influenza, defaulting tenants, financial trouble, and a lawsuit; all of which, except financial trouble, being outside our normal routine. These calamities took place against a background of domestic upheaval, as Anna drove away one chambermaid after another. Every few weeks a new bovine Slavic face, which invariably masked a richly emotional Slavic temperament, appeared to replace its predecessor, until the master complained that his house had become the Polish Corridor. It was very unsettling, very harassing. We were worried, irritable, depressed in health and spirits, and if we had not had funny, strong, kind-hearted Anna to see us through this period of stress, which she may or may not have brought upon us, we should have been in worse case than we were.

Although she was officially the cook, she was quite willing to fill the gap made by the departing second maid, and to render first aid to our current casualty list. She had a quality which good nurses often have, a love of catastrophes, crises, emergencies, and at such times she was invaluable. And one had the not quite comfortable feeling with her, as with a good nurse, that if the patient got even sicker it would be even more interesting, and if the house burned down, that too would be exciting, and if it came to the point where a funeral must take place, no one would get more fun out of it than Anna Feliksa. There was good in everything.

"S all right, Anna fix it, Misses no boder"

was her invariable comment when we rushed to the kitchen to tell her someone had fainted, or fallen downstairs, or had to have a pint of orange juice every hour.

She was always predicting trouble, but in such a sunny, good-natured way that we absolved her of malevolent wishes against us. One evening the master did not come home at his usual time, and when dinner was announced an hour later he had still failed to appear. 'You'll have to keep things hot, Anna,' I said. 'We'll wait half an hour, and if he is n't here then, we will have dinner without him.'

'Maybe Mister kill,' Anna suggested helpfully.

'Nonsense.'

'Oh, yes, Misses. Ev'y day, alla time, people kill. Car knock down, car smash, one man kill, two man kill — yes, Misses. Maybe.'

'Maybe Misses die' was a matter of routine when I had a cold, or looked pale, or criticized the seasoning. It ceased to be an unpleasantly shocking prediction from sheer weight of repetition, and from the cheerful manner in which the oracle delivered herself. No one was exempt from these macabre prophecies, in which her favorite word, 'poisim,' was frequently bandied about. She offered, several times, to tell our fortunes, but we did not avail ourselves of her occult gifts. She was too free with her mortuary predictions.

She sounds very unattractive, but I have put her worst foot forward. Actually, she had a great deal of charm. She was a decent, demure-looking little woman, past middle age. She had straight brown hair screwed back in a knot, and lines made by laughing around her eyes. Her pronunciation and use of the English language were so peculiar that we thought she must have learned it from a Chinaman; she used *l* for *r* whenever it was possible. Her plurals, however, were Slavic — money, monoff; baby, baboff. Except in her morose and restless moods, when things were going too smoothly to suit her, she was good-natured, cheerful, and fond of jokes.

A little too fond of jokes. High spirits came on her at the least convenient times. She had a number of noisy and objectionable games which she played with the dog;

she would chase him with the vacuum cleaner and they would bark at each other a good deal, which was bad for the nerves of the current invalid. Guests went to her head like wine. She loved to have people come to dinner, but they stimulated her to her worst behavior. I remember waiting in the living room one evening for dinner to be announced. The guests had arrived. I finally went to the kitchen to find the cause of the delay. The turkey was half in, half out of the oven, and Anna, in convulsions of laughter, was strutting up and down the kitchen, saying, 'Gobble, gobble, gobble.' It was a very good imitation of a turkey. Antonia was following her back and forth, wringing her hands, saying, 'Is that nice, Anna, everybody here wanting their dinner? Is that nice?' I laughed, ill-advisedly, which stimulated her to wilder efforts, and I had to work myself into a rage and stamp my foot to quench her levity.

She had a real talent for mimicry, in which the children encouraged her. When a friend called whose name she could not pronounce, she could imitate the caller so surely that I knew at once who it was. These impersonations were fleeting, accurate, and disrespectful.

What I liked most about her was her complete lack of servility. She was as polite as her limited knowledge of conventional manners permitted her to be, and she had an enviable degree of self-respect. Her manner of accepting gifts was cavalier to the point of ingratitude, but it was in such pleasing contrast to Antonia's meeching manners, her transports and hand kissings, that I rather liked it. She was presented at Christmas with the usual gifts from the family — a small sum of money, some gloves, a muffler, a purse, and so on. Her enthusiasm was temperate for all but the money; and it was rather chilling to be informed a few days later that she had sold the gloves and muffler, and given the purse to her niece. She gave her relatives most of the clothes and other trifles she had from us; she did n't like her relatives, visited them rarely, and quarreled with them bitterly, but she had a great deal of family feeling, and liked to know that they were provided for. This also was an attitude I could appreciate.

I often thought: 'I cannot endure Anna another minute. I cannot stand the sight of her dusting the living room with a complicated series of waistcoats over her uniform and a purple felt hat on her head (because the cold made her teeth hurt). I cannot have a maid who springs out of bed and rushes from the house in her bare feet to follow the fire engine. I dislike to be told that it is natural to die when you are "ole like Misses."' But each time I decided that our relations must be severed a new calamity would descend on us, and Anna could be relied on to get up at any hour of the night, to lift patients from bed to bed, to make cold and hot compresses, to prepare, unsolicited, disagreeable Polish remedies which had to be privily disposed of.

Inevitably, however, we reached the breaking point; and, whether or no she had the evil eye, disasters ceased shortly after her departure. Antonia came to see us, to congratulate us on getting rid of our domestic menace, and to predict a brighter future. But there was just one thing she thought we ought to know. In the part of Poland from which Anna derived, it was the custom for a discharged servant to play some little trick on her former employer. For instance, putting a little poison in the ice box. (It was outside, on the kitchen porch.) Not much poison, of course; Anna would n't want to kill us. We ridiculed this suggestion, as it deserved. Nevertheless, it was an uncomfortable idea. We thought of Anna's high-spirited Polish ways, her sense of the comic; we remembered that the word 'poisim' had played a large part in her vocabulary, and we locked the ice box for a few days.

It seemed very strange without her. The doctor stopped coming. We did not rush home after every absence to ask, 'Is everything all right? Has anything happened?' or listen anxiously for the telephone when we were out to dinner. We began to sleep at night.

She still comes to see me occasionally, and I am more embarrassed by my lack of cordiality than she. She has really an excellent manner — poise without forwardness, dignity without constraint, and no self-consciousness. We all miss her, but we would not have her back for any considera-

tion. I do not believe in the evil eye, but I am convinced that Anna Feliksa was born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, and that the way of the innocent bystander is hard.

A WORD A DAY

I RECENTLY received a gift. The occasion for it and the sentiment behind it are not important at the moment. It is of the gift I write, and the pleasure and profit it has afforded me.

It was a dictionary, but that was not all, for the ponderous volume was mounted upon a curious metal structure designed to stand by my table, and which allowed the book to lie open at any desired page.

Personally I regarded this arrangement with some suspicion. It seemed to me to be an improper and undignified thing to do to so deserving a book, and I had a lurking distrust of the mechanics of the thing. However, not wishing to appear in any way critical of my gift, I placed it by my table and opened it at random in what appeared to be a safe and comfortable position. For several days I had no occasion to consult it. Never having possessed so compendious a volume, I have developed a habit of avoiding, in my literary labors, any word the spelling of which troubles me, usually using a synonym of which I feel a bit more sure. This, I imagine, may account for the clearness and simplicity of my literary output.

One day I became conscious of a certain mood of exaltation. I could not explain it. I found myself repeating at intervals, with a sensation of delight, a new and fabulous word. As I went about my humble daily tasks my lips formed it and my senses reveled in it. The word was 'myzostomous.' What a rich, full word that is! It suggests all sorts of mystic and agreeable things. But where did it come from? I did not know, but it haunted me and filled my mind with vague imaginings. I even found myself replying to a question from across the table by murmuring absently, 'Myzostomous, myzostomous.' Heads were shaken and silence fell.

Not until evening did I discover the genesis of this new delight. As I sat at my

desk I glanced at the book beside me, and in bold type at the top of a page was my new word, 'myzostomous,' in upper case. Then I made a mistake which I learned not to repeat. I read the definition. My new word, which had suggested a thousand half-imagined delights, turned out to relate to 'a genus of parasitic animals found on crinoids.' I hastily turned the page, disillusioned and sad. But I was rewarded, for my ravished eyes fell upon 'Oligochaeta' and that gave me a happy though slightly distraught evening.

From that moment I no longer disapproved of the mechanical environment of my book, for it each day provided a new thrill. The pleasure was heightened when a breeze from an open window, or other accident, turned the pages for me and a new and unexpected word appeared. It was in this way that 'tarsometatarsus' came into my life and gladdened it.

There came a day when domestic calamity followed calamity; frozen pipes, a dying furnace, a sick puppy, and a disabled automobile made it a day to be remembered. To the amazement of my domestic circle I moved serenely from disaster to disaster, unruffled and undisturbed. They little knew that my soul was strengthened and raised above the petty anxieties of worldly affairs by the sonorous accents of 'epiphenomenalism.'

The gladness of the holiday season was heightened by the arrival of 'gymnognous'—an agile, sprightly word, the judicious repetition of which I recommend for occasions when a certain jauntiness of manner is desirable, and when, under the stress of continued hilarity, your spirits flag a bit. The same general effect can be achieved by the use of 'anaglyptograph,' but the reaction is slower and the result a bit less animated.

In moments of tranquil solitude and when in reflective mood, 'sopraporta' induces thought along agreeable lines and tends to clear the mind of minor irritations.

Like everything else in this world of compensations, I soon found that care should be exercised in the excessive use of certain words. There seem to be some the effect of which is most unhappy. A long-anticipated winter tramp under exhilarating atmospheric conditions was robbed of all stimulation by the brooding presence of 'Malvaviscus.' I soon found that 'orgulous' could put the touch of death on any occasion. 'Glioma' should be avoided except when used as a sedative, and 'leucomelanous' is undoubtedly a depressive.

There was one red-letter day when two words presented themselves at once. They were sorely needed. I had felt for a long time a crying inadequacy in my vocabulary of expletives. I knew none that quite answered for certain occasions when vehement self-expression was demanded but the requirements of decorum narrowed my choice. Now, however, I am supplied, at least for the present, for I have acquired the twin gems, 'bezugo' and 'bundobust.' With a little practice in the articulation of the latter, it will be found an almost perfect outlet for repressed feelings, and is not objectionable to the most fastidious.

Appropriately, in conclusion, I sing the praises of the most perfect word of all. It was acquired only by accident, when the distrusted support of my volume collapsed and threw the tome haphazard at my feet. Disturbed as I was by this unseemly interruption, I was immediately soothed when my eye fell upon 'zythum.' That is a word to be remembered and used with entire freedom. It has all the qualities of an emollient, while it avoids being saccharine and offensive. I humbly offer it to a suffering world.

In this brief and superficial survey of words as healing agencies, justice cannot be done to the subject. I have barely hinted at the possibilities of this new use of words. I should be glad to go more deeply into the subject with anyone who may be interested.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

FOR a quarter of a century William Bayard Hale's interview with the Emperor William II of Germany has been an international mystery. Historians have known the bare fact that the document existed and have referred to it in their accounts of the pre-war period, but many attempts to bring it to light have till now proved futile. It is here made public for the first time ('Thus Spoke the Kaiser'). **William Bayard Hale** enjoyed a varied career as an Episcopal minister, magazine editor, journalist, and author. A close friend of the twenty-sixth President, he published, in 1908, *A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt*, which gave him the opening for his meeting with the Kaiser. After the interview was suppressed by the German Foreign Office, Hale felt himself honor-bound not to reveal its contents, and he died in 1921 without divulging his important secret. His son, **William Harlan Hale**, discovered the original version of the interview, together with all the notes and letters relating to it, among his father's papers. In editing the material for publication, he has presented the uncensored text. For the next issue of the *Atlantic* he has prepared a sequel relating the extraordinary story of what happened to the interview to bury it for so many years, and of how it was at last unearthed.

Lifelong friends and companion men of letters were **Owen Wister** and John Jay Chapman. If 'plain-speaking Jack' could have been consulted and asked to name the man best qualified by sympathetic understanding to write this memorial, the result would have been precisely what it is. Δ He who reads 'A Spinster I' and compares it with other recent magazine articles on the problems of being a 'lone, lorn woman' may conclude that there are spinsters and spinsters. The present author, one gathers, belongs to the more representative but hitherto less vocal group among the sisterhood. **Toshio Shiratori** ('The Reawakening of Japan') has long been an influential factor in Japanese politics. Americans will remember him as the vigorous and

extremely candid spokesman of Japan's Foreign Office during the difficult days when the Stimson policies were being pressed. Mr. Shiratori is at present Minister to Sweden. Δ The young poet **Theodore Roethke** ('Genius') is an instructor in English at Lafayette College. **Dorothy Thomas** is a Middle-Western novelist whose talents are being increasingly recognized. She writes: 'The morning's mail tells me that my twenty-first and twenty-second stories are sold. For the first time in a long time I have not a single story out.' Even though her name were not signed to 'First Love,' one would have guessed that it came from the same pen as her widely appreciated 'Apple Wood' (*Atlantic* for November 1933). Δ It is said of **Albert Jay Nock** — and it sounds like a quip of his own — that once he voted for Jefferson Davis, on the principle that a first-rate dead man is better than a second-rate live one. However that may be, it was certainly somebody else who observed that 'a little Nock is a dangerous thing': drink deep — perhaps in his new book, *A Journal of These Days* — or else be numbered among those who never learn 'The Value of Useless Knowledge.' Δ Co-author with Charles Nordhoff of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *Men Against the Sea*, **James Norman Hall** is safe home again in Tahiti after escaping from the 'Wreck of the *Pro Patria*.' Δ Although he is a physician and Senator of the Irish Free State, **Oliver Gogarty** ('The Mill at Naul') is best known as a poet. He is a leading spirit among the illustrious men of letters who make up the Dublin group.

Ask the good citizens of Emporia, Kansas, what their town is famous for, and with one voice they will reply — **William Allen White** ('Good Newspapers and Bad'). Through four decades his *Emporia Gazette* has been known the country over as a model of what the independent, small-town newspaper ought to be. Δ As director of relief activities in the state of Wisconsin, **Florence Peterson** drew upon first-hand observation to write 'CWA — A Candid Appraisal.' Δ America lost a biographer and

essayist of the first water, the *Atlantic* an old and valued contributor, when **Gamaliel Bradford** died in 1932 ('Personal Letters'). **J. Allan Dunn** has a score of books to his credit; 'The Crazy Man' has the ring of an authentic youthful episode remembered across the years. Δ Since 1917, **Francis Vivian Drake** ('A New Era in Speed') has been closely identified with American aviation. An experienced pilot with whom riding the winds has been an absorbing hobby, he has flown over almost every mile of North American air lines, to say nothing of those in South America and Europe. **Josephine W. Johnson** ('Year's End') is a young American writer who possesses an unmistakable gift of style whether she composes in prose or verse. Δ Anyone can ask 'Who's Wrong with the Law?' but only a lawyer like **Mitchell Dawson**, with twenty years of practice before the Chicago bar, can answer. Δ Not all who have had interesting experiences can write, but everyone who writes must borrow from experience. Thus **George Cornell** ('Service, Ma'am'): 'It is rather difficult for a man of fifty years to put his life into one or two paragraphs. This is just what one reads on tombstones. I'm a carpenter, not a marble-worker. Born in London, one of a family of eleven, I left school at the fourth grade to earn my living. I have since made the world my school. I went to Canada to better my condition, joined the Canadians in the World War, and had thirteen months in France as a private. The rank of private has been mine all my life — and I have enjoyed it.'

/ / /

Pitcairn as it is.

An *Atlantic* reader sends us the following letter just received from a resident of Pitcairn Island:—

Dear Mrs. —,

Mrs. Stella Young received your letter dated December 1, 1933, and has requested me to write a short account of life on our little island of Pitcairn.

I am an Englishman, by name Richard Bently Fairclough. My widowed sister, Mrs. Jessie Westall, also lives here. I have been six years, seven months on Pitcairn. We came here from New Zealand.

Pitcairn Island lies in South Pacific Ocean in Latitude 25° 4' South, Longitude 130° 8' West, on the track of ships from Panama to New Zealand.

Pitcairn was first reported in 1765 and called Pitcairn after the midshipman who sighted it. Afterwards, in 1790, the mutineers of the *Bounty*, under Fletcher Christian, came, bringing with them native men and women from Tahiti. The people of Pitcairn are descended from the British sailors and the native women. Since that time other British and Americans have come here and intermarried with the Pitcairners.

The government of the island consists of a Magistrate, two Assessors, a Secretary, and the Public Work Committee, who are elected every year on December 25. Both men and women have votes, but we come under control of the British High Commissioners for the Western Pacific at Seeva Figii. The most of the people belong to the Seventh-day Adventist Church. They observe the Sabbath from Friday sunset to Saturday sunset. There are no rates or taxes except six pence a year for gun license.

The people pay no rent, as they own their houses and land. There is no wage paid for public works, repairing roads, public buildings, or building and repairing the surf boats used for going out to passing ships. They belong to the community. There are a number of fishing canoes, which are private property.

There is a mistaken idea that everyone shares with everyone else the money earned selling baskets, shells, and so forth, to passing ships. What they earn is their own, but there is usually public fruit given to ships in exchange for stores. Those stores are divided among the householders.

We have no doctor. At times of need we get a doctor from a ship to come ashore. We have no horses. The last one died last November. No cattle. No sheep. We have goats, chickens, turkeys, dogs and cats and rats. There are only a few wild birds. Scarcely any sea birds. There are no carts or ploughs. There are a large number of wheelbarrows which are an unusual shape, with sled runners which act as a brake coming down the steep pathways.

The dwelling houses are built of timber with corrugated iron roofs, with six or seven rooms in each house. The kitchen is usually built separate from the dwelling house. There are a few cooking ranges, but usually the oven is built of stone. A fire is made inside; when hot, the fire is drawn, food put in, the front closed with a sheet of iron, and the food left to cook. For kettles and pans, two iron bars are laid over the fire. Timber is our only fuel.

The highest point is about 1200 feet above the sea. The village stands on ground rising from about 150 to 300 feet above the sea. There are only a few small springs. Our main water supply is rain water caught in iron tanks, or stone cisterns lined with cement, about six feet square and six feet deep. The ground is very fertile. No manures used. Vegetables and all subtropical



Before the Stork Arrives

MOTHERHOOD richly deserves the most skillful medical care to be had. But, far too often, safeguards which can be provided are neglected. As a rule, when proper preparations for childbirth are made, prospective mothers have little cause for anxiety.

Having the right physician is a great comfort. It means as much to the husband as to his wife to be entirely satisfied with the experience and skill of the doctor who may be called in attendance.

Long before the stork arrives, the doctor will advise about diet, proper rest and exercise, and will make periodic examinations. At regular intervals the doctor studies and records blood pressure, urinalyses, temperature, weight, heart and lung action, and possibly makes tests of the blood. Suggestions about mental attitude may also be given.



When there are no abnormal or disturbing conditions, Nature's processes should not be interfered with. But without hurrying Nature, expert obstetricians can often smooth the way for the modern mother by methods unavailable to her grandmother's physician.

With vigilant and unrelenting care on the part of her physician and with her own complete cooperation, the period of waiting should be one of happiness and serenity for the expectant mother.

In many localities clinics give free service to those who cannot afford to employ the regular attendance of a doctor. Maternity Centers and other Health Centers give valuable advice and information without charge. The Metropolitan will send on request its free booklet, "Information for Expectant Mothers." Address Booklet Department 534-T.

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fruits grow in profusion. The climate is healthy, no swamps.

The village faces northeast and has the sun nearly all the day. Our summer season is the reverse to yours. Highest reading by thermometer this last summer was 85 degrees in the shade and 105 degrees in the sun. About 72 degrees through the night. The lowest reading I have seen was 59 degrees, which we thought rather cool.

There are about sixty houses. The church is a large two-story building. There is a Court House, with Post Office, and a school, which has about thirty-two scholars. They attend school from six years to sixteen years of age. The present schoolmaster is an American named Roy Clarke, who has been here about twenty-five years. The inhabitants are about 200.

Our landing place at Bounty Bay is very small and often dangerous, with heavy surf. On November 3 last, the rudder of the ship *Bounty* was pulled up after being 143 years under sea. Last week we had a party of Americans on Pitcairn from the schooner *Yankee*, Captain Johnson owner. They were delighted with our little island.

So now I will close and I hope the account will interest you.

RICHARD B. FAIRCLOUGH
Pitcairn Island

An answer to Macbeth's question (Act V, Scene III).

Dear Atlantic, —

May I take exception to the conclusions drawn by Dr. Grace Adams in her article, 'The Rise and Fall of Psychology,' in your January number? After flouting the idea that psychologists can operate upon the mind as surgeons do upon the body, she says: 'Psychology, for all its theories, has performed no miracles . . . has neither changed our habits nor rid us of our emotions.'

Five years ago an operation called psycho-analysis was performed upon my mind, with the result that a serious mental cancer was removed. I feel not the slightest hesitation in saying that this operation not only restored my health, which years of the best medical attention had failed to do, but saved my life; that, if the details of that process were not miracles, I have no clue to an understanding of the word; that it did change my habits; and that, though I should be the last person to wish to be 'rid of my emotions,' it has enabled me to utilize them more constructively.

As for the author's survey of the rise and fall of psychology in the public prints, I found it most engaging. If the tumult and the shouting about psychology have indeed subsided, serious psychologists and psychiatrists ought to rejoice, for

they will be the better able to stick to their lasts and avoid the impulse to engage in newspaper and magazine controversy — something which I, who have experienced rather than theorized, cannot here withstand.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT
New York City

A musical beginner of fifty-nine.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Drinker, in 'A Neglected Language' in your February issue, has done us all a service in calling our attention to an avenue through which we may find pleasurable employment of leisure time.

At fifty-nine years of age I am beginning the study of the piano. My teacher is my daughter, a graduate of the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York. When I asked her, she 'allowed as how' I was probably old enough to begin. And when, after our first lesson, I asked her if she thought I had talent, she intimated that I might have inherited a little from her.

A. E. BRUCE
Claremont, California

A young man's Atlantic.

Dear Atlantic, —

In this family the father, forty-five, the mother, forty, and two sons, twenty and sixteen years of age, all read the *Atlantic*. The magazine's coming is always eagerly awaited, more so, perhaps, by the younger son than by any other member of the family.

He is such an *Atlantic* enthusiast that in 1931, when but fourteen years old, he began collecting the items which especially pleased him, removing them from the magazines in preparation for binding into a book — which he has already done. In this first volume are articles and stories from three years' *Atlantics*, well set up and hand-bound into a book of quite some size, entitled *Fifty-three Atlantic Stories*.

A second edition from later issues of the *Atlantic* is now in preparation, and when sufficient material has been gathered together it too will be bound.

This young man is hoping to ply his book-binding and art (for the books are well done) for others to whom preserving certain unbound literature is always a problem — a problem turned joy when solved. It is an interesting and worth-while hobby at any rate.

A list of the items which caught my son's fancy is too long to give here, but they are rather surprising.

EVA A. WATSON
Brooklyn, New York